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THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

MARCH, 1909

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

As we go to press the death is announced of James MacArthur, formerly one of the editors of this magazine. Further reference to him will be made in the next number.

A rather famous passage in Thucydides contains a remark to the effect that the woman who is least talked about is the woman who is in the highest repute. But Thucydides lived a very long while ago. A classical friend of ours has expressed the difference between ancient and modern times in the following rather neat verses:

A Difference of Opinion

The wise and god-like Pericles,
As quoted by Thucydides,
Gave utterance to thoughts like these:

"That woman is of best renown
Of whom there's least talk in the town—
Whether we praise or run her down."

"I never shall agree to *that!*"
Says Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt.

Not long ago Mr. Montgomery Schuyler, Jr., sent us a little note on the subject of Anthony Trollope's earnings, *à propos* of an article which we published with regard to the profits made by authors. This statement of Mr. Schuyler's gave the earnings of Anthony Trollope from 1847 to 1879 as £68,939, or in round numbers, $340,000. These figures, however, do not represent Trollope's entire income from literature. They are taken from his autobiography which he finished in 1879. As a matter of fact, one should reckon in his receipts from that year until the end of 1882, when he died. In that period of three years, he composed fourteen different books, among them such well-known stories as *An Eye for an Eye, Cousin Henry, Marion Fay, The Duke's Children, Mr. Scarborough's Family,* and *An Old Man's Love,* besides his memoirs on Thackeray and Lord Palmerston, and his elaborate and interesting life of Cicero. We do not know precisely what he received for these fourteen works, but judging from a statement made in his autobiography, they would probably average at the very least £500 each, or $35,000. This would bring up the total amount of his literary earnings to £70,000, or nearly $350,000. He himself remarked, speaking of his income: "I look upon the result as comfortable, but not splendid." Authors of popular novels at the present time may be inclined to sniff when they learn that Trollope generally received only £1,000 or $5,000 for a long novel, whereas writers of ephemeral books to-day earn many times that sum. But on the other hand, their vogue is short. After they have written two or three books they are usually "written out," and cannot market their wares save with the greatest difficulty. On the other hand, Trollope's literary

Anthony Trollope's Earnings

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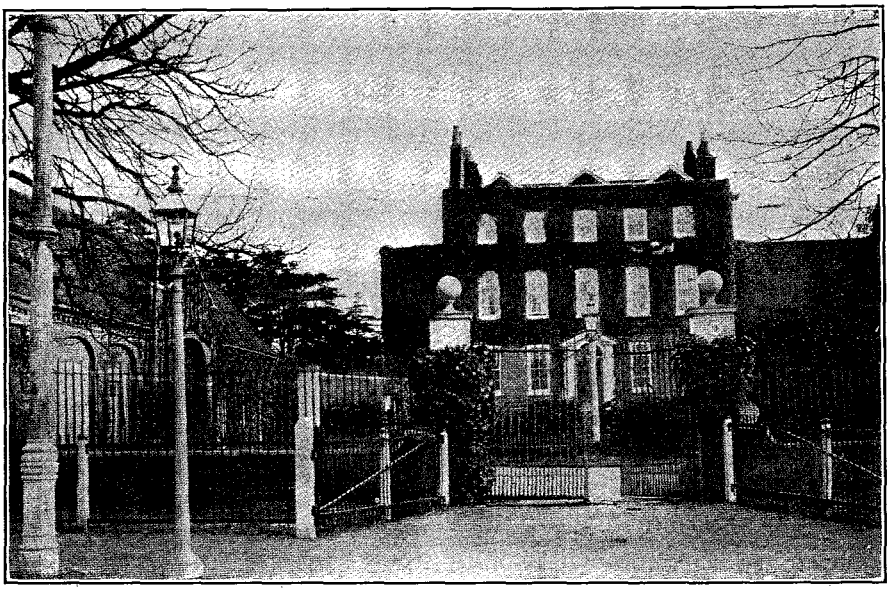

THE AUTHOR'S FULL DINNER PAIL. ANTHONY TROLLOPE'S HOUSE AT WALTHAM CROSS, OCCUPIED BY HIM AT THE TIME OF HIS GREATEST PROSPERITY

career lasted from 1847 until his death—thirty-five years in all—and the day before he was stricken down he still had a strong hold upon his public and his publishers alike. This is the interesting difference between a conscientious writer with great gifts and one who is merely bent upon making a splash in the literary pool and then passing speedily into oblivion.

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A Question of Morals

We often wonder what a great many people think to be the functions and the general position of a magazine editor. Apparently, a large part of the population fancy that an editor not only edits the publication, but also personally keeps track of every subscriber, addresses the wrappers in which the magazine is sent out, and has a memory good enough to remember, for instance, when Miss Keziah Briggs, of North Ponkapog, Massachusetts, changes her address to East Chicopee. At any rate, many a Miss Keziah Briggs has written us a personal letter when something goes wrong with the mailing department, and not infrequently she remarks that she doesn't think much of us for having posted her magazine to the wrong place. Such things as this, however, are among the lesser humours of editorial life. A great deal more serious is a prevalent belief that book reviews are written in return for sums of money paid by authors to the editors. To illustrate what we mean, we publish the following letter from a woman living in a Western State. She writes it with absolute naïveté, apparently not realising the character of her request.

I am having a new book of poems published, a mixture of the humorous and the serious. Please let me know what you would charge to mention the book in THE BOOKMAN—I mean, a little write-up—that is, if the book to you seems to possess merit enough to entitle it to a complimentary notice. Of course I would not want to pay for an uncomplimentary notice. That would hurt sales, neither would I ask you to mention it unless you could do so with a good conscience. However, there is usually some good in everything. The leading State papers here are giving me notices. Please write me and I shall be glad to send you one of the books.

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Here is, in essence, the offer of a bribe. To be sure, the writer does not wish us

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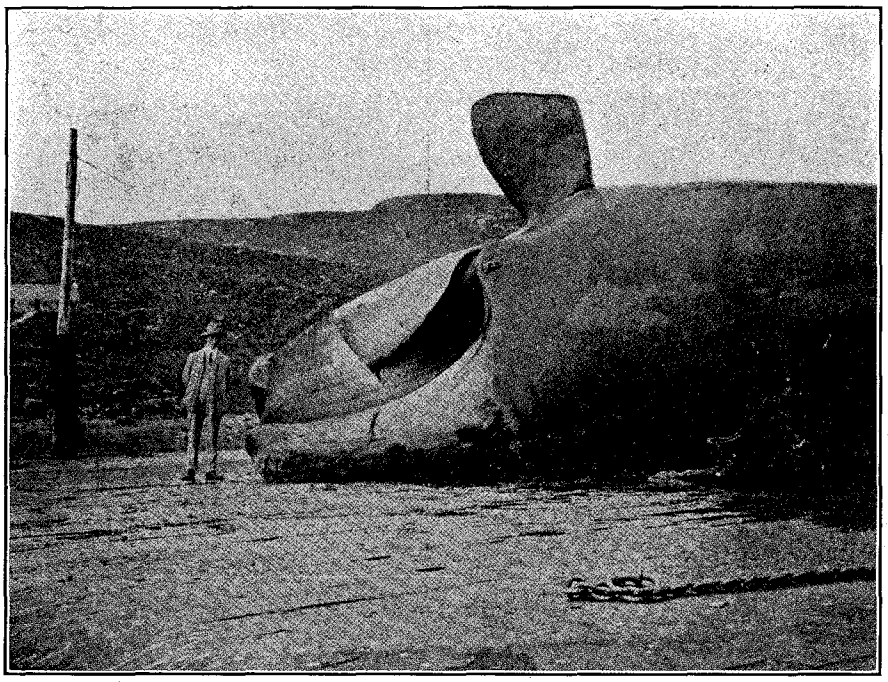

UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS J. J. BELL

to praise her book unless we can do so "with a good conscience." But none the less, her letter shows that she expects us to give her what she calls a "write-up" in return for the payment of a sum of money. Very possibly she classes book-reviews with advertisements, and we are certain that she does not see how thoroughly immoral is her request. If such offers as these were confined to inexperienced persons living at a distance from publishing houses, we should perhaps think little about it. But such offers are not confined to the unsophisticated. We could tell some rather strange stories if we cared to.

The Story of a Story

Mr. William Hamilton Osborne, whose novel, *The Red Mouse,* was reviewed in the February BOOKMAN, is a lawyer by profession, and began writing fiction about six years ago. He was moved to turn his hand to literary work by reading in a weekly publication a series of articles on short-story writing by an unnamed author. His first story was accepted, and this success induced him to devote his spare time to writing short stories. At this avocation he has been extremely successful, having had several hundred of his stories published in magazines. Mr. Osborne is a fluent and rapid writer, usually completing a story of five thousand words in one afternoon. He rarely alters a story once it is started, and depends upon the power and originality of his plot, rather than a highly polished style, to achieve his results. *The Red Mouse* is his first long novel, and it has won the unusual distinction, for a first novel, of having entered the rank of the six best sellers almost immediately upon publication.

Algernon Blackwood

Mr. Algernon Blackwood's *Jimbo,* which has just been published, can scarcely be described as a "mysterious" story; yet it undeniably displays an imagination that will puzzle some people. Although the author's name is not well known in this country, this is not the first unusual book he has written. His *John Silence,* published some months ago

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in England, was described as having for the hero the most mysterious character in fiction, and the poster which we reproduce herewith caused considerable talk as a successful rendering of this *motif*.

Mabel Osgood Wright

It is about three years since the secret of the identity of *Barbara, the Commuter's Wife,* was revealed, and Mrs. Mabel Osgood Wright received the credit that was due her for a series of successful books, including *The Garden of a Commuter's Wife* and *People of the Whirlpool.* Mrs. Wright prefers, however, to keep up the fiction of anonymity, and her new book will appear this spring as "By the author of *The Garden of a Commuter's Wife.*" *Poppea of the Post Office* promises to be more of an urban work than any of its predecessors, excepting possibly *People of the Whirlpool.* It will tell the story of a girl who grew up in New York in the years following the Civil War—a period that already has something of an old-fashioned flavour. The scene will alternate between the town and the country, and the principal characters will include some figures which will be readily recognised as types belonging to the last generation. Followers of Mrs. Wright's work will not need assurance that, even though the book has much to do with the city, it will not neglect the country life which she knows so well.

UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS
MABEL OSGOOD WRIGHT

Another Dreadful Arraignment

We have grown rather callous to those dreadful arraignments of American institutions that are found in the book of impressions written by European visitors. There was a time when they exasperated; then came the period of mild amusement; and now they find us rather bored. The latest is from a German and not an English source. It is in *With*

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Rifle in Five Continents, by Paul Niedieck. In the chapter "Bear Hunting in North America" Herr Niedieck relates the following outrageous experience:

An incident in connection with an Indian in my crew was very instructive. I had landed on a sandbank, on which I discovered numerous traces of bears, and had gone scarcely three hundred paces when the mountains resounded with four shots, fired in quick succession. I went back and found that one of the Indians in the boat had fired these shots at a bear—and this in spite of my express and repeated injunctions not to shoot at any animal whatsoever. When taken to task the fellow told me with the utmost effrontery and in good English, that he had as much right to shoot bears as I had. Here is one of the glorious results of the famous American doctrine of equality! I dismissed the fellow on the spot, but was compelled to take him into my service again.

Resentment at his inability to obtain compensation for half a ham stolen by a dog inspires Herr Niedieck to a sweeping indictment of the American judiciary.

When I was on the Shesly River, one of the many dogs kept by the Indians came several times to my camp and stole all the food it could. One day it was making off with half a ham in its mouth, and, as it paid no attention to the stones thrown at it, Little shot at it with a miniature rifle, calibre 22, which we use for shooting birds. The dog was bleeding when it got back to the village; and presently a deputation appeared, saying that the dog was dead and demanding £1 as damages. The dog was a wretched little cur, but, according to the owner, it had possessed remarkable qualities: it used to lead a blind man through the dark woods, and had also an excellent nose for scenting porcupines—and more of the same sort. Of course I did not believe the legend of its death, and asked to see the body. This request was refused, so I turned the fellows out of the camp.

Two months later a man employed on the telegraph-line assured me that the wounded dog was alive and well; but the Indians lodged a complaint in the proper court, and, before we left, Little had to hand over £2 to the police officer of the district, instead of the £1 originally demanded, while for the ham and the other stolen articles I got no compensation.

No doubt in a higher court a thing like this would not be sanctioned, but who will expose himself to the endless worries of an appeal? This is but an example of many cases known

UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS

EDWARD W. TOWNSEND

The latest story by the author of *Chimmie Fadden* is *The Climbing Courtavels.* The tale was suggested to him in France. He with a few other Americans went from Paris by way of the Seine to a "charmingly absurd little resort on the banks of the river Marne, where they had lunch on the lawn." Then came to them an itinerant sleight-of-hand performer. One member of the party, who was much more skilled in legerdemain than the professional, turned the tables on the man with tricks that he could not approach. This brought forth tales of many who had followed the calling and of some who had afterward become members of sedate society. The possibilities of the situation created by a prestidigitateur entering good society seemed so great that he resolved to write a novel on the theme.

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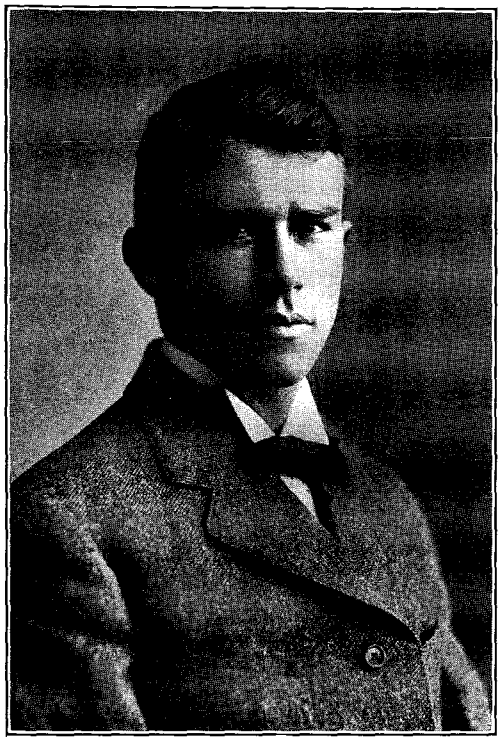

HARRIS MERTON LYON, AUTHOR OF "SARDONICS"

to me, in which the traveller in this country has been unable to get justice.

Of Dr. Robertson Nicoll's *Ian Maclaren* it is necessary only to say that it is an interesting book to imply at once an unusual personality in the subject and a real achievement on the part of the biographer. For this *Life* will inevitably be measured as the life of a successful man of letters rather than as the life of a minister of the gospel; and broad as were Dr. Watson's tastes, and generous and always youthful as were his enthusiasms, to the majority of laymen the outlines of his career must appear, when contrasted with the careers of many men of equal literary eminence, as comparatively commonplace. In most cases the life of the English, also the Scotch and the Irish, writer of to-day implies something of London, of the club world, of notable dinners, of rubbing elbows with the green room and the painter's *atelier*, as well as having an intimate acquaintance with Fleet Street and Paternoster Row. Usually the biography or autobiography of the writing man is less interesting on account of what it has to say of the subject himself than because of the picture which it gives of his environment, and of the odds and ends of anecdote and impression of distinguished contemporaries. This is true even when the subject of the biography belongs to the very first rank. Imagine an abridge of Forster's *Life of Charles Dickens* which should exclude everything that did not directly pertain to Dickens himself—which gave no account of the men and women with whom the novelist dined and hobnobbed.

The Maclaren "Life"

To the world at large the story of Ian Maclaren's life is the story of *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* and the books that followed it. His present biographer was to a large extent responsible for bringing his stories to public notice. About 1890, Dr. Nicoll, as editor of the *Expositor*, wrote to Dr. Watson asking for an occasional contribution. The result of this letter was a series of articles entitled *The Mind of the Master*. In the course of the friendship which grew out of this association the editor was so much impressed with the stories and character sketches which Dr. Watson was in the habit of telling that he urged him to write them out. The first and second sketches proved more or less unsatisfactory and were returned to the author with objections. Then Dr. Watson sent the first four chapters of what is now known as *The Bonnie Brier Bush*. The first was published in the *British Weekly* of November 2, 1893, under the title "How We Carried the News to Whinnie Knowe." It attracted attention at once, and the impression deepened as the stories continued.

To the construction of these first short tales Dr. Watson gave infinite labour and care. He said himself:

> Each was turned over in my mind for months before I put pen to paper. It took a prodigious amount of labour before I even had a story formed in my head. Then I blocked it out at one sitting. Then the thing was put

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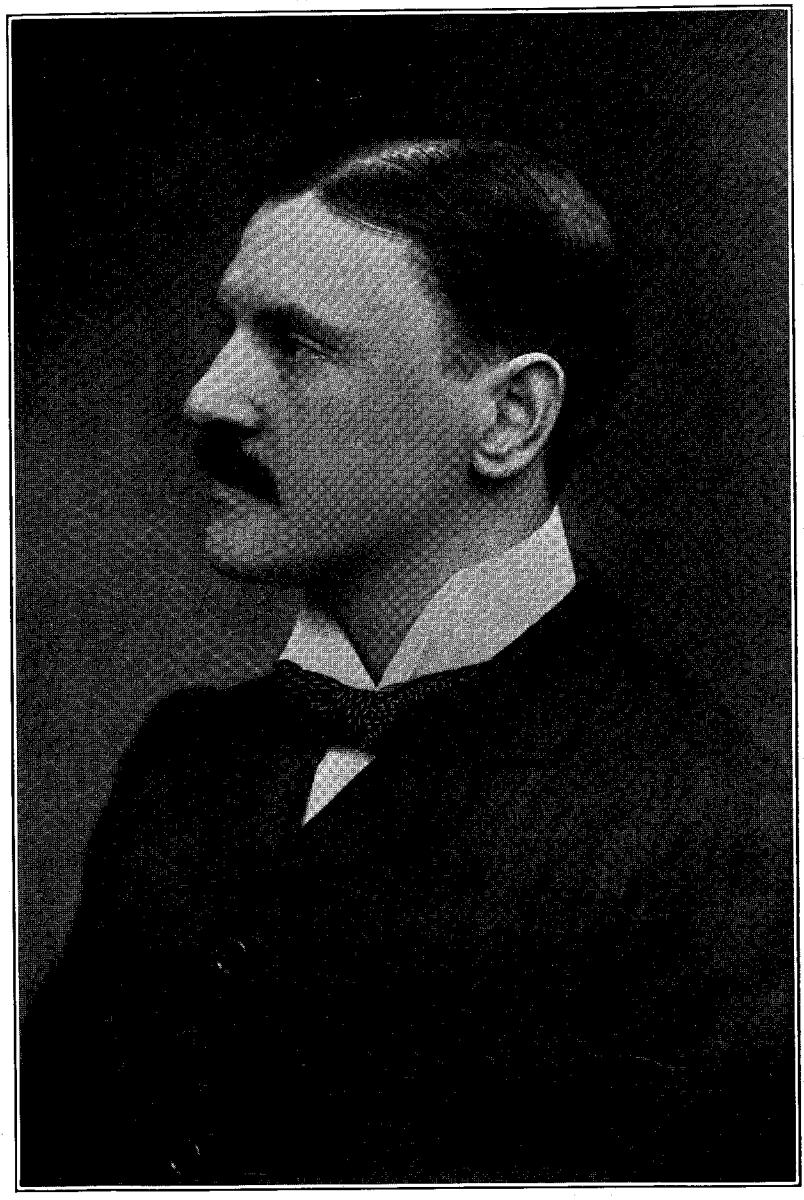
aside while I went over and over in my mind each detail, each line of dialogue, each touch of description, determining on the proper place, attitude, share, colour, and quality of each bit, so that the whole might in the end be a unit, and not a bundle of parts. By and by came the actual writing with the revision and the correction which accompanies and follows. The actual composition of the *Brier Bush* occupied fifteen months. They were more difficult because in every case the character is revealed in dialogue exclusively. It is



W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

Mr. Maugham, whose plays have been so conspicuously successful during the last year, is the grandson of Robert Maugham, the author of legal books. His recent novel, *The Explorers*, has been spoken of in high terms. Four plays from his pen have been presented during the past twelve months: *Lady Frederick*, *Jack Straw*, *Mrs. Dot*, and *Penelope*.

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UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS WALLACE IRWIN

different when the writer has a plot, because then there is something definite to hold the attention, and one can dash ahead, but I was compelled to make slow progress.

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Dr. Nicoll acknowledges that in his later work Ian Maclaren did not take such pains. His life was so busy that he had no time for careful preparation and revision. But in *Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush* and *The Days of Auld Lang Syne* he was at his very best, drawing upon the fresh fountain of his recollections. The enormous popularity of the *Briar Bush* is best indicated by figures. In Great Britain two hundred and fifty-six thousand copies have been sold in various editions. In this country the sale has amounted to four hundred and eighty-four thousand copies, and this exclusive of an incomplete pirated edition which was circulated in vast numbers. Contemporary criticism of the book was friendly, and even enthusiastic. Dr. Nicoll says that he cannot trace a single unfavourable review. The London *Spectator* did not consider its first review cordial enough, and so published a second. That the late Queen Victoria was an admiring reader is pleasant information, but no convincing argument.

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But while the world at large knew Dr. Watson through his books, among his friends he was esteemed most as a brilliant talker, with a remarkable sense of humour, and a dangerous power of sarcasm. This last gift he controlled to the utmost in the pulpit and in the ecclesiastical courts. He was the master of a deadly irony, but he was wont to say that the power of irony was one which could never be employed to any good purpose by a Christian minister. Occasionally he had great provocation, and he knew well that he had the use of a weapon which would punish his assailant, but he deliberately kept silence. Few if any knew "the weight of his terrible hand." Only on rare occasions, and in the security of confidence, would he sometimes show what his power was in this way.

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It was the humour of the Scot in which he was most at home. English fun he delighted in, and would say that it had lent a certain flavour of geniality to pri-

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vate life in this country, and had saved public life from rancorous bitterness. He would declare that in his professional experience he had never known trouble in a house where the father chaffed his sons, and the sons teased their father. He frequently expressed his admiration for *Punch*, and its long tradition of purity and dignity. "I dare to say that we ought to be thankful for the services our master caricaturist has rendered to the amenities both of public and private life." He had a delight in the captivating, irresistible, unexpected, unreasonable way of Irish drollery. Mrs. Watson's uncle, Sir Samuel Ferguson, the eminent Irish poet and scholar, was a man in whose society he particularly delighted, and from him he learned much. Irish drollery, he would say, was more captivating, more unexpected, and more unreasonable than anything else on the face of the earth: "If the just and honourable, but perhaps also over-sensible and somewhat phlegmatic persons who have in recent times had charge of Irish affairs, and have been trying to unravel the tangled skein, had appreciated the tricksy sprite which inhabits the Irish mind, and had made a little more allowance for people who are not moved by argument and the multiplication table, but are touched by sentiment and romance as well as vastly tickled by the absurdity of things, they might have achieved greater success, and done more good to a chivalrous, unworldly, quick-witted, and warm-hearted people."

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Here is a typical Ian Maclaren story:

"Who had this place last year?" asked a Southern shooting tenant of his keeper.

"Well," said Donald, "I'm not denyin' that he wass an Englishman, but he wass a good man whatever. Oh, yess, he went to kirk and he shot very well, but he wass narrow, very narrow."

"Narrow," said the other in amazement, for he supposed he meant bigoted, and the charge was generally the other way about. "What was he narrow in?"

"Well," said Donald, "I will be tellin' you, and it wass this way. The twelfth [the beginning of the grouse shooting] wass a very good day, and we had fifty-two brace. But it wass warm, oh! yess, very warm, and when we came back to the Lodge, the gentleman will say to me, 'It is warm,' and I will not be contradicting him. Then he will be saying, 'Maybe you are thirsty,' and I will not be contradicting him. Afterwards he will take out his flask and be speaking about a dram. I will not be contradicting him, but will just say, 'Toots, toots.' Then he will be pouring it out, and when the glass wass maybe half-full I will say, just for politeness, 'Stop.' And he stopped. Oh! yess, a very narrow man."

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Dr. Watson kept himself well up in current literature, and was highly appreciative of his contemporaries. Most of all he appreciated Rudyard Kipling, whose poems he used to read and repeat with infinite zest. Mr. Kipling was dangerously ill in New York during Watson's second visit to America, and Watson wrote: "The lamentable news that Rudyard Kipling is in danger of death comes with a shock of grief to a fellow-countryman and a reading man. Almost since the beginning of his career I have read every word he wrote, and have found in his words an inspiration beyond that of any living novelist. He deals at first-hand with the half-dozen passions which mould human nature, and always with insight and nobility. His death, which may God forbid, would in my humble judgment deprive English letters of our greatest name, and England of her real poet-laureate." To this view he always adhered.

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Some Eminent Victorians

In striking contrast to the Ian Maclaren life is the autobiography of J. Comyns Carr, which has just been published under the title of *Some Eminent Victorians*. The name of the author is far from being one to command immediate attention. It is no impertinence to introduce him to American readers to mention casually that he is an English critic and dramatist, that he was born in 1849, that he was at one time the art critic on the *Pall Mall Gazette*, that he was one of the founders of the New Gallery, that he is responsible for half a dozen publications on art subjects, and that among

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the well-known books that he has helped to prepare for stage presentation are *Oliver Twist, Called Back* and *Dark Days.*

Yet if Comyns Carr is not exactly a famous man, he knew plenty of famous men intimately, and it is on account of that that his book is worth while. Dante, Gabriel Rossetti, Sir John Millais, Burne-Jones, Leighton, Tennyson, to represent the homes of England. To Comyns Carr he sent a drawing of the first of the projected series, wherein he had evidently intended to present a typical representative of the great commercial nation—"A hideous being stretched in stertorous sleep upon a Victorian sofa of abominable design, every deformed curve and moulding of which he had rendered with searching veracity." On another occasion he laughingly proposed to in-

Browning—these are some of the men whom you meet in his pages. Comyns Carr's friendship with Burne-Jones was particularly close, extending over a period of more than twenty-five years. In his letters to his intimate friends Burne-Jones was exceedingly lavish in little humorous pictorial sketches illustrating some mood, whim or scheme. At one time he threatened to abandon all future effort after ideal design and to conform to the tastes of the British subjects by embarking on a series of pictures struct Comyns Carr's eldest boy in the principles of anatomy, and then and there made for him on the spur of the moment two drawings representing the anatomy of the good man and the good woman, to which he added, by special request, a third drawing illustrating the anatomy of the bad man. On being met with the reproach that the drawing showed nothing of the details of internal structure, he replied that there were none, as "the bad man was quite hollow"; and on being further challenged to illustrate the anat-

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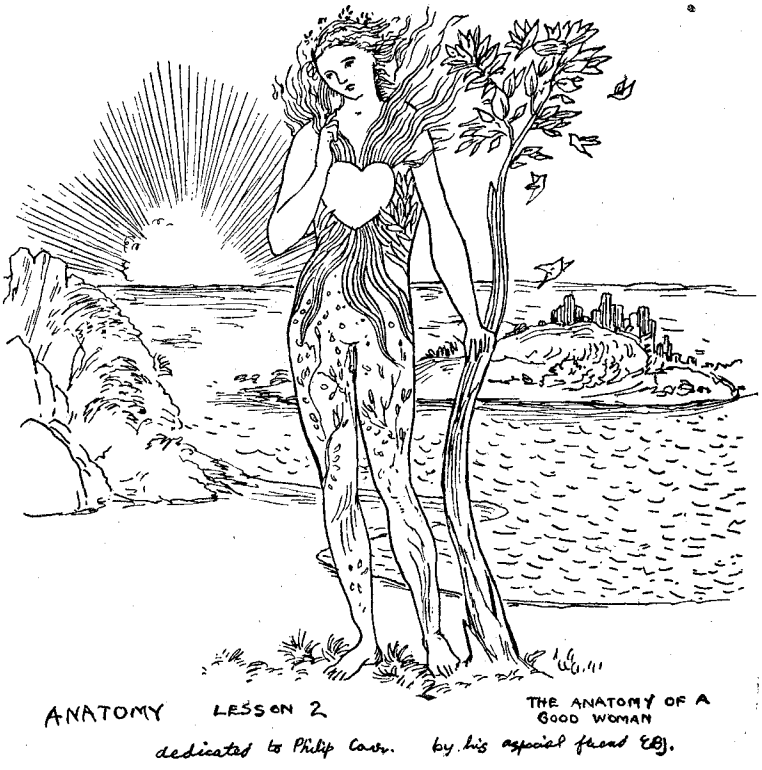
omy of the bad woman, he gravely replied, "My dear Phil, she doesn't exist."

"The Woman in White"

In the course of an interview printed while he was in this country Lord Northcliffe recalled the amazing interest manifested in Wilkie Collins's *The Woman in White* when that story of mystery was appearing serially in *All the Year Round* during the year of 1860. On the day of publication the street in front of the office of the periodical was usually thronged by a vast crowd of readers eager to be among the first to get hold of the new instalment. To find a similar case of literary popularity one must go back to the forties, when Eugene Sue's *The Mysteries of Paris* was appearing in a daily newspaper. Then interest in the tale was so great that copies of the journal were not sold; they were rented out at ten sous for half an hour, the time needed for a leisurely reading of that day's instalment of M. Sue's story. In his forthcoming *My Story* Mr. Hall Caine devotes a chapter to Wilkie Collins, in the course of which he has considerable to say about *The Woman in White*. After the story had been written, and the time had come to begin its serial publication, a title had not yet been found. Neither the author nor his friends could hit on one that seemed suitable. Dickens had been appealed to and had failed. So had Forster, who was usually prolific in good titles. Collins was in despair. The time was approaching for the printing of the first instalment. So one day the novelist started for Broadstairs with a determination not to return until a title had been found. For hours he walked hopelessly along the cliff, smoking and thinking to no purpose, and finally, as the sun went down, he threw himself upon the grass. He was facing the North Foreland Light-



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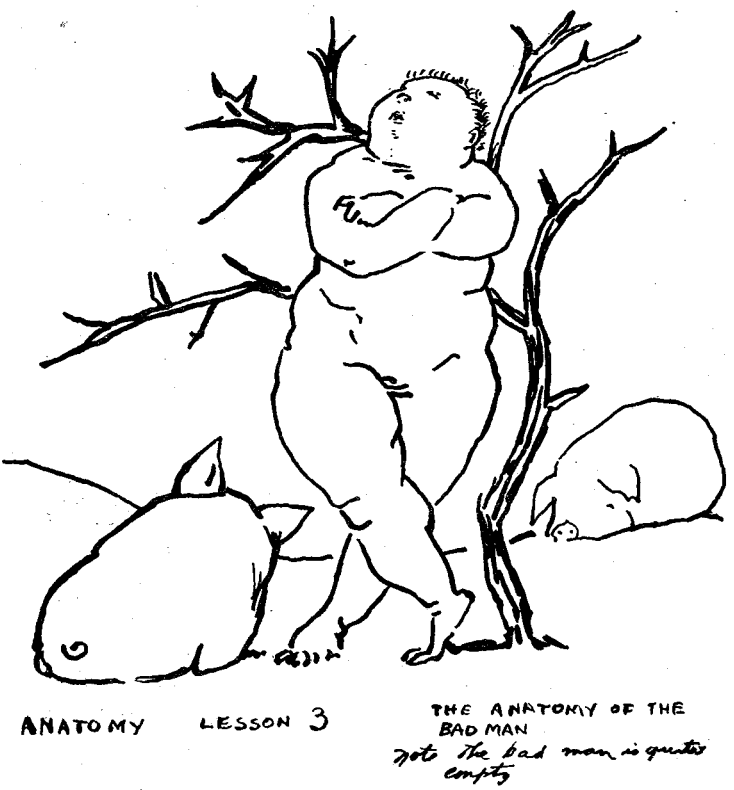
house, and half in bitter jest, half unconsciously, he began to apostrophise thus: "You are ugly and stiff and awkward; you know you are as stiff and as weird as my white woman — white woman — woman in white — the title, by Jove!"

The publication of *The Woman in White* brought to Wilkie Collins a vast number of letters. One of these was of particular interest. It will be remembered that the arch-villain of the story was a certain Count Fosco. After the mystery had been cleared up the author received a letter from a lady who since figured very prominently in the public view. She began by congratulating him somewhat coldly upon his success, and then said: "But, Mr. Collins, the great failure of your book is your villain. Excuse me if I say, you really do not know a villain. Your Count Fosco is a very poor one, and when next you want a character of that description I trust that you will not disdain to come to me. *I* know a villain, and have one in my eye at this moment that would far eclipse anything that I have ever read of in books. Don't think that I am drawing upon my imagination. The man is alive and constantly under my gaze. *In fact, he is my own husband.*" The lady was the wife of Bulwer-Lytton.



Hall Caine's Autobiography

We have been reading Mr. Caine's *My Story* in the English edition. The American edition, which will be practically identical, comes from the press of Messrs. D. Appleton and Company, and is announced for publication the 25th of this month. Of recent years there has been a disposition to fleer at Hall Caine as a literary workman and to heap ridicule upon him as a personal egotist and self-exploiter. This attitude is distinctly un-

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just. Whether Mr. Caine does or does not go to extremes in advertising himself and his books is a question which we are not going to discuss. It has no bearing whatever on the books themselves. As an author he is certainly not in the first rank, and his later stories have not always been in the best of taste. But to those who, from feeding upon certain wild legends, have grown to look upon him in the light of a literary charlatan, we offer the advice that they go back and read *The Bondman, The Deemster* and *The Manxman*. We shall have more to say about *My Story* in a later issue.

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Robert Hichens at Taormina

Mr. Robert Hichens is another writer whose opinion on the best environment for literary labour is quoted. He says that after fifteen years of London life he found the noise and restlessness and worry of social exactions were too much for him, and it is significant

UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS. INTERVIEWING HALL CAINE ON AN INCOMING STEAMER

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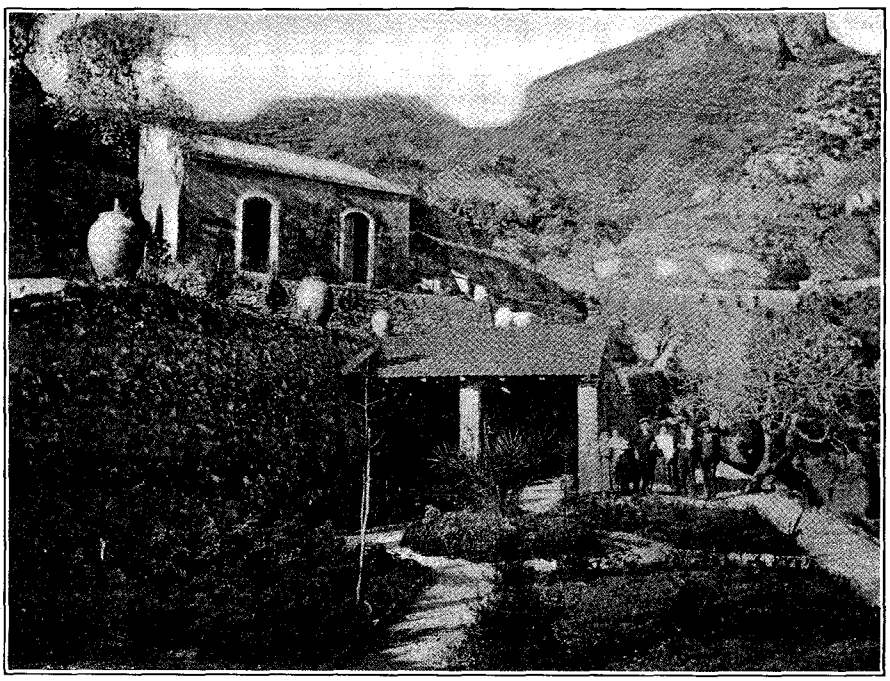

THE AUTHOR'S FULL DINNER PAIL

ROBERT HICHENS'S GARDEN AT TAORMINA

that his best books have been written since he turned his back on the hubbub of London streets and set up his writing table in the far off seclusion of his Sicilian garden. In the Hotel Timeo at Taormina, a town near Messina, which escaped destruction during the recent earthquake, Mr. Hichens has his own set of rooms. There he does his work in a comfortable but not especially systematic manner. He usually has a book in mind, carrying the idea of it about for months, sometimes for years, before he attempts to put it into written words. Once he starts, however, he keeps to it persistently until the end. Then he is usually up and working by seven in the morning. He writes until noon, and not infrequently resumes work at five and goes on steadily until seven or eight at night.

❦

The popularity which Mr. Hichens has won by such books as *The Garden of Allah* and *The Call of the Blood* rests on so solid a foundation that a good many of us have forgotten that he owed his first success to that curious little volume *The Green Carnation*. That book was published in 1894. It satirised Oscar Wilde and the æsthetic movement and became immediately the sensation of the day. The books that followed it, *An Imaginative Man* and *The Folly of Eustace,* enjoyed only a moderate success. Indeed, none of the eleven books that he wrote between 1894 and 1904 had any extraordinary vogue, although among them were *Flames, The Woman With the Fan,* and *Felix,* which was in a large part autobiographical. It was not until the appearance of *The Garden of Allah* that Mr. Hichens was seriously regarded as a popular novelist.

❦

In his literary admirations Mr. Hichens unhesitatingly places Balzac first. "Balzac certainly," he says, "and Guy de Maupassant, and I suppose Tolstoy and Turgeniev—I can't say I have been conscious of their influence, but they are the novelists who have most strongly appealed to me. But if we get upon this topic I shan't know where to leave off. Dickens is a perpetual joy to

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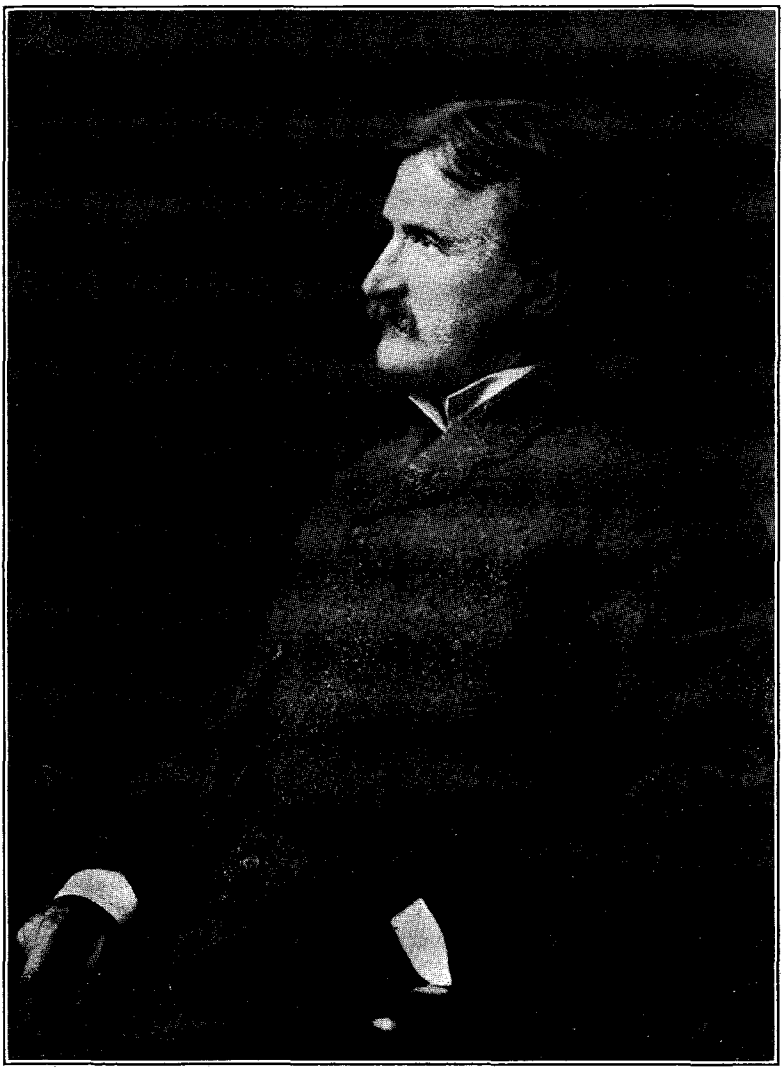
me, and I don't understand the superior critics who try to belittle him. Thackeray, too, and the Brontës, and George Eliot—don't some critics, by the way, deny George Eliot a place among great writers? I cannot agree with them. To me her greatness is beyond question." *A propos* of Mr. Hichens's enthusiasm for Balzac, readers of *Felix* will recall the whimsical old figure, the village tailor who had made trousers for the author of the *Comedie Humaine*. As the great novelist's tailor he felt it his duty to be acquainted with all his works, and he joyously lends the volumes to Felix, who is profoundly impressed by the study of them and founds upon them a philosophy of life that breaks down in actual life.

❧

The Author at Work

In England recently they have been reviving the old discussion about the best environment for literary work. It was Charles Lamb who, in one of his "Popular Fallacies" expressed a bitter grievance against London. "I am never



EMERSON HOUGH, THE AUTHOR OF "54-40 OR FIGHT"

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alone," he complained, "I cannot walk home from office but some officious friend offers his unwelcome courtesies to accompany me. I am never C. L. but always C. L. & Co." Much the same spirit of resentment against London as a place to work in seems to be the feeling of some of the modern English writers, if we are to judge from a recent symposium. Jerome K. Jerome is particularly outspoken against the city. "Personally," he says, "I can't work in London and never could, and never try to now. I don't mind the noise—I don't notice it; but there are too many newspapers and too many people. That's what worries me. When I am in town I become dissipated in the matter of newspapers. In the country it is different. You are not fidgeted by the fear of casual, unexpected callers; you are free from interruptions and can sit down and become quietly absorbed in your work and develop it in your own style, thinking of nothing else and caring for the opinion of nobody."

Characteristically, George Bernard Shaw takes just the opposite view of the

UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS L. JOSEPH VANCE

From a sketch by Mrs. L. Joseph Vance

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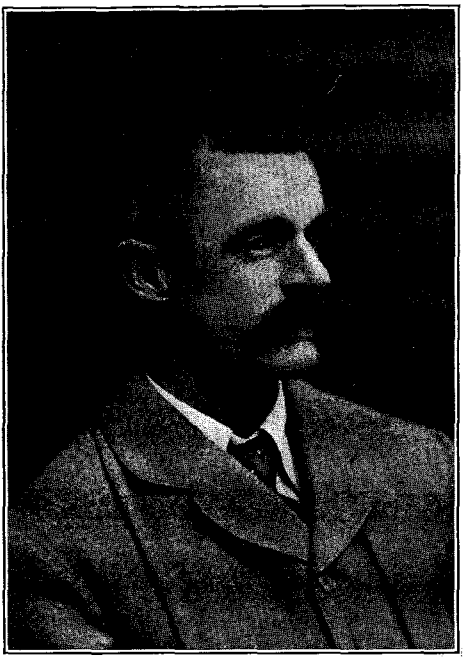

HAROLD BINDLOSS
Author of *Lorimer of the Northwest*

matter. He holds that if you come to traffic, hurry, rush, and restlessness, an express train can hold its own with London on all four points; and he has done a good deal of literary work in such trains. "If I recollect aright William Morris made his translations of the *Odyssey*, which has all the celestial airs of the Ionian Sea over it, when rattling about in trains to lecture on Socialism in the provinces. Trollope wrote much in trains, did he not? Of course, any sane writer will take the fullest possible advantage of the blessed fact that he can take his work into the country and do it in the open air, in spite of a restlessness and distraction of the trees and clouds and birds and insects and the like; but for my part, if need be, I could do my work in a steel foundry, or a weaving shed with a hundred looms all banging away at full steam, if I had to, and not do it any worse for the noise. I therefore do not set up any special grievance as an author; on the contrary, the 'restlessness' of London is the making of a man who can take it all in; for instance, Dickens would never have been Dickens if he had spent his life in Mitcham. But of course I share the general grievance (which specially afflicts idle people, by the way) against the monotony and unmusical character of London noises, the stuffiness of London's smell, the grime of London's atmosphere, the dreadful darkness of London's winter, and the ugliness of London's population."

Among other writers who contribute their views are W. W. Jacobs, who believes that the country is too dull, and the town too lively, and that the ideal place is still to be discovered; H. G. Wells, who expresses himself as being hardly qualified to judge because he has not done sustained work in London; W. E. Norris, who bars the city not so much on account of the noise, but because of the practical impossibility of limiting one's acquaintance and engagements there; Miss Beatrice Harraden, who holds a strong brief for London ("I have written more happily and more easily in London than in the quietest village in England or on the loneliest farm

UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS H. E. KREHBIEL

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THE LATE MARTHA FINLEY

in far distant lands"); and Rider Haggard, and Richard Whiteing, who profess to see good points in both sides of the argument.

Martha Finley

It was in 1868 that the manuscript of *Elsie Dinsmore* was sent to the house that was to publish Miss Finley's books for so many years. The book was approved for publication, but was so long that it did not seem feasible to issue it in a reasonable sized volume. The difficulty was solved by publishing half of it as *Elsie Dinsmore,* and the remainder of it in the following year as a sequel. This was the beginning of the long series of Elsie books, which extended to twenty-eight volumes. When there had been five volumes published it was thought that the public might easily tire of its continuance, and a new series, called the "Mildred" series, was started, bringing in many of the characters of the Elsie books, with others added. While this was a success, it did not take the place of the Elsie books, and the public simply demanded the continuance of that series. Besides the twenty-eight Elsie books and the seven Mildred books, Miss Finley wrote and we have published eight other books of a little different character. It is probable that no series of books for children, unless possibly the Alcott books, has had such a large or continuous sale as the Elsie. The annual sale of *Elsie Dinsmore,* published more than forty years ago, is now greater than the first sale of nine-tenths of the newly published books for children. Miss Finley has outlived and seen her books read by more than a generation since the first one was issued.

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THE REAL ABBÉ FARIA

NOT every one thinks of Marseilles as a land of Romance, nor indeed is it usually accounted a tourist point. Most persons debarking from a far Eastern or Australian liner know Marseilles only as a stopping-off place for the night, with perhaps a cup of coffee and a *petit verre* on a café terrace of the famous Cannebière as their evening distraction.

Just before entering the Vieux Port, midway between Cap Sicié and Cap Couronne, they have remarked the Château d'If, and perhaps recalled the fact that it was the prison of Dumas's hero of *The Count of Monte Cristo*. What they have not thought of, perhaps, is that Dumas's great romance forms, in its earlier chapters, a most fascinating guide book to the old Phocian metropolis.

There is a wealth of fact as well as romance in Dumas's novels, but like the poets he took liberal license with facts whenever he pleased, and like Homer he nodded as often. Dumas is good reading, and that is more than history is at all times, and if one will make allowance and verifications as he goes along he will acquire more knowledge of things French by the reading of Dumas's romances than he will absorb by the tiresome perusal of Guizot and Michelet.

One of the most sympathetic characters of the whole Dumas's portrait gallery was the gentle Abbé Faria, Edmond Dante's fellow-prisoner, interred behind the thick walls of Château d'If. It is a question if the real Abbé Faria ever was a prisoner in the Château d'If, but there is no doubt whatever but that he had a very real existence, and served the purposes of Dumas, who, with the wonderful intuition of the romancer, made of him just the character that was needed as a foil to the high-strung, buoyant Dante.

The real Abbé Faria was born in 1756, at Goa in Portugal, and baptised José-Custodio de Faria. His birth, even, was seemingly unfortunate, for his parents separated shortly afterward, and from an orphanage he entered a seminary, and afterward holy orders, in time becoming an Abbé and continuing his studies at Rome. He came to Paris clad in ecclesiastical garb in 1788; yellow of skin, dry of visage, tall and finely formed. His views were liberal in the extreme,

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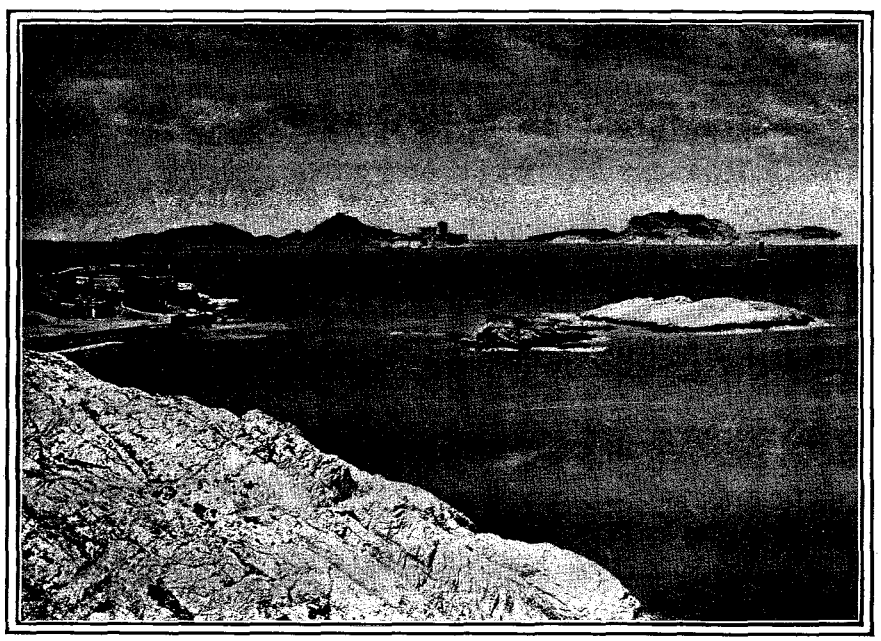
and during the revolutionary period he sought not to hide that he was one of the great class of refractory priests who caused no end of concern to Church and State alike.

One fine day the Abbé Faria became interested in the practices of Mesmer, becoming in time himself a *magnetiseur* of renown; he was in fact, as he said, a rebellious subject of the Church, ripe for Swedenborgianism. Faria was not wholly a success as a mesmerist; one night at a dinner at Madame de Custine's he attempted his powers, and against more than one of his co-invites was not successful. Chateaubriand, who was present, ridiculed him and his new pretensions and declared that magnetism was only a species of magic and sorcery. Faria, nevertheless, continued his experiments of hypnotism at Paris up to 1811.

At this epoch he obtained a professorship of philosophy at the Lycée at Marseilles and remained there a year, during which time he was elected a member of the local medical association; one ignores, however, under what profession. At this period Faria, like most temporary sojourners in Marseilles, probably visited the "Château-Fort" of the Isle d'If, a matter of three miles or more off shore, at that time a prison of state. There is nothing whatever to show that for any reason, or at any time, he was ever a prisoner therein.

The visit to the Château d'If is made to-day, as then, in cranky little tubs which range themselves along the quays of Marseilles's Old Port, the owners of which seek to attract clients by vociferous loud-mouthed shouting, and even importunate pluckings at your person as you pass. The cost of the excursion is not great; for twenty-five sous, twenty, or even half a franc, one may make the round trip and be as uncomfortable as any one can possibly be on land or water for a *mauvais quart d'heure*.



THE CHÂTEAU D'IF AND THE BAY OF MARSEILLES

Faria left Marseilles within the year, going to Nimes, where he still practised his hypnotic powers, returning later to Paris, where he gave a series of public lectures on his profession of the *"Sommeil lucide."* He succumbed to a crisis

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of apoplexy in September, 1819, at the age of sixty-four. He is supposedly buried in the Montmartre Cemetery, but the records do not say exactly where and no known tomb marks his grave.

Dumas merely modelled after his well-known symbolical fashion the episode of the Chateau d'If entirely out of his imagination. In the romance the Abbé Faria says to Dante at their parting: "Above all, forget not Monte Cristo, forget not the treasure!" The only treasure of the real Abbé Faria was his apparently sincere belief in hypnotism and its powers to accomplish as wonderful results as the mythical millions of Edmond Dante.

Moreover, Dumas had never even known personally Faria; born in 1803, he did not come to Paris until 1823, more than three years after the death of the Portuguese ecclesiastic. That Dumas may not have made a study of animal magnetism through the single published work left by Faria is not so sure, for it is known that the romancer attended somnambulistic seances during his early years in Paris, and in 1848 resumed their study, and incorporated certain manifestations in the *Memoirs d'un Medecin,* wherein the romance of Joseph Balsamo is revealed. When Dumas commenced the writing of *Monte Cristo,* in 1841, many persons then living may have attended the Abbé's conferences, notably general Noiset, a friend of Dumas, who died only in 1884.

Such is the strength of the imagination among writers and readers alike that the legendary type of the great characters of romance substitute themselves easily enough for real flesh and blood, and generations distant from the time of their inception one comes to believe in their authenticity. The Abbé Faria of Dumas's romance lives more vividly, certainly, today than when he lived at Marseilles in 1811.

Francis Miltoun.

AN ILLUSION

An open periodical I saw as I passed by,
And down the list of contents I idly cast my eye;
I saw the queerest title,—whatever could it mean?
"The Literary Spirit in the Modern Magazine!"

I looked again, and gazed at it in utter blank surprise.
Though I had read the words aright, I scarce believed my eyes!
For surely readers will agree no one has ever seen
The Literary Spirit in the Modern Magazine.

Of terms a contradiction! Of thoughts a paradox!
Experience it stultifies, at common sense it mocks.
As well say two and two make five, or that the sky is green,
As the Literary Spirit in the Modern Magazine!

I love the periodicals, I read them every time;
I love a lightweight story, or a bit of senseless rhyme.
But I never have discovered,—although my eyes are keen,—
The Literary Spirit in the Modern Magazine.

Perhaps there *is* a fountain that will give Immortal Youth;
Perpetual motion *may* be found; in wells there *may* be truth.
But credulity has limits; they must tell to some marine
Of "The Literary Spirit in the Modern Magazine!"

Carolyn Wells.

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THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER BOX

At the last opening of the Letter Box we promised that we should soon take an entire number to discuss the remarks and criticisms which have been made upon THE BOOKMAN'S Inferno. So many letters on so many other subjects have, however, come to us since then that we are obliged to break this promise, in a way, and to subordinate the Inferno to topics which have no connection with it.

I

We are not at all bound to consider the sins of other publications. Nevertheless, the following letter from Pompton Lakes, New Jersey, has a general interest from the standpoint of good English. We publish it and pass it along deferentially to the esteemed *North American Review.*

In the November *North American Review* there is an article on "Gentle Speech." It is a soothing title and yet almost at the beginning of the article there appears this verbal monstrosity:

"The increasing number of men and women of a certain intellectual training is adding rapidly to that consensus of the competent who are merely fatigued by rhetorical epilepsy, or by simian homiletics, and who judge a speaker, and fairly, to some extent at least, by his verbal righteousness."

Do you think that so dignified and sane a journal as the *North American Review* has a right to expect its readers to hurdle such a linguistic obstacle as this? And if translated into that "gentle speech" for which the writer makes a plea, what would it mean?

II

Letters from Socialists seldom come our way; therefore we are very glad to be honoured by a Socialist residing in this city. The epistle which he sends us is much too long to print in full, but we readily give a synopsis of its contents and answer the question which it contains. It appears that, some time ago, Mr. Lincoln Steffens wrote a magazine article on the subject of Eugene Debs, and that in it he pronounced the following opinion:

It may be deemed expedient to hang Debs some day, and that wouldn't be so bad; but don't try to hurt him.

Our correspondent, who signs himself "Justitia," says that this utterance of Mr. Steffens greatly puzzled both himself and his fellow Socialists. They held meetings to discuss it, but were unable to agree upon its meaning. They couldn't see why hanging Debs would fail to hurt him, and yet Mr. Steffens evidently thinks that the two things have no connection. Therefore, our correspondent asks in despair whether this sentence is really full of inspired wisdom, somewhat Delphic in its language, or whether it is just stupidity. We answer very gladly that it is neither wisdom nor stupidity. Taken by itself it is, of course, preposterous, and yet it affords convincing proof of the cleverness of Mr. Steffens. It is the sort of thing in which the New Journalism indulges—sayings which sound like epigrams and seem pregnant with an immensity of truth, yet which have no meaning whatsoever. Mr. Steffens knew perfectly well when he wrote the sentence that it was fatuous, but he also knew that it would make the Socialists sit up and mull over it and discuss it, and thereby enhance the circulation of the magazine in which the article appeared. Obviously, he was quite right in his assumption. He did the thing which he meant to do. He wrote an utterly preposterous sentence, and our friend, Justitia, and his fellow Socialists spent whole evenings in trying to find out what awesome truth was concealed within its depths. This is an admirable example of the art of saying nothing in such a way as to seem as though one were saying a great deal. Mr. Steffens is a very, very clever man; and we cannot refrain from adding that our socialistic correspondent and the kindred spirits who

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are associated with him are guileless souls who swallow readily the baited hook which Mr. Steffens from time to time throws out to them.

III

It has been said by some philosopher that every man believes himself able to sail a boat and to edit a newspaper. We have come to think that every man also imagines that he can edit a magazine. Thus, a bright reader of ours who lives in a Texan town with the soothing name of Comfort, is kind enough to send us some suggestions as to what we ought to do in the way of getting special articles. Here are the suggestions:

(1) Give us photographs and sketches of the important foreign correspondents of the Associated Press. The men who write the world's news.

(2) Tell us about Ferenc Molnar. About journalism in Austria-Hungary. Some of the daily papers there have a circulation of several hundred thousand daily, I understand.

(3) Series of photographs showing the editorial rooms (not the buildings) of the London *Times,* and the other great newspapers in this and foreign countries.

(4) The critic and the masterpiece. How were *Vanity Fair, Pickwick Papers, Don Quixote, Plain Tales from the Hills,* the first Sherlock Holmes stories, etc., etc., received by the critics?

If these suggestions are very clever, then we must be cleverer than our correspondent, for we had anticipated all of them long before his letter reached us. We advise him to get a file of THE BOOKMAN and read it up. Thus, his first bit of advice was not needed, as we had articles on European press correspondents appearing in this magazine under the dates of May, 1904, and November, 1904. As to his second suggestion, a good deal was published on the subject of Molnar in THE BOOKMAN for October, 1908; while we had a special article on journalism in Austria-Hungary as far back as June, 1900. His third admonition is evidently written in ignorance of the fact that we have published a whole series of articles entitled "The Great Newspapers of Continental Europe." Finally, his last suggestion ignores another series which appeared in THE BOOKMAN during 1903 on "Famous Novels and their Contemporary Critics." The obvious moral of all this is that THE BOOKMAN should be read continuously and not sporadically. Then we should not receive such letters as this, giving us sage advice to do things which we have already done.

IV

A lady sends us the following question:

In R. L. Stevenson's *Aes Triplex* there is this sentence: "Death may be knocking at the door, like the Commander's statue: we have something else in hand, thank God, and let him knock." Can you tell me what is meant by the "Commander's statue"? I have looked everywhere before appealing for help.

The "Commander" is the famous Commendatore in Mozart's opera of *Don Giovanni.* We advise the lady to get a libretto of the opera, and also to read Balzac's story of Don Juan.

V

Here is a little note which is charming because of its naïveté. It comes from Ithaca, New York, and is addressed to the editors of THE BOOKMAN, at Indianapolis, Indiana! We wish to file a brief statement here to the effect that we have not yet joined the Hoosier School of American letters. This is what the writer says:

DEAR SIRS: I have an article on literature that I should like to have published. Do you think you could use it?

No doubt we could use it in some way. If it should not prove available for the magazine, the Junior Editor might utilise it for shaving paper. But how does the lady expect us to know whether we could use it editorially? "Literature" is rather vague, but we fancy that any one who could write so innocently charming a note as this without thinking it necessary to send us the article in question, has scarcely attained to a very high degree of literary proficiency. Therefore, to be quite frank, we are obliged to answer

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that we do not think that we could "use it."

Not unlike the Ithacan lady is a Hindu gentleman whose name we cannot easily make out, but who lives in the Indian town of Kumba-Konam on North Reddy Raostank Street—number not given. We have not looked up this place in a gazetteer, but we have no doubt that it is all right. The gentleman declares to us:

I can write on social, economical, and religious topics. I can also translate some of the Indian legends and stories. I assure you they are interesting. I shall be glad if you can find place in your journal about these above-mentioned topics.

We have no doubt that these articles are interesting, especially in their use of prepositions. But why not send us a few so that we may see them?

VI

A question of pronunciation is raised in the following letter which comes to us from some one connected with the St. Louis Mercantile Library Association. It reads thus:

Your October "Inferno' includes "automóbile." The *Century Dictionary* gives this as the correct pronunciation, i. e., has in brackets (au-tomóbil). The *Standard Dictionary* under Auto, in combination gives *"au"* tomóbile," the " mark standing for the secondary accent. Why do you put the word as thus accentuated into your Inferno, and what do you call the correct pronunciation? "Automobilé" seems irrational to me in view of the genesis of the word.

Our correspondent misunderstands us. The proper pronunciation of the word "automobile" has a strong accent on the first syllable, and no accent on any other syllable. This pronunciation is practically universal among cultivated people. The individual who figured the pronunciation in the *Century Dictionary* is probably the sort of person who always smells of fried things. The tendency of the English language is toward a recessive accent irrespective of the original quantity of the Greek or Latin word which is incorporated in our language. As to the genesis of "automobile," we should like to ask our correspondent how she pronounces the word "anemone." If she regards its genesis, she ought to accent the penult, and not the antepenult.

VII

A gentleman in Malden, Massachusetts, who has a sense of humour, sends us a letter which we print without comment:

I see in the January number you criticise the *Evening Post* for saying that some people at Oneida Lake escaped from a burning building "by means of fire-ladders in their night clothes." You assume that the night clothes were fitted out with fire-ladders. Have you not misunderstood the *Post* and done it an injustice in this? Does not the pronoun "their" evidently and naturally refer to its nearest antecedent noun, which is "fire-ladders"? Does not the writer mean to say that the fire-ladders were fitted out with night-clothes? This is a much more reasonable supposition. One can easily see the advantage of having the ladders thus equipped. How much more comfortable it would be for the people obliged to traverse them in their bare feet by night. If the ladders are clothed, there would be all the less need for the people to stop to put on garments. In an emergency the clothing, with such foresight provided, could be taken from the ladders and be utilised by the people. It is an excellent idea, worthy of more general adoption. By all means let our fire-ladders, as well as our fire-laddies, be properly arrayed. The *Post* deserved thanks for calling attention to it.

VIII

The distinguished American historian, Dr. James Schouler, honours us by a letter which contains a perfectly natural and apparently justifiable criticism.

Since your magazine aims to be authoritative in literary matters, I am surprised to see in the December number (p. 438), from the pen of Professor Harry Thurston Peck, a palpable misstatement. In his article upon Mommsen and Ferrero he says that "Hildreth wrote the history of the United States as a Democrat would write it."

Now, if there is anything certain with regard to Mr. Hildreth's work, it is that the

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bias of his history is strongly Federalist, and that his dislike of Jefferson and the democracy appeared as positive as his admiration for Hamilton.

I shall not presume that, by a slip of the pen, Professor Peck meant me; but quite likely he had Bancroft in his mind.

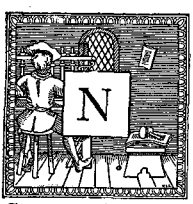
We take pleasure in informing Dr. Schouler that the rather long sentence which Professor Peck originally wrote, referred both to Hildreth as a Federalist and to Bancroft as a Democrat. Somehow or other, either the types or the typographer knocked out a line, leaving Hildreth as the example of a Democratic historian. Now that we are in communication with Dr. Schouler, we should like to ask him for a little information in return. One sentence in his *History of the Civil War* (New York, 1899) has puzzled us for years; and sagacious persons to whom we have referred it have never been able to elucidate it.

The sentence in question occurs on page 351, and relates to Lee's Gettysburg campaign. It reads:

"In Lee's report of the following July, are tersely stated the motives which induced his infatuous campaign."

Now, what does "infatuous" mean? No such word is known to the English language outside of this one passage. It ought to mean "not fatuous," that is, "wise"; but the context shows that Dr. Schouler did not so regard the campaign. No one understands it. We have ourselves ventured to conjecture that by "infatuous campaign," Dr. Schouler intended to convey the idea that the campaign was one with which Lee had become infatuated. Are we correct? If so, the word is a somewhat odd, if interesting, coinage. Will Dr. Schouler, with his well-known courtesy, enlighten us, as we have so gladly enlightened him?

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT



NOT long ago, a widely circulated periodical published a photograph of President Roosevelt taken in 1901, soon after his accession to the chief magistracy of the United States. Facing this, on the opposite page, was a photograph of the President taken very recently. Underneath, attention was called to the alleged fact that, after seven years of strain and stress, Mr. Roosevelt had not changed to the outward eye, and that he was apparently the same man in 1908 that he had been in 1901.

It is astonishing that any human being could be so blind, so utterly obtuse to the most obvious differences, as was the person who put these photographs together to prove that the President had not changed. As a matter of plain fact, the contrast between the two faces is a startling one. It gives you something of a shock as you turn from one likeness to the other. The seven years have wrought a most remarkable transformation. Perhaps one ought rather to say that they have forced an evolution which under other circumstances would have taken place more slowly, or which, had Mr. Roosevelt continued only in a minor office, would not have taken place at all. The face of the man of 1908 is in every respect different from that of the man of 1901; and this physical alteration represents a psychological alteration that is no less marked. The President who is now going out of office is not the President who took the inaugural oath in a private house at Buffalo, before the assembled Cabinet, after his midnight journey on the thirteenth of September, 1901. The difference comes from an exaggeration of certain traits and impulses and modes of thought that had been always his, yet which had not become predominant until a certain irresponsibility took possession

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of him by reason of the enormous political power which rushed upon him in a moment. And as Mr. Roosevelt has become a different man, so the country of which he has been President has become a different country in its ideals, its aspirations, and its political instincts.

In considering the changes which have been brought about under President Roosevelt's régime, one would like to omit altogether any direct and personal reference to the President himself. This, however, is impossible. His two administrations have afforded an extraordinary example of personal government, and we can not dissociate his official acts from the characteristics of the man who is answerable for them. Throughout these seven years the government of the United States has, to all intents and purposes, been centred in an individual; and therefore, we must reckon with this individual's attributes precisely as though he had been a conscientiously despotic ruler who personally tried to understand every detail and phase of public life, and who felt himself in duty bound to direct those vaguer, subtler, and far-reaching movements which are not political but social.

What has most puzzled students of recent American history has been the President's unusual and sustained popularity. Our people are naturally hero-worshippers, but they are not often consistent in their hero-worship. They are almost as fickle as the French. The demi-god, the popular idol of a day, is shattered before long, or slowly sinks into a haze of gathering oblivion. Such was the fate of Frémont, who for eight years was one of the most popular of Americans, the first presidential candidate of the Republican Party, widely known as "the Pathfinder," the hero of a very interesting romance, high-spirited, soldierly, and brave. Yet his career ended ignominiously and he died almost unnoticed. Such again was Admiral Dewey, who enjoyed a more than Roman triumph on his return from the Philippines, yet who in less than a year was stripped of all his popularity to become the butt of cheap cartoonists and of hired jesters in the press. Even Lincoln's fame suffered a serious eclipse in 1864; so that he owed his re-election to the military successes of Grant and Sherman. The leaders of his own party viewed him as a failure, and had he not been fortunate enough to die by the hands of an assassin, he would probably have suffered much of the same obloquy which the days of Reconstruction brought upon his successor, Johnson. How many other men have sought and won distinction only to become the victims of a popular inconstancy that caught eagerly at some tactless phrase or some trifling act to justify a sudden change of favour!

Yet President Roosevelt through seven years, though he has been every moment in the public eye, has managed until very lately not only to keep, but to augment astonishingly, the popular approval first won by him through his exploit at Kettle Hill. He has made some serious blunders. He has more than once ignored the elemental principles of good taste. He has at times disregarded utterly the traditional dignity of his office. Many a statesman has been ruined in the public estimation by incidents far less important than some of those which happened during Mr. Roosevelt's presidency. Any other man would have been laughed into oblivion because of the "Dear Maria" letters. The correspondence with Mr. Harriman would have ended the career of any other man; and so would the shielding of Mr. Paul Morton from prosecution. Nevertheless, the stubborn, concrete fact remains that Mr. Roosevelt has been popular as no other President ever was, and that even his foibles and faults have been exalted into virtues. Americans are supposed to have a keen sense of humour; but in Mr. Roosevelt's case this seems to have undergone paralysis.

What is the secret of this phenomenon? Many explanations have been given, but I think that the most tenable of all still waits an analyst. Mr. Roosevelt was the youngest of all the Presidents, when he first took office, being then in his forty-third year. A man at forty-three is usually supposed to be mature. Mr. Roosevelt, however, was immature. If not exactly a boy, he was, at any rate, often boyish. He was full of hasty impulses. His character was as yet unformed. As a child,

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he had been spoiled at home. In politics he had pursued an independent course because he was rich enough to disregard considerations of a material character. Throughout his life he had always done the thing he wished to do. Whenever he succeeded, his *amour propre* was flattered. Whenever he failed, as in his candidacy for the mayoralty of New York City, it did not greatly trouble him. He soon found some other means of calling general attention to his existence. He loved to be noticed. He had a sure instinct for the spectacular. Whatever he did, he did in such a way as to furnish "copy" to the newspapers. Thus, when police commissioner in New York, he used to prowl around the streets at night, like a sort of municipal Haroun al Raschid, calling to account policemen who were off their beats or who were guilty of other petty derelictions. On one single Sunday, he closed all the saloons throughout the city, a *tour de force* which he never repeated, but which caused an immense amount of local comment. People who took an easy view of the excise regulations, regarded this not so much as being the automatic, inflexible operation of the law, as the personal amusement of Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, whom the policemen themselves spoke of as "a tough dude." To him it was fun instead of a matter of impersonal duty. Even then, to use his later phrase, he was bound to have "a corking good time." As Assistant Secretary of the Navy, he continued to have a corking good time. He loved to issue orders for target practice and for moving fleets and squadrons. He gathered about him fresh young graduates from Annapolis, and with them he concocted naval schemes and made brilliant discoveries which were older than he was himself. In the Spanish War he headed his regiment of Rough Riders very much as a youth in college would head a football team. He wrote and talked so voluminously about his command as to make millions of his countrymen imagine that the five hundred Rough Riders had actually won a battle—no account being taken of the fifteen thousand regular troops who were also present around Santiago. Later, he signed the well-known "round robin," a petition which verged upon military insubordination. Then he came back to New York to be elected Governor by a small majority, after a campaign in which he figured as the hero of San Juan Hill—a place on which "my regiment" had never been engaged at all.

These and many more things which the public still remembers remind one of an enthusiastic youth. When Mr. Roosevelt first became President, he presented the spectacle of an enthusiastic youth placed in an exalted office. Oddly enough, this caught the people's fancy. From Washington to McKinley, our Presidents had represented a single type of ruler. They had all been dignified, middle-aged, and rather quiet men, who went about their official business in a dignified and quiet way. Even Jackson, though he was the incarnation of extreme democracy, and though in private he at times broke out into fits of passion, knew how to bear himself with distinction and urbanity. Among the Federalists of Boston who detested him and who had been told that he was a sort of border ruffian, he won universal admiration by his demeanour. Mrs. Trollope, who satirised nearly everything American, declared that President Jackson had the bearing of a gentleman and a soldier. Lincoln was unconventional in the presence of a few intimates, but in public his ungainly figure and deeply furrowed face assumed almost a stateliness of presence, touched with a certain melancholy which made a profound impression on those who saw him. All the Presidents, in fact, had been simple and self-repressed. They had followed the example set them by the first and greatest President.

Into the White House came Mr. Roosevelt with a bang. It was huge fun to be really President. He was Commander-in-Chief of the Army, and of the Navy, too, and he could order ships and regiments about at will. He could gratify his curiosity by summoning to luncheon or to dinner all sorts of interesting men—foreign statesmen, distinguished authors, scientists, journalists, cowboys, and "bad men" who had been in prison for robbing trains. When he went anywhere, he could do so, hedged around by cavalry and infantry. If his

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friends wished to view some men-of-war, Mr. Roosevelt could direct the whole North Atlantic Fleet to rendezvous off Oyster Bay and fire salvos of heavy cannon while the President and his family in a launch sailed around the battleships and cruisers. On a still larger scale, he could engage in foreign politics. Great Britain, Germany, and Italy asked him to arbitrate their claims against Venezuela. He assembled the representatives of Russia and Japan at Portsmouth to go through the form of signing a treaty of which the provisions had already been arranged. He gave out freely his opinions on college football and "race-suicide" and strikes, on labour unions and woman's rights, on simple spelling and on literature. His energy was extraordinary; his interests were multifarious.

Now, after more than a hundred years of the Washingtonian type of President, Mr. Roosevelt came as a somewhat startling but very interesting contrast. His frank relish for the power of office, frankly shown, made people like him. There was something so human, so artless, and so young about all this! Just as all the world is said to love a lover, so most of the world has a kindly, cordial feeling toward the extravagances of youth. It amused Americans much more than it shocked them to read presidential letters addressed to a Cabinet officer and beginning with "Dear Bill." It amused them also to have the President garnish his speech with bits of slang such as a "square deal" and "beaten to a frazzle," and to have him use such picturesque phrases as "the big stick," and to assert that "my spear knows no brother." They rather enjoyed Mr. Roosevelt's enjoyment, whether he was chopping wood or hunting bears or galloping at the head of regiments. Moreover, it gave them an impression that he was an open-minded, generous, frank, candid soul, who knew no guile and who would, in his own phrase, "do things."

There were things enough which needed to be done. Every one had grown restive under corporation rule. The materialism of the Hanna-McKinley era was getting on the nerves of most Americans. Franchises given in perpetuity, failure to enforce the statute and common law against combinations in restraint of trade, governmental favours to the very rich, and an excessively high tariff accompanied by a steady increase in the cost of living, had made men conscious of a general unrest. They began to learn that gorging a few persons with monstrous wealth did not mean prosperity for the many. President Cleveland had tried, in his way, and by the ordinary processes of law, to suppress the Trusts and to do away with what he called "the communism of capital." But Mr. Cleveland had negatively made a failure of it. Very few remembered that his failure was due to the silver agitation which distracted legislative energy from these other things. They merely thought of him as one who had "pottered" over his task, disrupted his party, and accomplished next to nothing. They looked to a vigorous and youthful President to right a thousand wrongs in a swift, efficient way, and they were not exceedingly particular as to whether, in doing so, he strained a little the powers of his office. They felt, very much as he did, that able and unscrupulous lawyers could manage to get around almost any statutes which might be enacted. All they asked was that right should be done, and they trusted Mr. Roosevelt to do it. Certainly he was lavish enough in promises. No President ever talked so much about what he was going to do. In the speeches which he made during 1902, he said many admirable things with regard to corporations. They were, he told his auditors, the creatures of the State; and the State was in duty bound to supervise them. "The anti-trust laws will be enforced. All individuals, rich or poor, must be subject to the law of the land; and the Government will hold them to a rigid obedience."

These strong statements were repeated a thousand times in speeches, and messages, and letters. Mr. Roosevelt has kept on repeating them for seven years. His messages to Congress have been longer than those of any other President. In the most tremendous crisis of the Civil War, Mr. Lincoln would send in a message of a few thousand words, with regard to vital points of public policy.

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Mr. Roosevelt has emitted messages of fifty thousand words to denounce "malefactors of great wealth," and "men with soft bodies and hard faces," whose sons are fools, and whose daughters are princesses. His Attorney-General once airily remarked that he was "going gunning for the Trusts." It was the expressed intention of the Administration to put some rich malefactor into jail. This sort of thing greatly won the people's admiration. If they did not read the messages, they at least read summaries of them; and they were convinced that before long their energetic President would give them something more than words. For, as he said himself, "Words are good when backed up by deeds—and only so."

Looking to-day upon the things which Mr. Roosevelt has directly accomplished by his own hand, we find the record a very meagre one. Early in his first administration he did secure the dissolution of the Northern Securities "merger," just as he secured an injunction against the Beef Trust. But the first achievement practically left things where they were, since the two roads which had been merged are still under the same control. As for the Beef Trust, the injunction has had no effect. Even when the enemy was delivered into Mr. Roosevelt's hands at the time of the meat scandals in Chicago, the President failed to use his opportunity to the full, but consented to a compromise which bore marks of weakness. He denounced as "undesirable citizens" certain labour leaders in the West, and made a stand against labour unions in the Government Printing Office at Washington; yet it was not very long before he had put that very office in charge of a person whose sympathy was wholly with the labour unions and against the "open shop." Thundering against the railroads and their managers, he was nevertheless willing to accept their lavish hospitality for weeks in his journeys through the country.

It is unnecessary, however, to mention in detail the inconsistencies which have marked President Roosevelt's political career. It would not be easy to explain them except in a psychological laboratory. The President really loves justice, yet in practice he has been frequently unjust. He believes in the "square deal," yet he has not always given it. What is wrong when done by others becomes right when it is done by him or by his friends. Here, in essence, is undoubtedly a case of incipient megalomania. Great power and excessive adulation have had their effect upon a naturally fine and upright character. It is, in kind, the same change which, under the Roman Empire, took place in Nero and Caligula. It affords the strongest of all possible arguments against a third term in the Presidency for any man whatever. Had Mr. Roosevelt been elected again instead of Mr. Taft, we should see, at the end of another four years, something very like a regal court in Washington. Already there have been introduced forms and usages which were unknown before, but which are essentially monarchical. The vessels of the Navy have been employed not merely for the President's convenience, but for the convenience of his family. Many other changes have been effected, of a social character, which have not been publicly commented upon, but which in private conversation have been noted throughout the country. There has been too much of the personal element in appointments and promotions in the Army and Navy. Lately, too, it appeared that the President has used the agents of the Secret Service for his own ends, and more than this—contrary to explicit law—he has engaged the services of irresponsible detectives from private bureaus. The information thus acquired, partly true and partly garbled, has been used at the psychological moment to crush, or at least to discredit, any man who puts himself in opposition to the Executive. This system of espionage has gone much further than most Americans are aware. There is a Russian touch about it, wholly new in the United States. It accounts in large measure for the final outbreak of resentment in both Houses of a Congress heavily Republican.

So far as Mr. Roosevelt's personal prestige is concerned, this would have been far greater had he merely served out the unexpired term of President McKinley. The last year of his second administra-

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tion has seen the country suffering from widespread financial depression in a time of peace. In the South and West, for a short period, all coin and other forms of legal tender went out of circulation. A currency famine left "Teddy bears"—a name then given to bank certificates—as the only circulating medium; and "Teddy bears" were mere promises to pay, as valueless in themselves as was most of the "wildcat currency" in the middle of the last century. Congress, accused by him of trying to shelter criminals belonging to its number, has sternly rebuked the President by tabling portions of his annual message. The Chief Magistrate has descended from his high office to bandy epithets with minor politicians, and has been styled a "four-flusher" by the Governor of a Western State. He has thought fit to devote a message solely to the denunciation by name of several newspaper editors, and this message has been received in Congress with jeers and laughter—a thing for which our history affords no parallel except in the stormy days of Andrew Johnson. He has caused a newspaper to be indicted for criminal libel against the United States, a proceeding which is bound to be farcical, while it recalls and revives some of the resentment which was stirred up by the Alien and Sedition Acts under President John Adams. Hence, Mr. Roosevelt goes out of office somewhat under a cloud. His popularity has been sapped and is crumbling away. It is not likely that four years from now, or eight years from now, any large body of his countrymen will think of him again as a candidate for the Presidency.

Such, when viewed at the moment, appear the two administrations of President Roosevelt. We must, however, take a broader view than this and look, not at the things which he has immediately accomplished, but rather at the things which are indirectly to be ascribed to him. A century from now, his inconsistencies, his errors, his personal defects—all of which seem of such importance in their day—will be remembered only by the curious chronicler of small details. Just enough of them will remain to give colour and a certain picturesqueness to the story of the last seven years. The far-sighted observer of political events can already perceive that the name of Theodore Roosevelt will ultimately be linked with a great series of social and political movements to which he gave, at times unconsciously, the initial impulse. And this was done almost wholly during his first term of office. His extraordinary popularity was the fulcrum upon which the lever of public opinion moved the entire nation. That popularity was at its height toward the close of 1904. It might be described in the same words which an American historian has used of President Jackson: "The people came to believe that he could do no wrong, and that he stood like an angel with a flaming sword, guarding their interests against the designs of the politicians." It gratified them to know that he was hated by the Senate, a body which was held to be the fortress of special privilege and political chicanery. After the ponderous utterances of Cleveland and the bland platitudes of McKinley, the vivid nervous utterances of Roosevelt came like an electric shock. He, the President of the United States, dared to say in plain English the very things which private citizens were saying and had been saying hopelessly for years. It put heart into hundreds of thousands who had begun to feel that the power of money was too great for any one to battle with. At once there began a series of exposures directly inspired by Mr. Roosevelt's public speeches. Municipal corruption was uncovered. The life insurance scandals were dragged to light, and the air and sun were let into many dark and noisome places. President Roosevelt himself called this "muck-raking," and he did so with disapproval. Yet he was actually the first of all the muck-rakers, and the term ought not to be one of reproach. For, as was remarked at the time, had there not been such quantities of muck, there would have been no necessity for raking it.

Again, Mr. Roosevelt's centralising tendencies, his autocratic use of the presidential power, led the individual States in self-defence to clean their skirts and to show that Federal interference was not needed. This feeling indirectly

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brought to the front many able and absolutely honest men in both of the two great parties. Governor Folk in Missouri, Governor Johnson in Minnesota, Governor Harmon in Ohio, and conspicuously Governor Hughes in New York, are striking leaders in this rejuvenation of State Rights in a modern and admirable guise. As a result, much has been done through local legislation in various States to assert the rights of the public as against unlawful claims of corporations and of wealthy misdemeanants. In this respect the individual States have been, on the whole, more successful than the Federal Government, as when the State of Texas succeeded in annulling the charter of an important branch of the Standard Oil Company and in ousting it from business in that State; whereas the Federal judgment against the parent company, with the famous twenty-nine million dollar fine, was reversed by the Supreme Court. But this court has done much to strengthen the jurisdiction of the States in matters of taxation, as in Louisiana in the case of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company; and in New York with reference to the tax upon transfers of property. The States have likewise been upheld in their right to regulate public-service corporations, as in the victory won by the gas consumers of New York City in the matter of "eighty-cent gas." These are only a few instances out of very many which show (1) that hereafter the people will exercise direct control over many abuses which have hitherto sought shelter under legal technicalities; and (2) that the nation has awakened to the fact that its future problems will be far more social than political in character. This again is due in large measure to the interest which President Roosevelt has taken in such questions. His enemies have often described him as a socialist, or as one whose influence would inevitably tend toward strengthening socialism as a political force. So far as we can now see, this prediction is quite unfounded. The presidential election of last November was highly significant. Mr. Debs, the Socialistic candidate for the presidency, received only 400,000 votes, an increase in four years of 80,000 votes. This was a poor showing for a third party making its campaign fairly and squarely upon an issue which had been very widely discussed and which was supposed to be favoured by vast numbers of Americans. Mr. Debs's vote, in fact, was insignificant when we remember that Mr. James B. Weaver, the Populist candidate in 1892, polled over a million ballots. The meagre following of Mr. Debs proved that the people as a whole, with that sanity which in the long run they inevitably exercise, can bring about social reforms without becoming socialists in a political sense. They will take, from the teachings of socialism, that which approves itself to them, but they will work their will through the old-time instruments and by the usual processes of orderly legislation.

No one can honestly deny that from President Roosevelt's true ideals, from his unconventionality, and even from his faults, much lasting good has sprung. The nation has been compacted far more firmly, while the interplay of its inner forces is being steadily adjusted so that the balance between the central government and the government of each separate State shall be just and even. The resources of the country are not merely being developed as before, but also carefully conserved. The American people are learning discipline, order, and that economy, which is the strength of nations. The Republic stands forth more powerful than ever, and possesses as it never did before, a national consciousness which will guide it still more surely to the triumphant fulfilment of its destiny.

Harry Thurston Peck.

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AUGURY

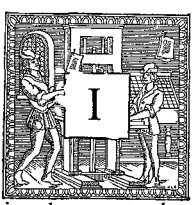
Before the dawn, 'tis light,
If Hope the vigil keep ;
Before the noontide, night,
If Woe, despairing, weep :
The Future 'tis that shows
What now the Present knows.

John B. Tabb.

THE NEW BAEDEKER

CASUAL NOTES OF AN IRRESPONSIBLE TRAVELER

VII—Trenton Falls, N. Y.



I WONDER how many persons, living beyond a radius of fifty miles from the place, have ever heard of Trenton Falls. Its name suggests New Jersey, yet it is situated in the central part of New York State, in a pleasant and restful obscurity. You may search many, many maps without discovering it. You never see it mentioned in the newspapers. To nearly all the world it has no existence whatsoever.

The very fact of its obscurity affords a striking comment on the change which has come over the social life of the United States. Fifty years ago it would have been quite as absurd to ask "Where is Trenton Falls?" as it would be now to ask "Where is Newport?" or "Where is Palm Beach?" In the fifties there were only three or four watering places in the whole country. Newport was one, the White Sulphur Springs of Virginia was another, Saratoga was a third. And with these, Trenton Falls was numbered, just a little less elaborate than Newport but quite as much a seat of fashion as Saratoga, which in those days was sought out for its mineral springs and not for its gambling-rooms or for its race-tracks.

When Anthony Trollope visited this country in 1861, so that he might write his book on *North America*—a book which is difficult now to procure, but which well deserves re-reading—he went a long distance out of his way to visit Trenton Falls, because, writes he, "I had heard its beauty mentioned in London thirty years before." When N. P. Willis was commissioned by a London publisher to edit a book filled with illustrations of the most picturesque places in America, great importance was given to Trenton Falls. The place then drew to itself many travellers even from Europe. The registers of the old hotel, which are still preserved, contain autographs that would excite the envy of a collector. There, on the yellowing pages, are the names of Jenny Lind and of the Earl of Derby, then Lord George Stanley and afterward Prime Minister, who was thought to be the most eloquent orator of his time in England. There, too, is the big obstreperous-looking sign-manual of Trollope himself, the delicately written signature of Willis and of many contemporaries of Willis. The books are particularly rich in their autographs of statesmen from the South—men who at that time still guided the destinies of the nation and regarded the Abolitionists as a small and insignificant cluster of fanatics.

Trenton Falls, indeed, was a favourite resort of wealthy Southern planters and their families, who came there to spend the entire season, bringing with them

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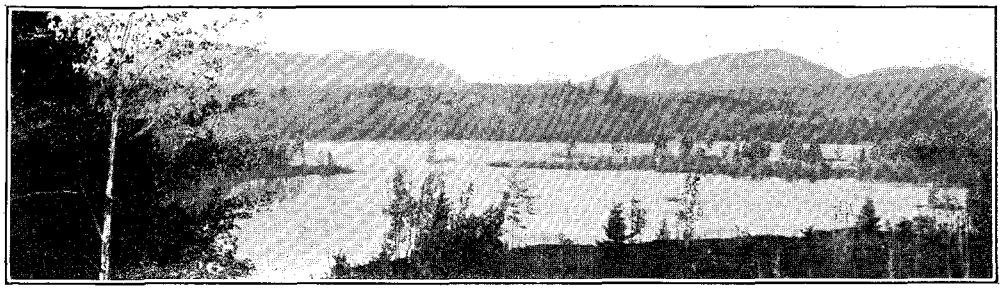
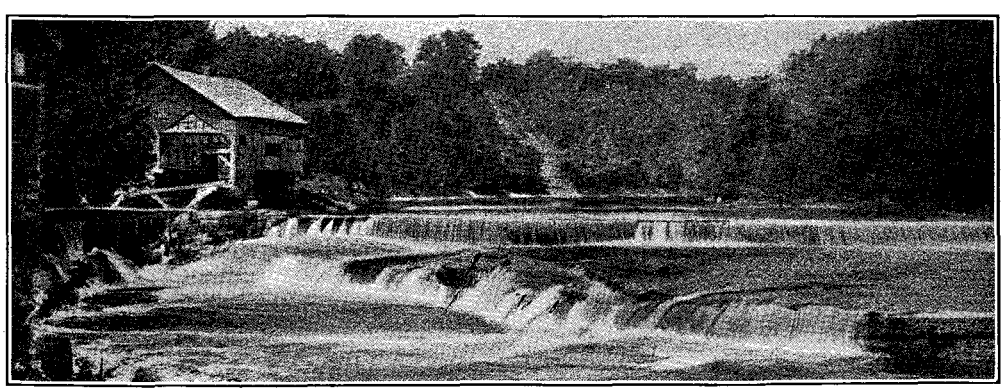


"NOT FAR BEYOND IS A CHAIN OF SHIMMERING CRYSTAL LAKES, WHICH YOU CAN VISIT IF YOU CARE TO"

carriages and carriage-horses and fine thorough-bred hunters, with a retinue of well-fed slaves who grinned and showed their white teeth, quite unconscious that they were the object of ill-directed sympathy; for they would not have accepted freedom on any terms whatever. Even now in the lofts of the hotel you may see, carefully stored away, the rude wooden bedsteads and the mattresses on which these sable retainers slept through the cool nights after their masters and mistresses had finished dancing and had retired to their own apartments. Trenton Falls was then what newspapers would now describe as "a social centre." It was one of the very few social centres in the United States.

In this sense its glory has long since departed; yet the memory of what it has been makes it quite full of reminiscence and suggestion. It is forgotten and unknown save to the very few; but to these few it has a charm more fascinating than is exerted by any of the newer watering-places which have sprung up in the past twenty years and which entertain successful soap-makers and manufacturers of breakfast foods, and others whose names suggest nothing save mere money. Beside the old-time simplicity of Trenton Falls, the garish, lavish, noisy life of Palm Beach or Monterey seems meretricious; while Atlantic City and Long Branch and Elberon and the Hamptons are positively vulgar. They are like painted women in the presence of some beautiful old lady whose fine lace cap and snowy hair give her a dignity that by contrast reveals the wanton's cheapness.

But some one will naturally be moved to interrupt me and inquire "Where is this Trenton Falls, and why did it lose its old prestige and sink into oblivion?" Trenton Falls nestles among the foothills of the Adirondacks; and it was the opening of the Adirondacks (or the North Woods, as they call them there) which relegated Trenton Falls to insignificance. Down into the late sixties the great Adirondack region was known only to



"THE LOWER FALLS BEHIND THE POST-OFFICE AREAS MUCH AS I CAN STAND"

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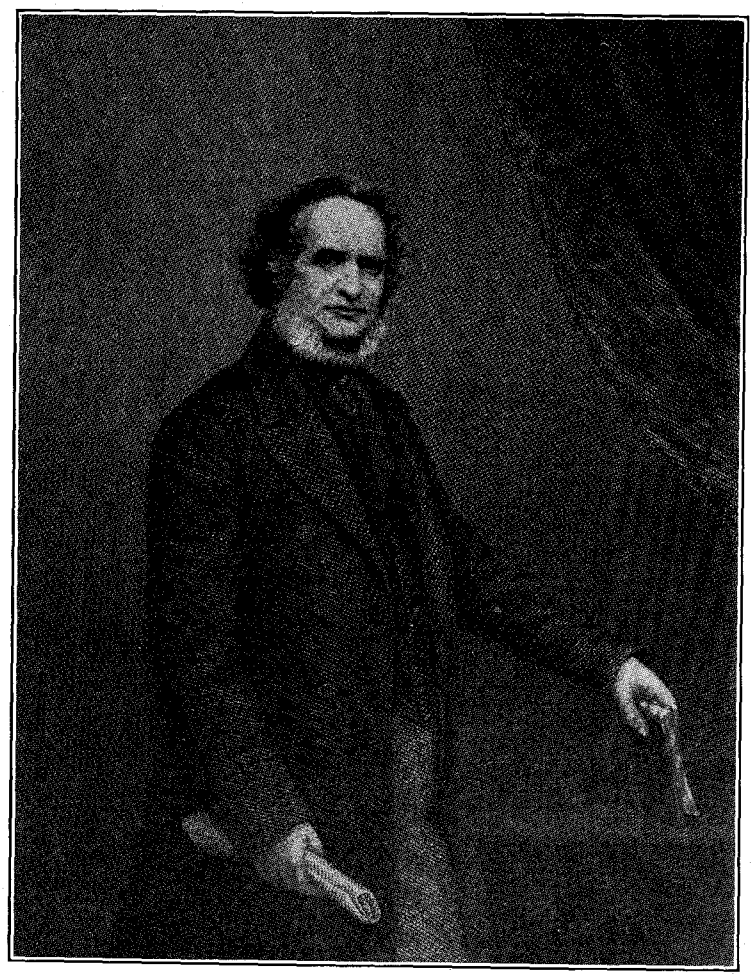
the natives who occupied infrequent "shacks" amid its wilderness, or to an occasional hunter who penetrated its vast forests in search of the game that was so abundant. In time, Adirondack Murray, that eccentric sporting clergyman, began to write about the region. Little by little it was explored. Lines of railway crept into its recesses. Hotels were built along its lakes. Then fashion, which had remained contentedly at Trenton Falls, moved slowly onward into the wide-spreading woods. Trenton Falls became a sort of derelict. Whereas the railway had formerly ended there, now the long expresses, with their Pullmans and their dining-cars, thunder by it without stopping; and only a few local trains, when flagged, pause at its little station to allow an occasional passenger to descend. Luxurious persons whirl through it to the Fulton chain of lakes or, further still, to Whiteface or Paul Smith's. If they ever look out of the car windows as they rush past Trenton Falls, they see nothing but a tiny platform, a single house half hidden by the trees, and a long rough board-walk extending precipitately down the edge of a steep country road.



THE FOURTEENTH EARL OF DERBY, A VISITOR AT TRENTON FALLS

But what you see from a Pullman is not really Trenton Falls. Take a slow Black River accommodation train at Utica and it will convey you thither, nosing its way slowly and with much

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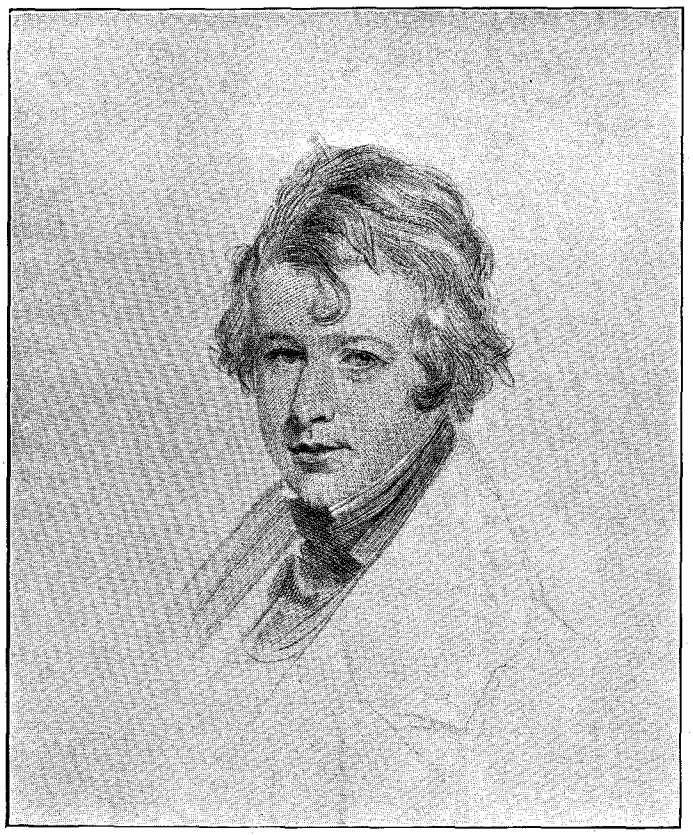
laborious panting, on an up-grade through Marcy, Stittville, Holland Patent and Barneveld, making its way into the low-lying foot-hills. The cars will be full of women and children dressed in rustic garb, and they will buy apples and popcorn from the train boy, and candy of a kind that you yourself would hardly care to purchase. In time, after a moment of excessive effort, the engine stops at Trenton Falls.



N. P. WILLIS, WHO OFTEN VISITED TRENTON FALLS

I feel that it is rather unwise on my part to write about this place. I discovered it by accident, and I ought to keep all knowledge of it to myself; but the call of the pen is too strong to be resisted; and besides, there is no pleasure in making a discovery if you cannot tell of it and glory in it. And so I will explain here how you get off at the little red station and go down the steep boardwalk, past sweet smelling clumps of forest and sunny-meadow land until you cross a rustic bridge that spans a quiet mouse-coloured little brook, and then you come unexpectedly upon a large and very pleasant-looking inn, shadowed by great trees. A broad veranda runs about it, extended on one side to a width of thirty or forty feet, so as to form a fine pavilion. In front of the house is a massive octagonal stone, where once rested a telescope upon a tripod. Further on is a dense grove, whose tree-tops are pierced by a graceful minaret which is in reality a water-tower. This inn is the place that was once the summer home of so many distinguished people, though now is quite forgotten by the larger world. In the days before the Civil War, a long parterre of flowers stretched in front of the hotel with walks bisecting it. Now it is overrun by clover, and only a few stray rose bushes still remain. Yet the impression is not an im-

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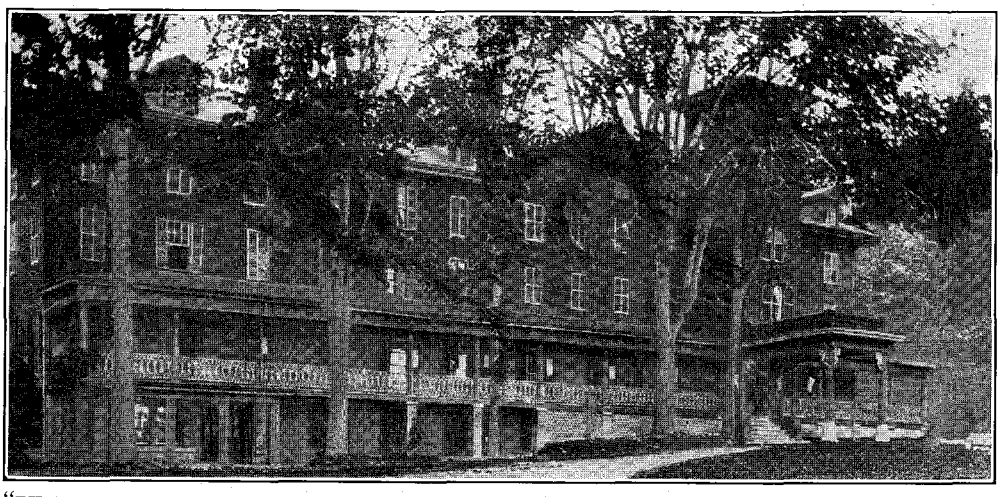

"THEN YOU COME UNEXPECTEDLY UPON A LARGE AND VERY PLEASANT LOOKING INN, SHADOWED BY GREAT TREES."

pression of ruin and decay. Here is a restfulness and a sense of peace which are very grateful to one who comes from the noisy, heated city to find quite unexpectedly a pleasant welcome, with no one to molest him, and an unlimited amount of space at his disposal. If you are of an easy-going disposition you can make yourself at home in an exceedingly short time. Everything will be done for you within reason, and it will be done as though you were not a stranger, but an honoured guest. I never have known anything more friendly than the spontaneous hospitality of this secluded inn. Your wants and even your little whims will be attended to out of pure friendship, and you will find yourself living in the America of sixty years ago—not that part of America which Dickens saw and which Mrs. Trollope guyed unmercifully, but the part which was really best, and in which every one respected both himself and others without regard to class distinctions.

Thus, you will not be surprised, after you have had a most satisfying dinner, if the young lady who waited on you appears presently in the drawing-room and plays, with an excellent touch on the piano, some music that is very good. Why should she not? She is as refined and gentle-mannered as any of the women whom she serves; and in her trim white shirtwaist and with her neatly arranged dark hair she is quite as pretty as any girl whom you would see in a whole day's journey. Indeed, the small staff of the hotel are such that you will like them from the very moment of your arrival. They are glad to see you when you come, and they are sorry when you go; and they are glad and sorry because they think of you as of a friend—and this again belongs to the America that was.

It is quite inexplicable to me that thousands of families go further up into the woods and live in stuffy, noisy hostelries, in small close rooms, and beset by the black flies of the Adirondacks, when they might for less money have spacious apartments and full exemption from all vexation in this large, rambling, roomy place. There are human beings, however, who really love to be packed like sardines into sweat-boxes in the summer months. You can see them in herds and troops at Coney Island, and in Central Park on Sundays; and you can find them also scattered through the Adirondacks, thoroughly uncomfortable, yet not aware that anything is better. I am always sorry for these people. They do not understand how to enjoy their leisure time. They have not learned the art of resting. Unless, indeed, you have learned this art yourself, perhaps you would not care for Trenton Falls. But here you can stroll through beautifully wooded paths, and then lie basking in a broad expanse of meadow under a sun which burns your face and makes it tingle with a healthy

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"HERE YOU CAN STROLL THROUGH BEAUTIFULLY WOODED PATHS. THE CLEAR, COOL BREEZE BLOWS FULL AND STRONG"

glow, but under whose rays you never swelter. The clear cool breeze blows full and strong. The air is dry. The scents of the forest are delicious. There is one particular hill which rises almost perpendicularly, and up which the climb gives glorious exercise. When you reach the summit you find a sort of grassy cup in which you may lie, *stratus membra,* and from which, as you look up, you can see nothing save the intense blue of the summer sky and the fleecy snow-white clouds that drift lazily across it. It gives you a feeling as though you were the only human being in the world; for no sound comes to the ear save the liquid note of a bird or the distant tinkle of a cow-bell far below you. If you lie upon your face and look over the edges of the crater, you will see spread out beneath you a rustic picture that is absolutely perfect. Woods that fling their dark shadows out into the sunlit fields, long stretches of green turf and clustering trees above which now and then curls up a wreath of smoke from a hidden chimney—for my part, I can imagine nothing more absolutely soothing to one who is world-worn and weary of that strife which saps vitality, than to lie in this green cup, and think of nothing, but just enjoy to the very full the great and beautiful and glorious freedom of it all. And not far beyond is a chain of shimmering crystal lakes which you can visit if you care to, and are not contented with the good old motto, *dolce far niente.*

There is one rather curious phenomenon about Trenton Falls. It is only fourteen miles from Utica, and Utica in summer is one of the most torrid places upon earth. Yet when that city is baking and simmering and stewing with intense humidity, and when the thermometer is standing there perhaps at ninety-eight, in Trenton Falls you will be so cool that you can readily wear winter clothing without discomfort. Five miles further north the heat comes on again; and in the Adirondacks the days are often quite intolerable. But in Trenton Falls you find it difficult to believe that the summer days are anywhere oppressive; and toward evening you go into the smoking-room of the hotel and kindle a great roaring fire of logs which you yourself may gather in the grove a stone's throw from the door.

I suppose it is a sort of primitive, aboriginal instinct, this love of gleaning firewood. One feels the thrill of finding hidden treasure when he comes upon a clump of pine trees under which there lie thousands of dark brown cones, dried and seasoned by the sun and wind of years.

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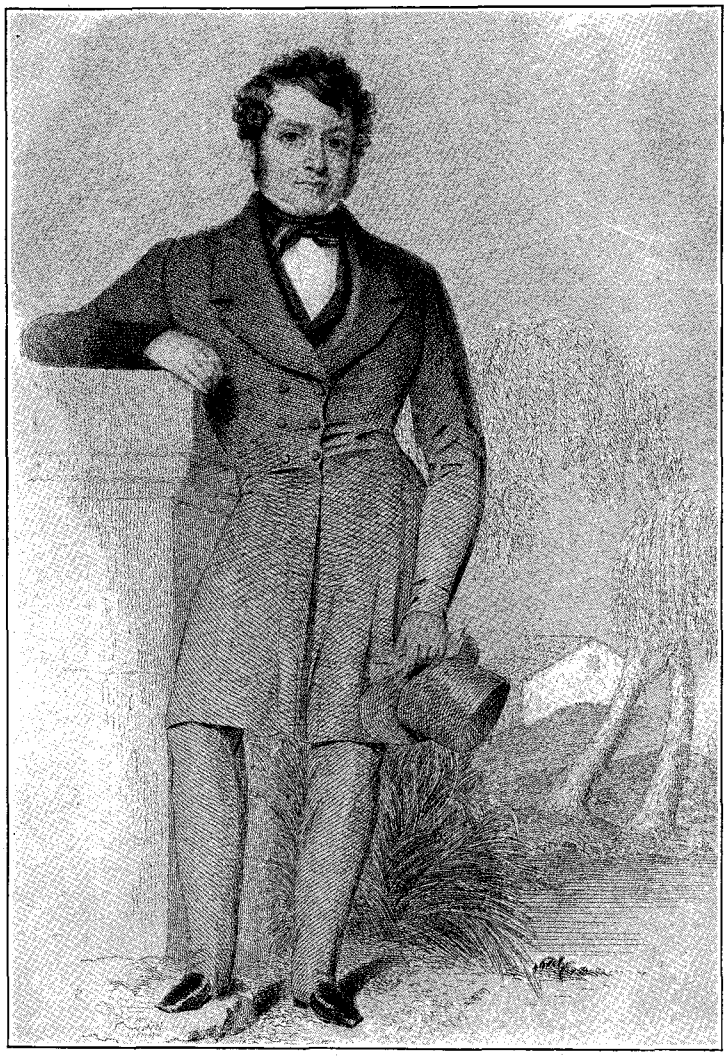
And you can also discover some wood-cutter's camp, where there are huge chips and great pine knots and solid blocks of hickory and oak. With a great basket you can collect a mighty mass of fuel and heap it up for your own use in a recess of the smoking-room, which then be-



GEORGE P. MORRIS, AUTHOR OF "WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE!"

comes to you a sort of cave like that of the Forty Thieves. You feed the fire sparingly with a certain avarice which grows upon you. Every cone and every pine knot seems as precious as pure gold because you have gathered it yourself and have prowled and wandered in the woods in search of it. This feeling is absurd, of course, because there is fuel lying all about in barbaric opulence, enough to last for fifty years; yet none the less, the stores of it which you collect are dear to you, and the great fire which flames out for you at night is a thing of your own creation.

I suppose that I ought to say something about the Falls which have given the place its name; but the truth is that I have never seen them except at a considerable distance. When the river is full, they are magnificent in their rush and sweep as they thunder down the rocks into the extraordinary gorge below. But

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a great cataract inspires me with a sort of nameless horror. It seems to call and beckon one and bid him cast himself into its swirling foam, and there is something actually evil in the sinister green of the water as it gathers itself up for the terrific leap. And so you may read what Trollope says about the falls or what Willis has written of them. As for me, however, I keep them half a mile away from me, and only go near them when a protracted drought has reduced the waterfall to a mere trickling stream. The lower falls behind the post-office are as much as I can stand. But the gorge into which the falls crash down is really wonderful. On each side of it are woods which few have penetrated save where a little path runs timidly along. As you look down over a slender railing, you gaze into a tremendous rocky chasm which cannot be matched on this side of the cañons of the Colorado. You feel as Kim felt when he sat with the Red Lama and the Hillmen on "the top of the world" letting his legs hang over the edge and chattering, while beneath him there was a sheer drop into an abyss un-

JENNY LIND, A VISITOR AT TRENTON FALLS

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fathomable. Geologists know this gorge and they often visit it, because it tells strange stories of the time when the world was young. Its savage sternness is in striking contrast with the peaceful countryside about it.

I suppose that people who are very rich are sensible in never visiting Trenton Falls, because most persons who are very rich find pleasure only in the spending of their money. In Trenton Falls you can spend no money, since there is nothing ever been to Brooklyn, and if so, what the place was like. I answered the first part of this question very readily, but I fear that the second part elicited only a hazy and most indefinite response. For what living man can give an adequate idea of Brooklyn? Some day a genius will arise who will write a book on Brooklyn and will formulate on paper the essence of the town; but that will be a long while hence. The next time that I visited the post-office, the philosopher

"THE SMALL STAFF OF THE HOTEL ARE SUCH THAT YOU WILL LIKE THEM FROM THE VERY MOMENT OF YOUR ARRIVAL"

there to buy unless, to be sure, you have a juvenile taste for "bulls' eyes," which are sold at the little post-office, the only "store" within two miles. It is much more gratifying, however, to sit upon a cracker barrel and converse with the post-master's assistant, who is a profound philosopher. He takes life as easily as did Horace or Aristippus. His talk is very interesting, and his questions are sometimes puzzling. When you go in to buy a dozen postage-stamps, you never can be sure what he will ask you. One day he wished to know whether I had was on a different tack. He asked me to explain the cause of thunder, and I explained it volubly and at considerable length. Afterward I looked the matter up, and found my explanation altogether wrong. I doubt, however, whether it did any harm, for the philosopher, after listening to me and ruminating for a while, observed:

"Yes, I guess that something busts up there"—which was not at all what I had said, but which was obviously the theory which he had concocted in his mind.

The inn at Trenton Falls is a sedate

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and quiet place unlike those popular "resorts" where there is much dancing and flirting and where young men and maidens sit on the verandas and make experimental love to one another. Not that there are no young men and maidens there, but they do not seem to understand the game. One night, after I had gone to bed, I heard amid the stillness of the night a hurried, almost agonising protest from the grove a little way beyond.

"Stop, Jimmy, stop!"

It was a girl's voice and it rather made me jump. Again and again it was repeated, until at last I went to the open window and looked out. There in the moonlight was a very pretty girl and likewise an athletic youth. My first thought was, of course, that he was stealing kisses from her. But no, it was nothing so romantic, or if you like, so shocking. He was simply twisting her arm, and when he twisted it too much she squealed and shrieked. Then he would stop, and the two would chat most amicably. Presently he would twist her arm again and her cries would pierce the air. This went on for a considerable time, and then they parted, he going up the "pipe-line" through the woods, and she returning to the society of her family. It seemed rather mysterious; but after giving it much thought, I came to the general conclusion that there are many ways of making love; and that, on the whole, to twist a girl's arm in the intervals of moonlight confidences is as harmless a way of doing so as any other.

When all the sounds of night are stilled except the sounds of nature—the indefinable voices of the forest, and the murmur of the wind—then Trenton Falls seems to revert to the days when it was known and sought by very many, and was not left to be discovered by a casual stranger like myself. Standing at my window with its little panes of glass, I observe inscriptions scratched upon them with a diamond. "George H. Brown and Wife"—"William C. Emmons and Wife, New York"—"A. L. Clark and Wife, 1857"—these are inscriptions as full of meaning as those which you find upon the walls and monuments of Pompeii. They tell of brides and grooms who came here on their wedding journey, and you know that the bride, with her engagement ring beside the plain gold band, carefully set down her husband's name and her new designation. There is a bit of tender pride in that word "Wife," written with a capital letter, and it touches one to think back through the years and to wonder where are now those who were then girls and who wrote the names upon the window pane full sixty years ago. Dead perhaps, or if not dead, descending to their graves as very aged persons. There came the time when they no longer wrote "George H. Brown and Wife," but became "Mr. and Mrs. George H. Brown." Their romance reached its end. The ardours of their first love cooled. The one entrancing flush of poetry passed into the prose of every-day existence. But the romance and the poetry still linger about this ancient house, where the outward signs of it remain.

And so, when you look out into the moonlit grove and upon the meadows and the distant Deerfield Hills, you may revive in imagination a picture of the past. Before you, once again, the great parterre of flowers is in bloom and heavy with the dews of night. Candle-lights are gleaming from all the windows. There is a sound of music from the broad pavilion. Beautiful women—beautiful despite their crinoline and their unbecoming head-dresses—move about, gracefully leaning on the arms of men in swallow-tails and wearing buff waistcoats with brass buttons. One may perceive the jaunty form of Nat Willis passing from one couple to another and exchanging rather florid compliments. The black retainers in livery flit to and fro. A cavalcade with blooded horses comes clattering up the long straight road from a gallop in the moonlight. The burly form of Anthony Trollope himself perhaps comes striding out, and you can even hear his voice as he boisterously lays down the law on the subject of America and denounces American hotels. It is all a vision of the past, of a past that we are rapidly forgetting, but that comes back amid the mystery of moonlight and to the sound of the cataract's deep voice at Trenton Falls.

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TOWARDS THE LIGHT

By Princess Karadja

In Two Parts—Part II

"Behold thy treasure! Thou canst claim no other.
Thou art compelled to keep thy cherished God.
Thou madst an idol of a lump of clay—
No more to leave it, is thy awful doom."

"No, no!—I shrieked—I will not thus be fettered!
Ah! Loose me from the body I destroyed!
I love no more this thing. I hate to see it.
Oh, set me free! In mercy break my chains!"

"Hark! Thou hast entered spirit life unbidden;
No room with us was yet prepared for thee.
The threshold of Eternity no man
May cross before his final hour has struck.
The plans of God no mortal ever altered:
He is the Master over Life and Death.
There is a lesson all on earth must learn
And none may slip away, the task undone,
Nor lightly fling the human garb aside,
Until the soul is fit to leave its dwelling.
Woe to the man who scorns the gift of life,
Who, greatly daring Heaven, would extinguish
The spark Divine which burns within his Soul!
The deed is vain, he only makes more sure
The fate he has created by his acts.
The sacred tie, uniting soul and body
Is only severed at the Lord's Command.
The will of thy Creator links thy spirit
Still for a time to this poor clay. . . . Submit!
Learn to abide in patience—captive soul—
The day when liberty shall dawn for thee."

"So hope remains? My punishment will end?
I am not chained for all eternity?"
I cried aloud, all thrilled with gratitude.

The angel answered: "Every pain will end.
One sin alone can never be forgiven,
The sin of pride, that does not wish for grace,
For then the spirit dooms itself to darkness.
God's arms are ever open. Every soul
That struggles bravely upwards finds the Light.
Though far the Goal—yet it is reached at last!"

I murmured low: "Most merciful thou art,
Oh, glorious angel, let me know thy name?"

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"Canst thou not guess it? Often I approached
Thy stony heart and strove to gain admittance,
But was repelled as soon as I drew near.
I am the mournful angel men call *Grief!*
The Lord of Mercy sends me down to earth
To show the way which leads men up to Him.
I sow in sinful hearts contrition's seed,
Then buds humility from burning shame.
The yearning soul strives hard to leave the mire;
Though weak and trembling still it bravely seeks
To climb the thorny path to which I point.
Then hasten to its aid the Radiant Host,
Who in the name of Christ work deeds of love.
Their gentle hands cannot remove all pain,
But they give strength to bear the heavy cross.
They fill the weary soul with hope and courage
And whisper promises of coming bliss.
The pilgrim soon is taught to fix his gaze
Above the darkness of this present world
Up to the distant home, where all is peace.
For thee there still remains thy crown to earn
Of Faith and Hope and Charity entwined.
These thou must tend and nourish in thy heart,
But first the arduous task of *Patience* learn!"

How desolate and cold the graveyard seemed—
My only home in dismal winter nights. . . .
If I had better used the gift of life
Preparing me a nest in faithful hearts,
My frozen soul might now have been their guest
And found relief and warmth at friendly hearths.
Alas! On earth was none of human kind
Whose grief attracted with magnetic power
My wretched soul, by all alive forgotten.
I was alone in solitary gloom,
The one companion left—my lifeless frame.
Despairingly I searched a thousand graves
In hope to find another living soul
Chained to the empty forms that mouldered here
Beneath the snow. . . . Alas! It was in vain!
Each soul had left the worn-out shell of dust,
In former days the object of its pride.
Each one had gladly flown. I—I alone
Was still a captive in this place of dread,
Indissolubly fettered to my corpse.
No thing on earth e'er filled me with such loathing!
My ghastly treasure. . . . With intense disgust
Day after day I watched its slow decay.
Sometimes the broken eyes would seem to weep;
As though attempting to express my grief
They fain would bring me the relief of tears.

One night I wandered round the dreary grounds
And reached the gate. Then in the dismal darkness
I heard a broken sob, a feeble wailing.

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Who could it be? Who broke the ghastly silence?
A living being? If so—why came he here?

It was a child, a small, deserted child,
Left here to perish in the winter snow.
I felt compassion for the tiny waif,
Who softly sobbed himself to sleep forever,
And anger 'gainst the mother, who could leave
Her child alone to meet a frozen death.
What punishment too great for such a sin?
What could atone for such a cruel deed?
In righteous wrath I cried: "Accurst be she
Who has abandoned this defenceless child!"

Like clap of thunder rang the answer forth:
"Man, who art thou, who darest thus call down
The holy wrath of God upon thy sister?
The sinner thou hast recklessly condemned
Thou shalt behold! Repent thy malediction!
Leave to thy God, the Strong Avenger's hands
The care of vindicating martyr's blood!"

Beside me stood an angel. Sad and stern
I found his look, which seemed to pierce my soul.
He grasped the hand I tremblingly outstretched,
Then swift as thought he swept away with me.
He took me to the city where I lived
In former days. We reached a den of vice,
Where during life I was a constant guest.
At his command I entered it again. . . .
How weird, how strange appeared the house of sin!
Aghast I saw among the shameless crowd
Unnoticed guests from silent spirit-worlds
Stand dark and threatening close behind the living.

I saw how evil souls with deadly hate
Urge fallen men to ever darker deeds;
I saw God's angels struggling hard to save
The sparks of virtue not extinguished yet.
This noisy palace was a battle-field,
Where little recked the mortals that their fate
Hung on the silent fight 'twixt Light and Darkness.
But many gloomy spirits, too, I marked
Who did not fight, but wandered round the place
In dismal watchfulness and dumb despair—
These were the souls who once had thriven there.

Mortals, who spend their lives in wanton revels,
Mourn bitterly, when solemn death appears
And sternly summons them to leave this world.
They strive against their lot. . . . They fain would linger
Still on this earth, whose vilest pleasures
Imprison after death their hapless souls.
They have no strength to rend the loathsome fetters
That vice has forged. Earth's joys they still remember. . . .

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Alas, poor slaves! They love and miss them yet.
Their evil lusts remain and torture them . . .
Since they no longer can be satisfied.
Thus they remain until desire is dead,
Compelled to watch the sins of living men.
At length they loathe the very sight of vice.
Then slowly they forget their low delights:
Unclean remembrances are swept away. . . .
The soul begins to long for purer air
And lifts its weary glance from dismal earth.
Till lo! It sees a ray of distant heaven
And stretches unaccustomed arms in prayer. . . .
The heavy chains slip off: the soul is free!
Magnetic force attracts it up to God.
When no regrets enchain the soul to earth,
Then it is lifted up by ardent longing
To radiant spheres, that it cannot approach
Until it learns that Death means—*Liberty*.

I noticed then a spirit standing by
With wistful gaze intently bent on me.
How well I knew the form. . . . It was my mother!
I flew to greet her with a cry of joy,
But she drew back, avoiding my embrace.
On earth my mother's arms were never closed
Against the son she tenderly adored.
Now—mournfully she pointed to the crowd
Surrounding us. . . . With burning shame I cried:
"Oh, Mother! Mother! Have *I* brought you here?"

She bowed her head in silent, tearless sorrow. . . .
Then brokenly she whispered: "Oh, my son!
You were my idol—dearer than my God,
Who granted me the gift of motherhood.
Enthralled by trammels of an earthly love
No soul can rise. The tie must first be broken—
The clay we worship from its altar flung.
When death approached, I yearned to stay with you.
I had my wish! I was no longer free.
My love had grown a chain attaching me
Close to your side. Invisible I stood
And read within your heart your guilty thoughts.—
I followed you with horror to this place. . . .
My son! My son! You were my pride and joy,
But now my head is bent in shame for you.
You added grievous burden to my cross
By dragging me with you to—degradation."

I stood amazed and overcome with grief:
"Oh, mother! Dearest mother—pardon me!
I did not know. . . . Oh! Had I only guessed
That your pure eyes could see my darkest deeds,
My evil angel should not have prevailed—
Nay, I had fought him then with might and main.

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No man on earth can surely be so fallen,
That he would plunge in vice, if but he knew
His mother's eye could follow him. . . . Each one
Would shudder at the thought that the departed,
Dear to his heart, was thus compelled to be
A silent witness to his hidden sins!
Atrocious is my doom! Yet—well deserved. . . .
But you! What crime is yours? Your love for me?
Are mothers punished for their deep devotion?
Unjust is He who such a verdict passed."

The shade of holy wrath, which long had darkened
My mother's tender features, vanished now.
She gently smiled: "Do not so quickly judge
The sacred laws, you fail to understand.
If keener pain is measured out to me
Than I deserve—I suffer not in vain!
It is for your dear sake. . . . I murmur not.
One day my grief shall be your gain, my child.
When once you truly grasp the love of Christ,
Who suffered meek a thousand pangs for us,
Then at the mem'ry of your mother's grief
You will adore the mercy of the Lord."

"You love me still—though you have now gazed
Into the deep abyss, down which I fell?"
I cried, all trembling with surprise and joy.

Then in a whisper soft the answer came:
"I love you still—but now with tender pity.
My blind devotion helped to ruin you.
No mortal man is fit to be adored;
I worship you no more! My broken idol
Has lost the power to enthrall my heart.
Woe unto me. . . . I knew not in my blindness
That women harm the men they long to serve
By giving all and claiming nothing. Love
Must be the recompense of noble strife,
A price to victory—then it is precious!
The love a man deserves—he values high;
The love unearned, despises wantonly.
Once I was weak—the slave of my own heart;
Now I am strong: the ruler of my love.
It has no more the power to hold me down;
Strength from above is granted it—to raise. . . ."

"Oh, mother, dear! Do not abandon me!
I am unworthy of your love"—I cried,
"But do not leave me, hopeless and alone!
You have your liberty: I still am chained. . . .
Remain with me, though you at last are free!"

She answered gently: "Such a sacrifice
Would bring no benefit to you, my son.
My motherheart would gladly share your woe

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If by the sharing I might rend your bonds.
Alas! Each spirit has to fight alone
The strenuous battle with the lower self.
No other back than ours may bear our load;
No human aid can drag for us our cross.
The only help I can bestow—is prayer.
Allow no hopeless sorrow to consume you
Because I am compelled to leave your side.
My yearning lifts me upward: you will follow
When you have learned to meekly bear your fate.
Be brave! For every victory you gain
You will receive sweet comfort from above."

My mother vanished. I was left alone. . . .
No friend in all this crowd! I felt myself
Abandoned, lost and utterly forlorn.
My heart was filled with bitterness intense.
Then to the angel at my side I turned:
"Behold! Oh, Lord! Even my mother shuns me. . . .
Let me return unto my lonely grave!
I will not linger in this noisy crowd:
Abhorrent to me is the sight of sin,
I suffer less in my dark solitude."

"Remember thy companion at thy grave"—
The angel gently said: "Fulfil thy mission!
The child is still alive. Go—find its mother
And crush her with thy righteous malediction!
Behold that woman in that corner crouching. . . .
Draw near! 'Tis she—go and observe her well."

In silence I reluctantly obeyed.
The pangs of grief had cooled my earlier wrath;
Revengeful thoughts within me long had died.
What could I have to do with that poor creature?
Her shocking sin was no concern of mine.
I could not clearly see the woman's face,
For she had hidden it with both her hands
And 'gainst the table rested wearily.
Exhausted, desperate, she seemed to be
A wounded animal that yearns to die. . . .
She could not laugh, as others of her trade,
Nor weep. . . . The fountain of her tears had dried.

I watched the hapless creature till my heart
Grew soft to her. The angel whispered low:
"This is the woman thou hast dared to curse!
Remembrance of her child now tortures her. . . .
Behold her grief! What pang hast thou to add
To crush more utterly that broken heart?
Why art thou silent? Dost thou fear to judge
The fallen sister, who before thee stands?
God's justice she shall not confront alone:
There is a man, whose sin is greater still.
That babe a father had! It was his duty

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To give protection unto child and mother.
He cast them both aside! This coward deed
For vengeance cries to heaven, though on earth
Such acts are not condemned by human laws.
God made man strong that he might help the weak
Whom now he ruins, careless of remorse.
Behold this woman here, so deeply sunken.
There was a time when she was sweet and pure;
Her only treasure—her chaste innocence—
She, thoughtless, gave away with lavish hands.
The man she loved and trusted took the gift
And in return gave lifelong shame and grief.
He needed not her love. . . . An idle hour
It gratified a passing whim—no more!
Cold scorn and mockery assailed her steps
Wherever with her nameless child she went.
Each door was closed. . . . This one alone was open,
So in despair the little one she left.
Who for this crime should justly bear the blame?"

Impulsively I cried: "The heartless father!
He murdered both the mother and the child.
So base a scoundrel is not fit to live!"

The angel murmured: "Look at her once more
And beg thy God to be a lenient Judge!"

I looked—and looked again—with wonder filled. . . .
And suddenly it seemed to me I knew her. . . .
Her bended form familiar was to me.
I sought mid half-forgotten memories:
I must have known her—surely, ah! But where?
She raised her face: I saw the pallid features. . . .
Oh, God! 'twas she—the happy, playful child
Whose rosy lips—alas!—had tempted me.
I recognised the spot beneath the curls,
Where I had kissed her last with languid lips. . . .

I sank together with a shuddering cry.
The angel sternly said: "Thou art the man!
The helpless infant, flung away to perish,
Whom thou hast deigned to pity—is thy son.
Thy tiny victim waits. . . . Come, watch him die!"

Once more I stood beside the lonely spot,
Where, on his bed of snow—the boy was resting.
He was alive as yet, although the breathing
Could scarcely be perceived, so faint it was.
I bent despairing o'er the prostrate form
And cried aloud in bitter helplessness.
"Oh could I purchase with a thousand pangs
One hour of life—that life I once disdained,
How quickly I would fly to summon help,
My hapless child, thou wouldst not perish thus!"

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My sigh no echo raised. . . . It died unheard.
The howling gale alone gave me response
By heaping higher drifts of glitt'ring snow
All round that fragile wreck of human life.
The child would perish if no help arrived. . . .
No hope was possible—yet still I hoped!
It could not—should not be. . . . I must prevent
My crime from reaping such a bitter harvest.
Alas! I had no power to help. I felt
My utter nothingness. My very soul
Rose up to God in ardent supplication.
In that sinister hour faith was born—
Faith in the mighty Lord, whose hand can snatch
Away from death its victims. I attempted
To lift my being on the wings of prayer,
Humbly imploring God to spare my child.

I then perceived a multitude of angels;
Their silver voices chanted: "Pray as we:
Thy will be done in heaven and on earth,
Oh God of love, forever and forever!"

I sank again down from the dazzling worlds
To which my ardent thought had tried to soar;
Half blinded by the glories there perceived
I never dared to stammer forth my prayer.
How dismal, cold and dark the earth appeared. . . .
Poor child! Why had I wished to chain him there?
No! No! I ought no longer to prevent
His pure, white soul from taking instant flight
Straight to the arms of Christ—the children's friend.
A martyr's crown waits those who meekly suffer
For others' guilt. . . . My son has won that crown.

Ah! What is this? Whence comes this wondrous light,
Which now illuminates the night with brilliance?
It emanates from me! I saw a flame,
Which issued from my icy heart—'twas love.
That spark from heaven, kindled by my child,
Was fed with burning fuel of repentance.
All thrilled with joy, I felt a stream of warmth
Of radiant light all through my being glow.
At last I knew how sweet it is to love
And felt most grateful to have learned that lesson.

The end drew near. . . . A snow-white childish soul
Emerged from out its broken, fragile shell
And I drew back, not daring to approach,
Lest he in terror should recoil from me
And shun the father who had given him
The wretched gift of life,—and nothing else.

The child was gazing out. . . . He felt alone
There, on the threshold of that unknown world
To which he had been summoned. Would he still

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No father find, with sheltering arms outstretched?
On earth his greeting was a mother's tears. . . .
Though innocent, he was the child of shame.
He had been born—that was his only crime!
Was not that crime in full by death atoned?
Now that to spirit life he had returned,
Was there no father, who his duty knew?

He looked around and perceived at last
The flame which from my soul leapt forth to meet him:
"I missed thee, whom I never knew on earth!"
He whispered, nestling in my hungry arms—
"Oh, father, where thou stayest—let me stay!"

No! No! Around me all is cold and dreary. . . .
Poor child, I will not share with thee my woe.
My crime against thee would still more oppress me
If I delayed thy luminous ascent.
Look up! Behold the thousand stars of heaven:
Thy home is there! Spread out thy snowy wings!
I love thee. . . . Gladly will I now renounce
The joy thy presence would have given me.
Farewell, we soon shall meet. I follow thee,
When in His mercy God my pardon seals."
The child then cried: "See, see thy chain is broken!
Oh, father! Thou art free! What blessed joy. . . .
Now hand in hand to heaven we can rise
We two—together—always. God is good!"

What glorious bliss it was at last to fly
Away from cloudy earth in liberty
And to approach the sun, whose golden rays
surrounded us with roseate brilliancy.
Divinely fair is the eternal dawn,
Which greets the first ascension of the soul.
Its wondrous splendour mirrors faintly forth
The great Creator's own magnificence.
Praise, glory and thanksgiving unto God,
Who made the sun—an emblem of Himself.
The human eye cannot endure its radiance;
When spirits lift their glance to it, they tremble
And reverently bend in adoration
Of that sun's origin, the Source of Life.

Man can by virtue of his thoughts create
A tiny world of beauty for himself.
The thoughts of God gave birth to lustrous heavens;
The stars are a reflection of His glory.
Life, Love and *Light* compose the Trinity.
A myriad sparks proceeded from that source.
Each spark must grow till it becomes a flame,
Which through Eternity will not be quenched.

How is the soul to grow? Through sorrow only,
For grief makes man grow greater than himself.

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Affliction winnows tares from out the wheat. . . .
The wheat grows up. . . . It is the crop of God.

Behold the drops of rain which fall from heaven;
They mingle briefly with the dust of earth,
Until the sun recalls them from the clay,
And lifts each sparkling drop up to the skies.
So shall at last each wand'ring soul return
Unto the Source of Life from which it flowed,
There to enjoy communion with the Christ
And merge in perfect unison with God.

There is no Paradise of idle rest,
Where blessed spirits dwell in aimless joy.
The highest goal to which he can aspire
Is to resemble God. To reach that end
We struggle upward through a million years.
Eternal hope brings us eternal joy:
We paradise create within our breast.

When Sorrow comes to visit human hearts,
That Angel's mission is to sweep the temple,
Where God Himself elects in grace to dwell.
We follow in the mighty steps of Grief
With gentle tread, and cool the burning wound;
We kiss away the tear, which hides the sky.
Another angel comes. . . . His name is *Peace*.
He finds in broken hearts a resting place.

To ev'ry spot on earth where prayers rise
We quickly fly and carry them to heaven,
Descending swift with blessing from above.

We watch in patience by the bed of pain
And guide the falt'ring steps of infant souls;
We fill the poet's dreams with wondrous beauty,
And let him hear a strain of angels' songs.
His silent sobs we melt in harmony. . . .
His highest thought is but a gift from us.

Say! Can there be a finer paradise?
Can mortals dream a joy exceeding ours?
Like Christ, we always sacrifice ourselves,
Yet keep eternally more than we give.

Now dawn is near. . . . Thy lamp is burning low!
Thy weary head sinks down in lassitude.
Thy task is done: Our spirit child created!
Fruit of my thought—it has grown up in thee;
In pain brought forth, but yet of love begotten.
The seed he bears within is Life Eternal.
That seed will germinate in bleeding hearts
And ripen to a crop of richest blessing.

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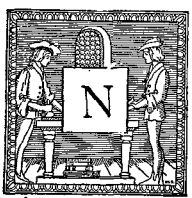
"DIAMOND CUT PASTE"

BY AGNES AND EGERTON CASTLE

BOOK I—THE STORY OF A DAY

CHAPTER V



OW, you don't go a minute quicker than twelve miles till I've read this telegram," said Coralie, as under her husband's skilful guidance the car swept out of the avenue gates. It was a neat little Humber, hired that morning, almost Captain Jamieson's first act on their arrival.

Coralie could not live without a motor. There were many things Coralie could not live without—Paris frocks, the last fancies in trinkets, flowers in every living room, constant theatres when they were available, and little supper parties *à deux*. Captain Jamieson could not complain, for he was invariably one of the two; and it was for him that the dainty garments were donned; for him that the precious little being decked herself, and moved in an atmosphere of fragrant coquetry. She had brought him money enough to be indulged in all her whims, and he saw to it that every farthing was spent on herself. Except where he was made participator in her little extravagances, such as in the question of the motor, the soldier lived his simple life by her side—stinting himself in many small things, so that her prettiest jewels should be his gift, as well as an occasional honeymoon excursion. Thus Coralie enjoyed all the privileges of a very rich woman, while her husband, who was not a rich man, kept his self-respect.

Dearly as he loved her, he was not pleased with her this evening; therefore, while he slowed down obediently, he kept his head averted from her.

Unconcernedly, she produced the telegram from her bag; gave a cry of astonishment, then her croon of laughter:

"Ernest!—you'd never!—I knew Aunt G. was a clever woman, but—well, this just beats me! Oh, my, it is daring!"

The man beside her grunted.

Coralie was no whit dashed by his want of sympathy.

"The darling, he's in one of his little tantrums!" She never bestowed more attention than this upon his moods. He had, perhaps, not a very good temper; but it would have been a churlish nature indeed that could resist Coralie's wheedling smile. It was one of the secrets of her power, of the extraordinary success of their marriage, that she never noticed his humours. They passed without leaving any shadow behind, while she remained as spoilt and adored as on her wedding trip.

It might have been because of the well-known mollifying effect of that smile that he so rigidly avoided looking at her now; but he could not shut out the voice which not even the pitch requisite to dominate the song of the speed could rob of its music.

"Now, you've got to hear this. This is Aunt G.'s telegram: 'Mrs. Lancelot, Hyde Park Hotel.' (Hasn't she cheek, with her Hyde Park Hotel? Do you know, she said to me once on board ship that one of those dear little suites hanging over the park was her idea of a London *pied-à-terre*. She, with her two hundred a year! She couldn't spell pride, if she were to try. It would run out *paid* under her pen.) Listen, she's met her match:

" 'We both hope you will come here at once for a long visit. It will be a great pleasure to me if you can come. GERTRUDE ESDALE, Orange Court, Windsor. Reply paid.'

"My goodness, Ernest!"

It had taken some time for the monstrous meaning of the words to penetrate to Ernest's brain; but when it did so, the effect upon him was so remarkable that he lost his control of the ma-

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chine, and under a sudden startled grip the little Humber made a dangerous swerve.

"Good heavens!" he said, as he righted her; and the solemn ejaculation was not drawn from him by the momentary danger, but by the realisation of his aunt's inconceivable strategy. "You're not going to send *that!* Oh, come," he broke into an unwilling laugh, "you've made it up yourself, you little mischief!"

"Not I," chuckled she. "Now, don't run us into the ditch again, there's a darling! It's as sober earnest as you are yourself. It's something also you're not, my old bear—it's the cleverest thing I've met in all my life!"

"Humph!" remarked the soldier. He was ruminating deeply as he increased speed along the winding road that led to the town; a road skirting the flush waters of the lazy river and dominated by the high walls and terraces of the Castle, now darkly drawn against the growing saffron of the western sky.

"Stop at the first post-office," ordered Coralie.

They breasted Thames Street in a succession of rushes and twists; and as at length they halted, Captain Jamieson turned a very serious countenance upon his wife:

"Coralie, this is a dangerous piece of work. Give me that telegram, and I'll post it back to Aunt Gertrude. She'll thank me for it, if she's the sensible woman I take her for."

"I'm going to give you that telegram," answered his wife, with the closest imitation she could contrive of his solemn manner, "and you're going to send it off in the usual telegraphic way. Aunt G. is a more sensible woman than your old artillery head can conceive. When we women fight, my beloved owl, we don't do it with cannon-balls!"

Without another word the soldier took the sheet of paper and disappeared into the recesses of the post-office. When he returned he was still gloomy; but Coralie was laughing all by herself. He shook his head as he lumbered into the car.

"It's undignified—it's not fair to Uncle Reginald, and it's a deuced dangerous scheme," he said as he drew on his gloves.

"There's only one woman in the world," retorted his wife, "that could carry it out, but she'll do it incomparably. Dignity? You can trust Aunt G. for that. She'll act hostess to that creature like a queen. Danger? The real danger is in Uncle Reginald being inveigled into going up perpetually to Emerald Fanny on the sly, and getting into a regular false position."

"Well, I don't pretend to understand women," said the artilleryman, shaking himself into his seat; "but Aunt Gertrude can't care much about Uncle Reginald, that's clear."

"No," said Coralie, "you men don't understand women, and it's a very good thing. We don't want to be understood—by men. At least if we have a grain of intelligence, we know better than to want that. Now put on your goggles, for I mean to be taken back full speed."

She drew the flung-back square of veil over her face as she spoke and settled herself in her wraps for private thought. As her husband drove her gently down the steep gradient, and then, with gathering rapidity, in and out of the narrowing streets—the horn perpetually tooting—now and again a small giggle escaped her; but for the chief part she was grave.

The memory was ever recurrent to her of her aunt's parting embrace; how closely she had been held and in what silence! She still felt the pressure of Lady Gertrude's arms, with the slight tremor in them, and of that kiss—mutely passionate. She was perhaps alone in the world to guess what a depth of affection lay under so much reserve. Even Norah, the object of tireless devotion, of an almost abnormal tenderness, had never discovered the secret of her mother's nature. Aunt Gertrude not care? Coralie knew better. She knew how the proud heart suffered, though the proud head was held so high. She understood the nature that could gather dignity about humiliation like a mantle; that could play a great stake for a great game,

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and smile with unruffled placidity, so that none should guess all the hazard meant.

"Where is Norah?" had asked Sir Reginald.

Lady Gertrude started a little; she had almost forgotten her child. Up to this moment the father had forgotten her, too; yet it was three years since he had seen her. She looked at the clock.

"Norah? It is Norah's afternoon at the studio. She ought to be back by now, yet I have not heard the car."

Sir Reginald looked, as he felt, deeply aggrieved.

"I don't think I am an exacting man," he said with a bitter twist of his handsome lip, "and, of course, I know the ideas which led you to forego meeting me after my long absence—whatever I may think of them. But that my only child should not be here to welcome me, when it is so long since I have seen her——" He paused, choking a little.

"I am sorry," said his wife humbly, "I ought not to have sent her. But I did not expect you so early, dear. You see, you said, 'this evening' in your telegram. And somehow, these summer days, it seems hardly to be evening until after the sun goes down. Everything had been put off against your arrival, and Norah had been given her half-holiday—when your news came."

With the memory of the wording of his telegram: "Important business," with the consciousness of what that business had been, and of his wife's knowledge of it; in front of the gentle penitence of her demeanour when she could so naturally have retorted upon him, Sir Reginald could hardly keep up his attitude of injury. And yet a little injury on his side would have been vastly comforting just then. He had not anticipated such a homecoming, such discomforting results to what had been so pleasant an episode hitherto.

He thought of the recently dispatched invitation, of the threatened visit with positive alarm. Emerald Fanny in the cosy little sitting-room over the park, smiling at her *preux* with adoring eyes, or clinging to her generous friend with tears, was an agreeable perspective. But Emerald Fanny under his own roof, within range of Lady Gertrude's quiet gaze, within sound of that fastidious ear, was a different prospect indeed. He could not feel sure of the complete discretion of *petite madame*. If she had a fault—and he had not yet found it in his heart to blame her for it—it was that she had allowed herself to display too openly an absorbing attachment for himself.

He glanced in doubt at Lady Gertrude, turning over two or three schemes in his head for averting the complication. Should he send Mrs. Lancelot a private message begging her to refuse? Impossible! That would be to give their friendship a colour which, hitherto, both, however delicately approaching the shade, had skilfully avoided. Should he argue the matter with Gertrude? Upon what plea? The only possible one would be his desire to be alone with her these first days of reunion; and he could not bring himself to face her with such an argument after what had occurred. And, indeed, what excuse could then be given for the recall of the invitation to the expected guest herself? He sat silent, feeling hopelessly nonplussed, an extraordinary sensation and a miserable one to the successful man.

He presently perceived that his wife was possessed by some disturbing thought not connected with himself. She went to the window and looked out, consulted the clock, aimlessly rearranged the cups on the tea-tray, and turned to the window again. Finally her anxiety found words:

"The child ought to be back."

"With a motor you never can tell," said Sir Reginald, meaning, in his masculine way, to be consoling.

The mother's cheek went white.

"I wonder, could they have come back, and could she have gone straight to the schoolroom?" she cried, and pressed the bell urgently.

"Surely," said Sir Reginald, a little sarcastically, "some elementary idea of filial respect, if not spontaneous to

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her nature, might have been included in her curriculum."

But Lady Gertrude turned a blank glance upon him.

"She did not want to go to the studio to-day," she said absently. "Oh, Barker," as that worthy presented himself, "has Miss Norah returned yet?"

"No, my lady."

"Are you sure, Barker? She might have gone in by the back way. Inquire in the yard if Binks is back."

"Mr. Binks never went out, my lady."

"What!" ejaculated the astounded mistress.

"Leastways, my lady, he brought the car round in due course, but his lordship——"

"His lordship?" interrupted Lady Gertrude sharply.

"Yes, my lady. Lord Enniscorthy, my lady. He come in his car, and he tells Mr. Binks he isn't wanted, and his lordship and Miss Norah have gone off together."

Relief and anger wrote themselves in variation of colour on Lady Gertrude's ivory-fair cheek. Her husband sat listening intently. He was glad to receive early lights on the subject of his daughter's upbringing—was it not for this superlative education that he had been, much against his will, ruthlessly left to his own resources abroad?

"What," cried Lady Gertrude, "against my express orders?—Where is Fräulein? This is an intolerable breach of duty!"

It was not often she allowed herself to show so much emotion before witnesses.

"Freline's ill in bed, my lady. Miss Esdale sent up the doctor to her, when she went off in the car with my lord—and he's just left, my lady."

"Left—Doctor Somers called and left without speaking to me?"

"It wasn't Doctor Somers, my lady. It was the assistant, a young gentleman, who is noo to the place. He did ask to see your ladyship, but I could not take upon myself to permit it, seeing Sir Reginald had just arrived. I understand he thinks very seriously of Freline—very seriously indeed."

"Upon my word," said Lady Gertrude, "I think you are all mad. Some one must have seen the doctor, I suppose? Did he leave his instructions with you?"

"No, my lady," said Barker, with an air of outraged dignity. What had he to do with governesses? "The medical gentleman give his instructions to Miss Carter. And she come down to me for brandy."

"Brandy!" Lady Gertrude looked alarmed. "I must see to this," she said. "That will do, Barker."

She turned to her husband. "Norah has played truant, as you have heard," she said, trying to speak lightly; "she has gone for a motor drive with her cousin. Enniscorthy has become a charming young man; you will like him. He has a capital chauffeur, so I'm not in the least anxious about her, but she is a naughty little puss to have taken French leave like that."

It was, for many reasons, the last of her wishes to exaggerate the child's offence in the father's ears. But Sir Reginald looked at her sardonically.

"You'd better go and see about your sick governess," he said. "The butler will show me a room where I can smoke, no doubt. Don't you trouble; I'll ring the bell."

He smiled a little as the door closed on his wife's quietly obedient exit. There was a good deal to be said on his side, after all, or so the thought struck him.

"Yes, my lady." The upper housemaid (Miss Carter to the household, Ann to her mistress) was speaking, filled with that gloomy gusto with which servants invariably impart bad news. "Frawlin was taken bad very sudden. Very sudden indeed. She rang her bell just upon half-past two. 'Help me to bed,' she says, 'for I'm feeling awful bad,' she says. And she did look bad. 'I must take powders at once,' she says. 'That will bring down the fever.' So I give her two or three powders out of the box, and she takes two. 'The fever was that high,' she

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says. And then she asks for two hot bottles and tells me to leave her quiet. And there wasn't an hour go by when her bell rings again, and I run in and she was sitting up in bed, looking awful, my lady. And I say to her, 'Whatever is the matter, Frawlin?' And she says, 'Oh, Ann, I think I'm going to doy.' And, oh, my lady, I thought she'd have doyed in my arms; she was shaking all over, her heart beating that awful——"

"And you never thought of sending for me?" said Lady Gertrude.

"Oh, my lady," answered the maid, with her head on one side. "I didn't like to, and Sir Reginald only just 'ome!"

Exasperation seized upon Lady Gertrude's disciplined soul. "You should have come to me at once," she said severely.

Ann, who had a sensitive nature, instantly grew pink about the eyelids, and was smitten with a convulsive working of the throat. Her mistress, however, allowed her no time for emotion. A series of brisk questions elicited that the doctor, who was a very nice young gentleman indeed, had said Frawlin had been seized with influenza in one of its severest forms and that the fever having been so high and fallen so sudden like, with such a pulse, was a very alarming symptom. Only that her ladyship had sent for her, she, Ann, ought not to have left Frawlin for a moment. She had been ordered to administer brandy and Brand's essence alternate every half-hour. The doctor had announced his return for the evening.

Lady Gertrude immediately repaired to the sufferer. By the shaded light in the curtained room, Fräulein's face on the pillow looked wizened and yellow enough to justify the most pessimistic foreboding; and Lady Gertrude, who had been very indignant with her for her breach of duty, felt the last flicker of maternal wrath die away in dismay. The little German moaned a feeble complaint; and after feeling her pulse, which she found indeed exceedingly quick and low, her employer withdrew with a hopeless sensation that the world was out of joint, beyond the power of her setting it right.

She stood a moment in the wide passage outside the schoolroom wing. The corridor windows gave on to the front; and the fine elm avenue, one of the features of the place, was bathed in the mellow radiance of the June evening. It was a wonderfully English, wonderfully peaceful outlook; the sloping green turf, the century-old trees, the shrubberies of rhododendrons still in their pride, with the orange flame of the American azalea, triumphant against the dimmer shades of purple, rose and mauve. The lawn before the house was girdled by a semicircular sweep of low, antique walls, ending in gateposts, topped with huge balls. Those very gates had swung back in their day to admit no less a personage than good Queen Charlotte, calling to drink a "dish of tay" with the noble lady for whose dower retreat the house had been built. She, too, had been a friend of Mrs. Delany and, out of the gardens of Orange Court, celebrated from the first, many a flower had been culled to serve as model for those pathetically futile works of art which kept the pretty old fingers so busy. But it was not of such bygone times that the present owner was thinking. The pungent scent of azalea and lime-blossom, floating in to her, mingled itself with an aroma arising from the house itself, and very new to its atmosphere: the breath of a superlative cigar. The appeal to the senses which the nostrils convey is of all others the most potent. That odd medley of essences brought back heaven knows what memories of days of courtship, days of early marriage, days of fulness of love to Gertrude Esdale's heart, and stirred it profoundly.

But she was, of all things, a just woman, an unselfish woman. She had pandered to a weakness of her own: her dread of outward displays of feelings—emotion being with her a sacred and hidden thing. And by refusing her husband the conventional welcome she had partly brought upon herself the punishment of this sordid home-coming. For Emerald Fanny she did

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not hold herself responsible; as she had seen her duty when she left husband for child she saw it still; the child had most need of her. Yet it was, after all, the child who had dealt her the wound that hurt her deepest of all the stabs of this afternoon of ugliness and sorrow.

"I can trust Norah," she had proudly told her mother that day. How had Norah fulfilled that boast?

As she stood, yielding herself to bitterness, a humming sound grew upon her ear, increasing to the measured throbs of a swiftly driven motor-car.

Enniscorthy's yellow Mercedes glided, fantastically catching flashes of sunlight, in its progress, up the avenue, between the ranked elms. Lady Gertrude's heart leaped; her darling was safe back. She drew the fluttering muslin window curtain forward as a screen and stood to watch behind it. The truants came boldly in by the front. Lady Gertrude was glad of that. She hated hole-and-corner doings as she hated dust and grime. Norah's voice, not lowered one jot below its usual gay pitch, reached the listener and drew an unconscious smile.

"Oh, Enn, it's been just too ripping, and I don't care a brass button whether I'm flayed alive or not! I would not have lost my spin with you for worlds and worlds."

Lady Gertrude peered down, her maternal eye appraising every detail of the dainty figure in its white motor coat and winged hat, its white wash-leather gloves and floating veil. She could not see the girl's face; but she had a glimpse of the wonderful long plait of hair swinging as Norah sprang out of the car. Young Enniscorthy was strangely silent. He helped his cousin with the courtesy peculiar to him, and steadied her as she clung to him, laughing, after her jump.

"They make a pretty couple," thought the mother.

"Good-bye, Enn darling!" came the clear voice.

"Sure, you're all right now?" was all the response. "Sure you don't want me to come in and back you up?"

"Oh, no! Good-bye, dear, dear Enn."

To this there was no reply. Lady Gertrude, watching keenly, saw the youth climb back to his car, heard his laconic order to his driver, saw the machine wheel away through the open gates.

"He did not take her hand. He did not even look back," she thought. Her heart contracted with a new pain and dread. . . . "Enn darling. Dear, dear Enn!" Why, the child made no disguise of her feelings, while he—he treated her, no doubt thought of her, but as a schoolgirl.

Lady Gertrude's air was portentous with a new preoccupation as she turned to meet her daughter, who was now coming up the stairs toward the schoolroom with the light tread which proclaims the light heart.

The girl sprang into view; and at sight of the figure in the passage arrested herself with the startled alertness of a fawn. A second she stood, with eyes, half-roguish, half-apprehensive, studying Lady Gertrude's grave countenance.

"Norah, Norah!" said her mother. She uttered no further reproach, but the young sinner was all at once overcome with an odd fit of repentance. She flung herself headlong into the arms that never failed to open for her.

"Oh, mammy, mammy, darling, don't look like that! I know I've been a little beast, but the worst of it is I can't be sorry. Kiss me, mammy darling. I'd do it all over again. I wish I'd left a letter for you though! You weren't anxious? Oh, mammy, it was glorious!"

Lady Gertrude held the wild, half-sobbing, half-laughing creature in one of her silent embraces. Then she spoke in her even, businesslike way:

"The first thing, the first thing is to go and kiss your father. Do you know that your father has arrived? And he was so surprised and so hurt, my child, that you were not there to welcome him. I believe you've never given him a thought all day."

"No more I haven't," cried Norah, with her ruthless frankness. She stood conscience-stricken.

The mother appraised her a moment.

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With the carnation the wind had whipped into her cheeks, the light in her green eyes, which not even a sense of guilt could extinguish, the loosened tendrils of her hair, Lady Gertrude thought no father could conceive a fairer image of youth and sweetness.

"You must go to him now, at once," she said firmly. "Yes, just as you are. He can see at least that you have lost no time since you came in."

Lady Gertrude was ever an unconscious diplomatist. Norah stood on one leg, in a hesitating, schoolgirl way.

"Come with me. I do feel so silly."

CHAPTER VI

Sir Reginald looked up from the evening paper which he was by way of reading. He threw aside his cigar and rose to his feet as his wife, leading by the hand a tall figure of sapling slightness, entered the room. For a moment he stood staring. Three years make so considerable a difference in the rapidly developing stages of girlhood, fourteen to seventeen, that he did not recognise his own daughter. Lady Gertrude had to say:

"This is our Norah, Reginald," before he understood.

Then he enfolded her, exclaiming genially enough:

"What, Norah! What, my little girl?"

But Norah, seized with an immeasurable and unusual shyness, could find nothing to reply, and very little to do. She kissed her father gingerly; while, for no explained reason, some voice within her cried out: "Oh, dear, I wish he hadn't come back!"

Lady Gertrude strove to cover the chill pause.

"She's ashamed of herself. She meant to be the first to welcome you. And now she's afraid you are displeased!"

"Oh, not at all!" said Sir Reginald.

But the chill was manifest in voice and eye.

Another awkward moment was broken by the entrance of the footman with a telegram for Lady Gertrude. She opened and read, folded and replaced it in the envelope in silence.

"Go and leave your hat and coat in the hall, and then come back," she whispered peremptorily to her daughter; and in the girl's absence turned quickly to her husband. "She is a very sensitive child, Reginald, and I have upset her by telling her how surprised you were at her escapade."

"It is only natural," he answered, with that bitterness which was so new a note in his good-natured voice. "It is only natural that she should not attach much importance to homecomings and welcomes in this house."

If Lady Gertrude had a reply to this, it was destined to remain unspoken. For Norah was back upon them with her irrepressible energy. She tossed her head a little defiantly at her father's inquisitorial glance. But she was a gracious creature for any man to own; and his face softened as he looked.

"Come here, you madcap," he said, holding out his hand.

She went but slowly. What ailed the child, thought her mother in despair. Who would have believed that it had been part of her system to keep the father's image as that of a kind of demi-god constantly before the daughter's mind; the father's reward or blame the main incentive of merit, the father's return the red-letter day in their joint lives?

"He will think I have let her forget him altogether," she lamented internally.

But if Sir Reginald again felt his daughter's slow response, he was determined not to show it. Having drawn her to him, he held her at arm's length.

"Well, whoever she takes after, she's not like you, Gertrude! I never saw such an impudent little face in my life. There's no Fitz-Esmond here. And carrots, too! Now, how on earth did you come by carrots, miss?"

"I take after grandpapa Enniscorthy," said the owner of the impudent face, in a manner to match. "Granny says I'm the image of him—when he was a young man—and, as

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for carrots, what colour was your hair before you got old?"

The smile on Sir Reginald's face vanished as if wiped away. He was, like most men of his kidney, rather susceptible on the subject of advancing years; besides which, surrounded by the utmost deference, wielding almost autocratic power over the little world under his command—he was not accustomed to be addressed with such flippancy. From feminine lips, above all, he had not been wont to receive anything but dulcet homage. He dropped his caressing hold of the girl, and turned abruptly to his wife.

"I hope that governess of yours is not in for something serious, and that she will soon be able to go about her duty again. It strikes me this young lady wants all the superintendence she can get."

To his surprise and Lady Gertrude's distress, Norah broke into wild laughter:

"Trottski! Oh, has she taken in the doctor, after all? And how happy she'll be!"

"Taken in the doctor!" echoed her mother, bewildered.

"And, happy!" ejaculated her father, frowning.

"Oh, dear, oh, dear!" said Norah. It had been an exciting day for her, and perhaps there was something a little hysterical in her mirth. "She's shown him the thermometer and it's one hundred and three. Don't tell me he's afraid of collapse. . . . Oh, how I shall laugh at old Somers next time he comes and orders me ferocal! It's always such a relief to put out my tongue at him as it is!"

"Norah!" said her mother. When Lady Gertrude was really suffering her voice was at its gentlest. "I see you don't understand.—Her excellent little German governess," she went on parenthetically to Sir Reginald, who, having taken up his cigar again, was mechanically rolling it between his fingers, while he watched his daughter intently, "is something of a hypochondriac. We've all been accustomed to her crying wolf about her health. But this time it is serious, dear child." (Oh, how she wished Norah would not laugh like that!) "It was not Doctor Somers who came, but his assistant, and he is quite uneasy about her. He certainly is afraid of collapse, Norah, and she is having brandy and Brand's essence every half-hour."

"Oh—oh—oh!" gasped Norah, falling helplessly into a chair.

"The thermometer undoubtedly went up to a hundred and three," cried Lady Gertrude sharply.

Then Norah spluttered between sobs of laughter.

"Of course it did! Didn't I dip it into her hot water jug?"

"What?" Lady Gertrude saw her husband smile. The room seemed to go round with her. "Norah, you must explain!"

Norah sat up very straight, a sudden gravity upon her. Her green eye flung a challenging glance from her mother's serious countenance to her father's smile. There seemed to be something about that smile displeasing to the daughter, for her defiance increased, and she aimed her confession at him.

"Fräulein was as right as a trivet. She'd had all her minced beef—platesful of it, just as usual."

"Minced beef?" inquired her father politely, accepting the challenge of her address.

"Yes, that's called the Salisbury treatment. You eat minced beef till you are stodged, and then you drink hot water."

Lady Gertrude could have wept, but she gave a little laugh instead, and sat down in her turn, feeling for once quite unable to direct the current of events. They proceeded briskly without her aid.

"Indeed," said Sir Reginald gravely, "that is a very graphic description. Go on, if you please."

"Well, she'd had her mince, but she hadn't had her hot water." The girl paused, then the words followed each other with a rush. "Enn had asked me to go with him motoring."

"Enn?"

"Oh, that's my cousin Enniscorthy!" said Norah, and gave her head its naughty toss; which movement, as well

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as the possessive pronoun, her mother noted silently. "And mamma wouldn't let me go; and I thought it horribly hard of her—yes, I did, mammy, and I do still—so I just thought I would go, since you weren't coming back after all. And I pretended Fräulein was ill."

"You pretended Fräulein was ill?"

"Oh, well," said the culprit with an impatient wriggle, "it was quite easy! I told her she looked bad and ought to go to bed, and I dipped the thermometer into her hot water without her seeing. Then I took her temperature, and it was a hundred and three."

"It is indeed a simple tale," said the General, turning ironically to his wife. "You had better go and allay the poor lady's fears. And, if I might venture to suggest, you might provide yourself with a governess who is not a hypochondriac, and a doctor that is not taken in by practical jokes."

"But, but——" cried Lady Gertrude, feeling that her daughter's narration had established her in a scarcely more kindly light than her apparently heartless laughter. "Fräulein is ill. Her pulse was quite fluttering when I felt it a little while ago, and she seemed dazed."

"You may bet your boots—" began the irrepressible child, springing up.

"You may what?" asked her father, who was fastidious in matters of speech, as in many other things.

"You may be jolly well sure, father," renewed Norah, turning on him, "she's been stowing away phenacetin as fast as she can, all on the top of the minced beef! Oh, I say, mamma!"

"Come," said her mother, seeing that every moment but gave the girl fresh and dangerous opportunity for damaging self-revelation, "we must go up then at once and put a stop to such dangerous remedies, and do what we can to repair. Certainly, as father says, poor Fräulein's mind must be set at rest."

"Gracious, mamma!" cried Norah, making one of her impetuous plunges toward her parent, "whatever you do, you mustn't tell Trottski she isn't really bad, for that would just finish her. No," went on the young lady, who had a good deal of astuteness and practicality at the back of her wildness, "we had better find out how many phens she's had, and take the box away from her. Of course we'll tell the doctor. Oh, do let me be there"—her laughter broke out afresh—"what fun it will be to see his face!"

Lady Gertrude paused on the threshold and looked back on her husband. She, too, did not like the smile with which he gazed back at them. She lifted her soft voice:

"You'll be glad to hear, dear, that your friend, Mrs. Lancelot, is delighted to accept our invitation, and will be with us to-morrow. I've just received her telegram."

Sir Reginald stood digesting this remark some time after the door had closed upon his wife and child. Then he broke into laughter that was perhaps not so genuine as he would have had it to himself.

"Upon my word," said he, "I seem to have come back into a peculiar household."

He would be the first man to condone the follies of youth and high spirits, but this trick would have been unpardonable in a schoolboy. It was unladylike; it showed a positive want of feeling. And Gertrude had looked on with perfect placidity, scarcely even hinting rebuke! And it was for the sake of her personal influence over her daughter that she had left him alone in India.

The grievance Sir Reginald had been so glad to remember and nurse was growing into an unexpectedly fine infant.

He lit a fresh cigar and began slowly to pace the length of the room, now pleasantly flooded with the first amber rays of sunset.

A library, if worthy of the name at all, is the pleasantest place of the house. Lady Gertrude had unerring taste, and she had respected, and cunningly made use of, every old-world fixture that she had purchased with Orange Court. Many of Sir Reginald's own books looked out at him now from the shelves around with genial, familiar faces. The walls were panelled, and his own family portraits—nothing of remarkable value or antiquity, but paintings quite good to view, nevertheless—hung above the low

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bookcases. There was the head of his grandmother, by Opie—a charming, girlish countenance against a curious golden background, with a richness of brown in the hair and red in the lip that arrested the eye. He had never seen it look so well. It hung in just the right light over the chimney-piece; in the evening radiance it seemed almost alive. As he glanced at it admiringly, he thought there was a likeness to Norah in the mutinous mouth and the innocent roguery of the eye, and his heart was stirred with its first real movement of paternal tenderness that day.

Grandpapa Enniscorthy, indeed! Why, she was her father's own.

That grandmother of his had been a Charteris of Senhouse, and the Esdale family had been proud of the alliance. Her vivid charm, her colouring, had become Esdale, for him, Sir Reginald, to transmit. He felt in this tightening of the link with the past a corresponding closeness with the living link that was to carry the chain on in the future. The pride of creation which it is humanity's prerogative to lift above mere instinct, mingled here with pride of race in a nature essentially personal in all its demands on life.

After a pensive pause he resumed his walk to and fro, and a sense of repose struggled curiously with an unwonted melancholy. Upon his last visit to England they had but just obtained possession of Orange Court, and it had been in that chaotic condition which follows the first installation. Now it had become a home. He was critical; and the circumstances of his return tended to make him unsparingly so to all arrangements concluded without his advice: but he could find no fault in his surroundings. The most delicate thoughtfulness had presided over the room that was destined to be his. The tint of curtain and carpet, the shape of the armchairs, were such as he had always approved of. He liked brown and dim gold, and he had a fancy for old Spanish leather. There was a Cordova hanging over the door, as fine as he had ever seen. Now, where had Gertrude picked that up? And above the fumes left by his own cigar (he had let the second one die half-smoked also) there was a subtle fragrance of his favourite heliotrope. Ay, truly enough, in the window recess behind the great writing table—he demanded plenty of room to spread his papers when he worked—stood an old copper brazier filled with heliotrope; the discreet purple of the flower and the dark green of the leaves robbing the decoration of the ultra-feminine note which flowering plants seem usually to lend to an apartment.

Even in the rush of touched feeling which this discovery produced, Sir Reginald was seized with a qualm of peculiar discomfiture. He remembered how Gertrude had sniffed as she stood behind him; remembered the malicious twinkle in Coralie's eyes; the allusion to strange perfumes and aromas of the East. He had often wished, in the days of their first acquaintance, that Mrs. Lancelot had been more discreet in her choice of scent. He had felt the atmosphere she affected cling to him—that was the word his wife had used—cling—for hours after he had parted from her. Later he had grown accustomed to the pungency after the strange fashion in which a man does grow accustomed to the scent on a woman's garments and the paint on a woman's face. And there were times, indeed, when what his fastidiousness at first had rebelled against, had been enjoyed with sentimental pleasure. But that had been in India. Even on the voyage home he had had an uneasy feeling that these primrose days of dalliance could not continue with the same pleasant irresponsibility; that the hour was approaching when "little Madame" and he must become nothing at all to each other, or . . . a great deal too much.

To do him justice, however, the evil thought may have flittered, batlike, through his mind in the twilight of a relaxed mood. Sir Reginald had never deliberately contemplated the latter contingency. Yet already Mrs. Lancelot's company was almost a necessity to him: her sympathy, her flattering ways, the perpetual excitement of a flirtation which only the most skilful manipulation, on either side, kept from very perilous moments, all added a spice to his exist-

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ence without which he could scarcely imagine its flatness.

She had the talent of making perpetual demand upon his chivalry, his sense of virile protectiveness, a talent dangerously attractive to a man of his disposition. (Gertrude had never let him feel that she needed protection; on the contrary, it was her quality to give strength rather than receive it.) Moreover, on one or two specially intimate occasions, Mrs. Lancelot had allowed him, as she herself phrased it, "glimpses of her heart." In that heart he had read deep love for himself, and there is no man on earth who, believing so much of a pretty woman, does not feel called upon to make some response.

However Sir Reginald might endeavour to represent to himself that in establishing "poor Lancelot's widow" in ease and comfort, he was but fulfilling a positive obligation to the memory of her husband, acting, in fact, with common humanity, there was already — as Coralie's quick wits had surmised—a programme between these for constant meetings in the future; meetings which must of their essence be stolen and were likely to end but in one way.

Fate, in the shape of Lady Gertrude, had made a complete upheaval of this gentle policy of drifting. Never in his wildest moments had he contemplated such a contingency as that which now seemed inevitable.

What did that invitation to Mrs. Lancelot portend? How much did Gertrude know? How much had the mischievous little American tattled? How much more or how much less than the truth? Yet, surely, had Gertrude entertained any real suspicions she, dignity incarnate, would never have dreamed of inviting her rival under her own roof with himself; never have invited her with the intention of prying on their mutual intimacy! The mere thought was untenable! On the other hand, it was unlike Gertrude to rush at strangers; and he was painfully aware that he had been remarkably silent about Mrs. Lancelot in his letters home. The more Sir Reginald pondered, the more cryptic the problem became. He was fain at length to accept the theory, though without any complete conviction, that it was from genuine compassion for the desolate widow, and out of gratitude to his kind nurse, that the invitation had been issued. It was Gertrude's own explanation, and he could find no better one.

Melancholy grew ever more upon him. Instead of looking forward to happy, placid days between wife and child, and friends, with here and there a pleasant and harmless little interlude of relaxation with the fascinating Emerald, he was positively dreading what the morrow would bring.

He could not hold himself to blame for the dilemma and its future consequences. No, if ever there had been an affectionate, domestic being, it was himself. It was his very dependence upon feminine companionship that had led him, after his wife's abandonment, to turn to another. He began to contrast, with an ever-growing sense of injury, the warmth of Mrs. Lancelot's feelings toward him, with the placidity, amounting to coldness, of his wife's reception. Emerald had been unable to control her grief at their parting—this first break in their long intimacy—though she had known they would meet again in a very few days. His own wife had not even come out to the hall to meet him! He remembered how she had drawn herself from his arms; how Emerald Fanny had abandoned herself into them, like a child. Poor little soul! It was he who had had to lift up that fair head that rested so confidingly against his breast.

Hum! It was a pity he had not noticed that hair—to remove it, likewise tenderly — before it fell to Gertrude's eyes and Gertrude's fingers. He would have given a great deal to know what had been passing in Gertrude's mind as she rolled up the golden token and flicked it from her.

Here his thoughts became so uncomfortable that he was fain to distract himself by action. He determined to go and dress for dinner.

Sir Reginald was a handsome, imposing man; and, in spite of Norah's ill-timed remark and the silver-grey of his very luxuriant hair — which, though close-cropped in soldier fashion, still be-

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trayed an irresistible tendency to curl—was youthful looking for his years. It was perhaps this unconquerable youthfulness, betraying itself in his smile, the glance of his eyes, the alertness of his step, that formed the chief part of his fascination. For fascinating he undoubtedly was to men as well as to women. He had kept in heart and mind a freshness that was almost boyish; things interested him, people interested him; he was as full of impulse, as ready to take up a plan, to fling himself whole-souled into whatever the work of the moment might be, as the most enthusiastic subaltern, a characteristic that perhaps accounted for the abnormal success of his career. There was but one word to describe what that had been—brilliant. He had a brilliant fighting record behind him, had shown brilliant administrative qualities, had been moved with unwonted rapidity from grade to grade; and now counting fewer years than almost any general in the service, he had just completed the term of an important command with the certitude of soon obtaining some high War Office post. His marriage to the handsomest of the rich Fitz-Esmond sisters had been part of the general fitness of things in his existence. Up to this moment, indeed, he had never, and with reason, doubted of himself.

But, as he stood, gazing into the mirror after a careful toilet, he was conscious that for once in his life his own face looked back at him as that of a discontented man.

Under the small, upturned moustache, his handsome mouth had a troubled compression. Like his wife a few hours before, it seemed to him that his world had gone out of joint—worse, he had an uneasy consciousness of being himself flung out of his equilibrium; in this irritable, uneasy, unwonted personality he could not discover what had become of the normal, urbane, charming Reginald he had always approved of. There was a horrid, jarring feeling, as of a grain of sand in his mental eye, that deprived him completely of his complacency. He had been dreading the morrow; he now found himself dreading the evening.

Yet it was made unexpectedly easy to him. When he reappeared in the drawing-room, it was to find his wife, and Norah, smooth-haired, in a modest *jeune-fille* garment, waiting for him.

To his surprise, the latter immediately came forward, and offering him her brow, said, "Good-night, papa!"

She was subdued out of recognition. And there were shadows under her eyes, which might have been due to recent tears.

His heart contracted for a moment with a spasm of double jealousy, when he saw the warmth of the good-nights next exchanged between mother and daughter. Lady Gertrude never spoke when she embraced those she loved. It seemed as if every energy of her being passed into her silent and tender kiss. But then, she kissed very few people. Sir Reginald remembered she had not yet kissed him; not even in that first moment of greeting, when he himself—with a glow of self-righteousness he now recalled it—had been almost overcome. She had submitted to his tenderness, that was all.

Norah had taken an unwontedly demure departure when Lady Gertrude broke in upon the injured husband's reflections:

"I have sent her to bed, you see. She does usually dine downstairs, but, to-night . . ." here she smiled rather wistfully. "Well, there were three reasons. I wanted this one night alone with you, Reginald, since we are to have a guest to-morrow. And I thought Norah deserved some punishment. And besides," now she laughed, "the child can hardly hold up her head for sleep, after her long drive."

Before the *tête-à-tête* dinner was over, a strange sensation had come upon Sir Reginald. He felt as if these long years of separation had never taken place; as if there had been no long months of domestic loneliness, no secret heartburning—no Emerald! The gracious presence opposite to him at the small round table began to exert a familiar and subtle spell. He looked at his wife across the roses with a stirring of old ardours.

She was, first of all, pre-eminently aristocratic-looking, and that was an appeal to a certain side of him that

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could not fail. And then her good looks were undeniable. His eyes rested gratefully on the clear-cut features, with their smooth pallor against the waves of black hair. He counted the silver threads in those waves without a shock; nay he distinctly thought they became her. He was not sure they did not actually make her look younger, softening the somewhat severe outline of her face.

She was of those rare beings that seem to give out serenity. There was a large and brooding peace about her that began to steal upon him, soothing the trouble of his soul almost imperceptibly, yet irresistibly. Now and again he found his eye rest with a kind of wonder upon her. Could any woman who entertained the smallest suspicion of her husband, look with such clear, calm gaze, smile with such sweetness, speak in so lovely a voice of gentleness?

The thought suddenly struck him that, search as he might through all the memories of their long years together, he had never known Gertrude make a scene, never even heard from her lips one acrid word. She had never shown herself a jealous woman, or a suspicious; and the very fact that she consistently refused to attribute importance to his many flirtations had actually robbed them of it. No man, no gentleman—and Sir Reginald knew himself to be both—would have betrayed such confidence and such sweetness.

To-night, for the first time in their joint lives, he sat opposite to her and knew that there was something between them. If he had kept his marriage vow intrinsically intact, yet were there not episodes which he would like her to ignore? That embrace which had left its golden memorial upon his heart—well, it had not been the first. . . .

Yet, as the minutes went by, even these pricks of self-reproach became allayed. Gertrude seemed to hypnotise him into comfort and ease. It was almost as if her fair hand had made passes over his soul, and the soreness, the trouble, the worry, slept.

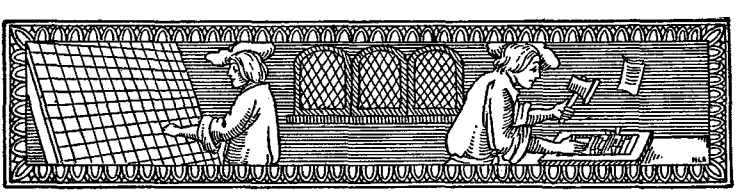
And what a dinner she gave him! Just the right length; his favourite dishes cooked and served to perfection. The cellar was of his own choosing, of course, but she had ordered up for him a bottle of his special Burgundy, warmed to an exquisite shade of ripeness, duly cradled; and Barker had poured it forth with proper compunction. After the strawberries she sat and made the Turkish coffee while he smoked.

That completed one of the most admirable repasts he ever remembered.

It was not till she finally left him to have a look at Fräulein before joining him in the library, that he thought of his complications again. And, to his surprise, he found himself saying in so many words:

"Confound Emerald!"

(*To be continued*)



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SOME NEW PLAYS IN ILLUSTRATION

HARRY STANFORD AS THE DANDY AND ADA DWYER AS BET IN FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT'S "THE DAWN OF A TO-MORROW"

Sir Oliver Holt, a man of large interests in London, has fallen into ill-health, and is practically given up by his physicians, who inform him guardedly that he need expect no hope from them. His illness is being kept quiet, and he makes up his mind to go off into a squalid quarter of London, and there quietly blow his brains out. In this case his fortune will be left to his nephew, a younger namesake of his own. As the physicians are departing one of them puts into his hand a volume with the remark that while he can offer no earthly hope, many persons have found comfort and the solution of their difficulties in the book he presents. Sir Oliver looks at it and smiles. It is the Bible. In the second act, Apple Blossom Court, one of the most wretched of the tenement districts of London, is shown upon a foggy night. Sir Oliver Holt has come to this place because he believes an ill-dressed man may blow himself to eternity without any particular comment. He encounters a waif of the streets, a young girl with a most curious philosophy of life, and from her, and her accidental discovery of his intention to kill himself, he learns that there is always a to-morrow.

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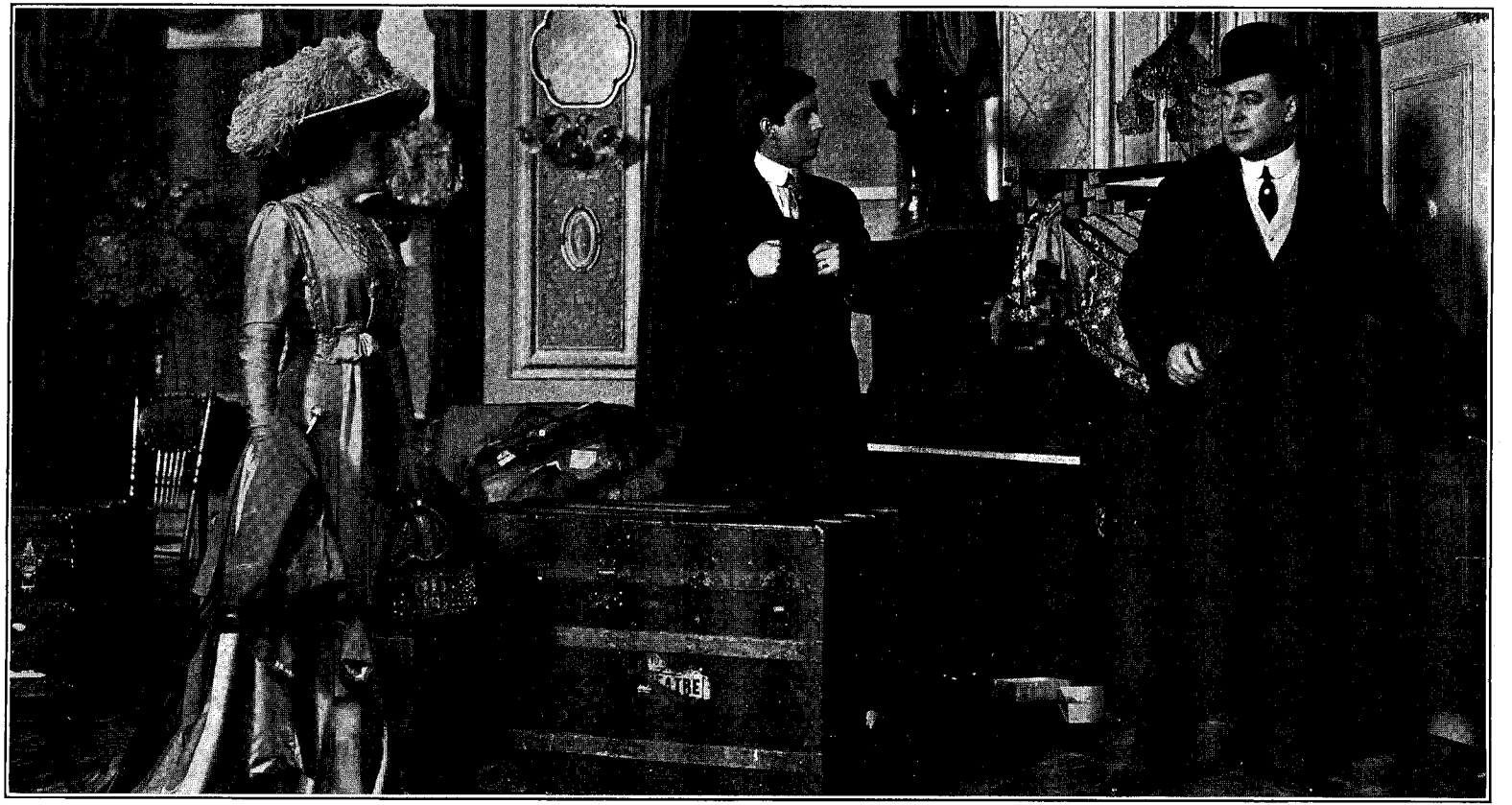

ACT IV OF EUGENE WALTER'S "THE EASIEST WAY." FROM LEFT TO RIGHT. FRANCES STARR AS LAURA MURDOCK, EDWIN H. ROBINS AS JOHN MADISON, JOSEPH KILGOUR AS WILL BROCKTON

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ACT I OF JEROME K. JEROME'S "THE NEW LADY BANTOCK." FROM LEFT TO RIGHT. FANNIE WARD AS FANNIE, JOHN DEAN AS LORD BANTOCK, LEILA REPTON AND MARGARET GREY AS THE MISSES WETHERELL, AND CHARLES CARTWRIGHT AS THE BUTLER

Mr. Jerome's theme is as follows: Fanny, a music-hall singer, marries Lord Bantock, not knowing that he is a lord. She has told him that she has no parents, which is true; but her business manager, whom Lord Bantock consulted, invented an uncle bishop in New Zealand and a cousin judge in Ohio. Fanny arrives at Bantock Hall, and finds that the twenty-three servants in the hall are all her relations, and that the butler and the housekeeper are the pious, straight-laced, disciplinary uncle and aunt from whom she had run away. They endeavour to make her worthy of her position. She at last rebels, discharges them all and discloses to her husband the relationship. He is shocked at first, but is reminded that the first Lady Bantock was the daughter of a humble butcher. Bennett, still faithful though discharged, now blesses the union because at last his niece is worthy of his master.

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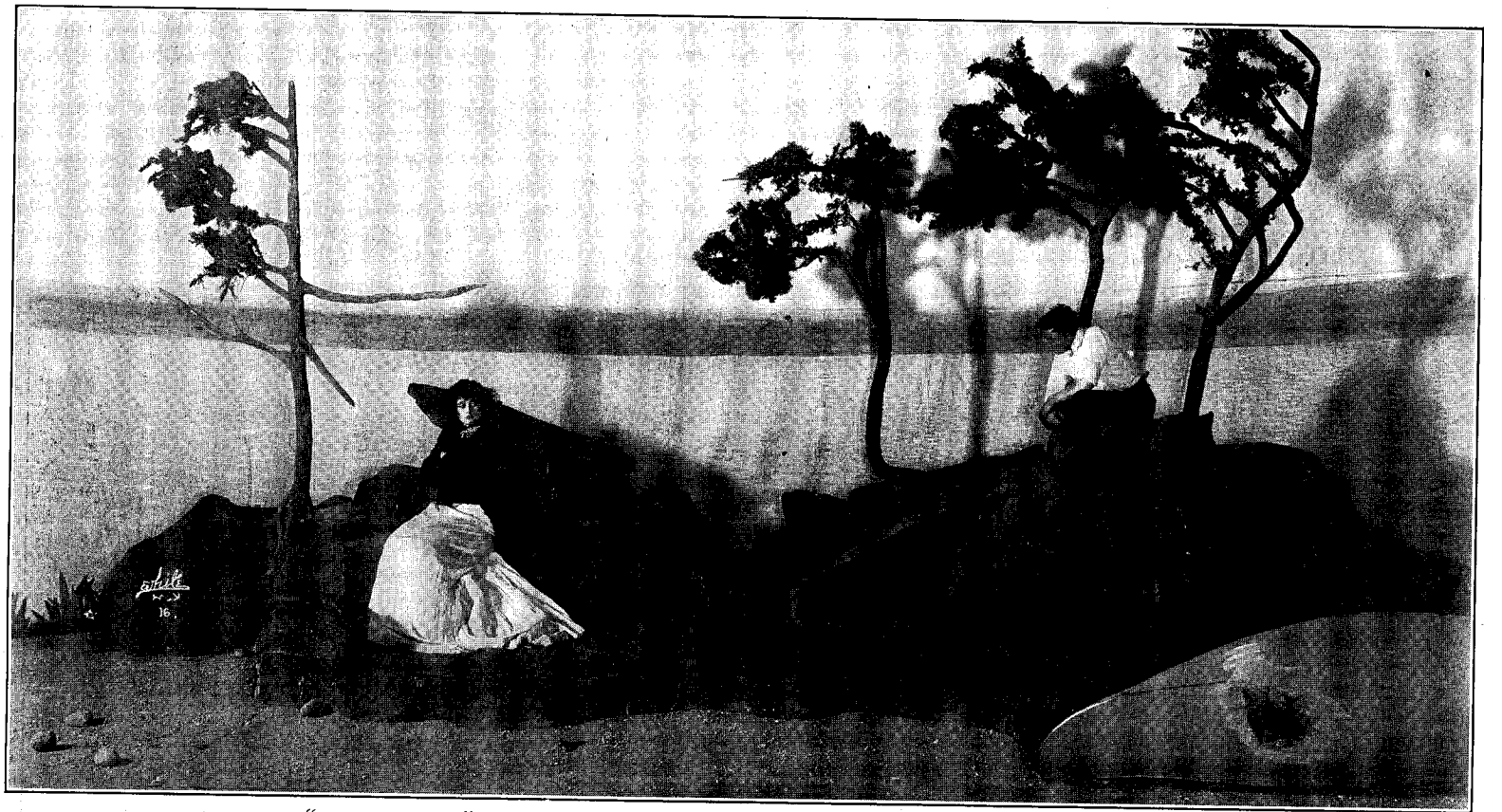

ACT IV OF "THE CHAPERON." MAXINE ELLIOTT AS THE COUNTESS VAN TUYLE, JULIAN L'ESTRANGE AS JIM OGDEN

The play opens at Silver Birch Lodge, the home of Mr. Richard Coombs, whose daughters, Betty and Alice, have two young girl friends visiting them. Mr. and Mrs. Coombs are called to New York by the illness of a relative, and they telephone a neighbour asking her to take in the girls while they are away. The neighbour, a Mrs. Heminway, cannot do this, but instead sends over the Countess Van Tuyle to act as chaperon. Unfortunately, there is an early love affair in the career of the countess. She is an American girl married to an Austrian count whose mode of living has been so notorious that his wife is suing for divorce. Prior to her marriage to the count she had been engaged to a young American, Jim Ogden, and the count in reply to her divorce suit makes a counter-charge bringing in Jim Ogden's name.

No sooner have Mr. and Mrs. Coombs gone, leaving the chaperon in charge of their house, than Jim Ogden appears, and is invited to stay at the house by Miss Coombs, he being a great friend of the family. Then the count, accompanied by the mother of the countess, unexpectedly arrives. Fearing to compromise herself by having her mother and the count find her in the company of Jim Ogden, the countess rushes away with Ogden and makes him paddle her over the lake in a canoe. The second act finds them marooned on Hog Island, in the middle of the lake. Their canoe has been wrecked. Jim Ogden induces the countess to hang some of her clothes to dry on a nearby limb and the count, who has been out in a canoe looking for his wife, sees the drying clothes and is drawn to the island by this signal of distress.

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JULIA MARLOWE AS YVETTE IN THE CROWNING SCENE OF MARY JOHNSTON'S "THE GODDESS OF REASON"

The opening act shows the Chateau of Morbec one summer morning in 1791, the day following an unsuccessful night attack made by the peasantry on this aristocratic stronghold. The mob has been repelled by Réné de Vardes, the young baron who has *just come into possession of the estate.* The various leaders in the assault, including Yvette, are arrested, but are released by Réné after their cause has been stated by Yvette with pathetic and compelling eloquence. The baron, to the disgust of the older royalists present, even promise the peasants amelioration of their condition. Réné recognises in Yvette the woman of his dreams whom he has seen once before on a midsummer eve in the mystic Paimpont Woods. Yvette is also loved by Remond Lalain, one of the Revolutionary Deputies. In the second act, a year later, Yvette, under the patronage of Réné, is shown as a pupil in the Convent of the Visitation at Nantes, sheltered from all the revolutionary excitement. Jealous of what she believes to be the baron's love for the Marquise de Blancheforet she is persuaded to leave the convent and join the red-capped mob. In the third act Yvette is crowned as The Goddess of Reason, first protecting the Baron Réné from the fury of the mob and then delivering him to its vengeance, inspired to this revulsion of feeling by the discovery that he has endeavoured to save the marquise. The fourth act shows the Aristocrats in prison and going to death. In the first scene of the last act, Yvette, overcome with the horror of the outrages perpetrated in the name of Liberty, rises in the Judgment Hall, denounces the Revolutionary Chiefs, and is herself condemned. The last act shows Réné and Yvette on the banks of the Loire, about to be drowned according to the custom of the "Republican Marriage" in Nantes, reunited in their final moments.

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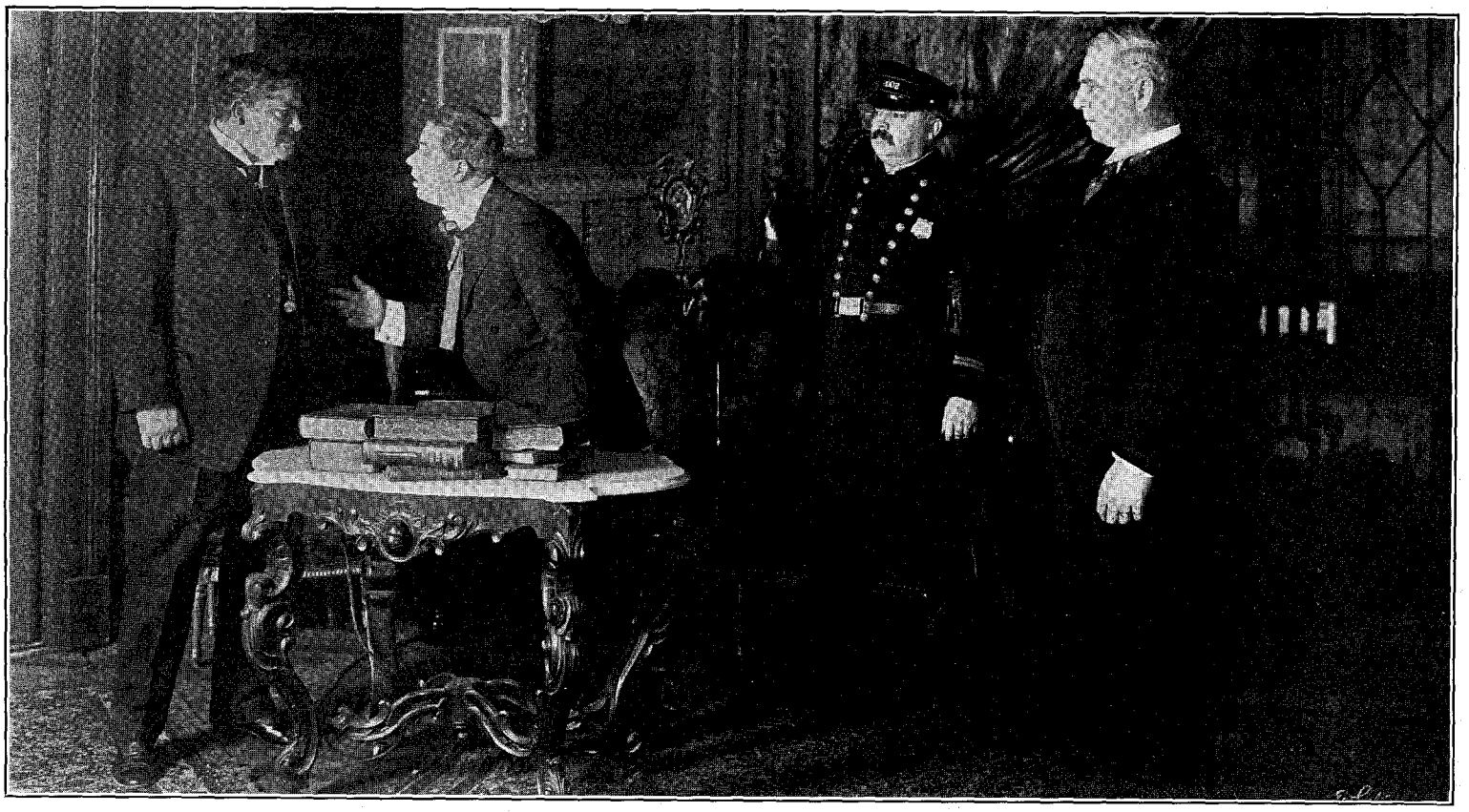

ACT I OF CHARLES KLEIN'S "THE THIRD DEGREE"

The son of a member of an old Knickerbocker set has married a girl of real strength of character and natural mental force, but of lowly birth. He is disowned by his father. The youth plunges into dissipation and debt. A death occurring under strange circumstances, the boy is suspected. The police, groping for a clue, seize the first opportunity of fastening the chains of guilt on some one. The story of the play is the story of the Police Inquisition and the struggle of the woman to save her husband.

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COQUELIN

IT is by comparison that Coquelin's greatness looms forth. We think of his brother, an excellent comedian, prominent in the second rank. But he faced in the direction of farce while Coquelin the Elder turned always to elegance. The former was a romp, a clown, with his lôge full of pictures of chanticleers in honour of the family name; with his unbuttoned pantomime; with his embodiments of the common idiocy of humankind—the Monsieur de Pourceaugnacs and other amiable imbeciles of Molière, who in turn and betimes transform the fastidious stage, parquet and galleries of the Théâtre Fran-

THE LATE COQUELIN AINÉ

The death of the elder Coquelin preceded that of his younger brother by only a few days.

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M. COQUELIN AS CYRANO DE BERGERAC

çais into a lively circus and "ballet" as in the *Cérémonie,* in that *ancien pays des femmes et des lavemens.*

Or take the case of M. Got as a different comparison. He was the compeer of the elder Coquelin—a comedian of the highest *genre* possible to officialdom in France. His attainments were entirely solid and meritorious. But he was content for nearly half a century to travel daily back and forth by tram or *hirondelle* from his Passy home to the Comédie, like the most inured and decorated *chef de bureau* of the government. He lacked those greater gifts which forced his friend out into life and among humanity as it is, and his name is little known away from Paris. One of the familiar jests of the Coquelins was *à propos* of their official-ridden country where "a man without decorations is like a woman without children."

Coquelin owed his eminence in large part to a rare quality in his profession—personal culture. We think of him as a cultivated, talented person outside his art

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—one not always and forever pursuing merely the *vis comica*. He could paint some; he was an intelligent connoisseur; he delivered *conférences;* he wrote books, critiques, essays—one on that most sensitive, most strictly intellectual, most refined of all French poets, Sully Prudhomme. In fact, to speak of Coquelin's love and esteem for the poetry and Lucretian philosophy of Sully Prudhomme, is to signify in a word how sanely mental, delicately sentimental, finely grained he was. And yet he was born in an humble, ignorant baker's family, in the northern tip of France, without advantages.

He was certainly unapproached, the master comedian of his time. *Sociétaire* of the Comédie Française at twenty-three—unique, I believe, in the case of a man—he truly outgrew its brilliant but restricted confines in twenty years, and expanded over into the tumultuous, ever-modern realm of the theatres on the grand boulevards and thence into the vast outer-world. This was because he possessed the larger virtues of imagination, originality, daring, like his feminine mate, Bernhardt. He was as individualistic as he could well be in a nation where the ultimate standard is the impersonal.

The able presentation of contrasting views by Irving and by him in their discussion of the final ideal of the player's art, will be remembered by the reader. They correctly denoted the profound, philosophical difference between the French and Anglo-Saxons on this subject. As Irving placed the individualism of the actor above his part, and therefore above the play, as the typical English (and American) point of view, so Coquelin extolled his own racial ideal of the impersonal: the French conception that the rôle should be greater than the embodier. And it is natural to say that our emphasis on the actor accounts largely for the vast dearth of enduring plays in our Anglo-Saxon world since Shakespeare. In France there are notably playwrights, plays and players; in England and America we have notably stars.

Comedy is, of course, the genius of the French as tragedy is the genius of the British, and Coquelin was wise in not resting his laurels on Molière and the consecrated past. However high Molière stands in the halls of fame—and he cannot well be placed too high; however much, too, we love the man himself for his extremely human and heart-moving life and character, he appears lacking in certain elements of universal growth. He is restricted more and more to the academic. He does not make a wide, practical appeal outward and downward in modern democracy. This may not be due to his limitations perhaps so much as it is the fact that France has been reduced from the position of aristocratic dominance to that of a mere nation among equally prominent nations.

The mobility and suavity of the *désopilant* Coquelin are found identified, as a result, with a varied multitude of rôles which he created. He represented, as no other comedian, those two opposite poles of the mimetic art—breadth and exquisiteness. Does an admirer recall him by preference in the social and ethical *Denise?* Or as Labussière in the thunderous *Thermidor?* Or in the gentle and delicious *Monde où l'on s'ennuie?* Or, above all, do we think of him at nearly sixty (when he was officially at the age of honourable retirement and self-consecration to his memories) as adopting and crystallising the genius of a young and obscure playwright who belonged to a brand-new generation? The world fell promptly in love with Cyrano and Flambeau as Coquelin—all so stirring and magical in the golden chimes of the author's alexandrines. One can scarcely imagine Rostand without his inspirer and visualiser. What lover of daring variety does not deeply regret this loss in the cast of the too long delayed *Chanticler?*

Rire et bien dire was the characteristic motto in the homes of the Coquelins. Exemplifying their race, they believed with Rabelais that To Laugh is to be Truly a Man. Coquelin did an inestimable service in acquainting foreign peoples with the intimate delights of French comedy of the old classic periods. As a deobstruent mime he brought corporeally home to strange races those perfect pictures of the life and times of that exalted age when civilisation looked exclusively to Paris for light.

His tact, *bonhomie,* easy accessibility

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are only too well known. He was adored in France despite the fact that there the dividing lines between schools and cliques, between what is official and what is radical and progressive, are habitually so sharply, so fiercely drawn. He made and kept friends in all spots of a land where people scarcely hesitate to wound forever those nearest and dearest to them for the sake of a principle in art or literature. Strange as this seems to our Yankee race who take these subjects lukewarmly, not to say chillily, all this is most serious, vital business on the banks of the Seine. It illustrates, in part, how the French strive to exalt the drama to the sacrifice of the individual. And as for what precisely they idealise in comedy, this is nowhere so deftly and compactly signalised as in one of the fine sonnets of Sully Prudhomme, dedicated, as it happens, to Coquelin's brother:

Quel bonheur! n'est-ce pas? de réveiller encore,
En honneur des aïeux, dans le rire gaulois
La gaîté du bon sens qu'un beau verbe décore!

Stuart Henry.

THE UNIVERSAL THEME AND SOME RECENT BOOKS

MONG the new books of the month, there is one possessing a curious and abiding charm entitled *One Immortality,* which opens with the following paragraph:

> There are three loves that make and keep the world—the love that binds man and woman into one flesh and soul, the love that draws families into nations, the love that holds the world to God. Each love is justified in its own Immortality. . . . This book is about the first.

In so far as these lines were meant to catch and rivet the reader's attention they serve the author's purpose admirably; but in so far as they are intended to define the book they fail, because they express only a generality, a common property of all the world's important fiction whether in prose or verse. Not, of course, that every novel, or any appreciable percentage of novels, treats of love in the highly idealised, semi-Buddhistic way of the volume in question, conceiving of man and woman as constituting symbolically only the separate halves of a complete and perfect being. But, in a more general sense, love, spiritual or earthly, affinity, sex attraction, call it what you will, is the corner stone of the whole structure of modern fiction. It is the element of social life from which the novelist could not emancipate himself if he would. One cannot conceive of an *Iliad* without a Helen, a *Divine Comedy* without a Beatrice, a *Don Quixote* without a Dulcinea, a *Vanity Fair* without a Becky Sharp. Of the love that draws families into nations, of the love that holds the world to God, a novel may contain much or little, everything or nothing; it depends not upon the world at large, but upon the author's purpose, creed, and conception of life. But even though he go deliberately to work to ignore it, he cannot shut out from his book the love that binds man and woman together, without leaving the impression of something distorted, incomplete, untrue.

There are, of course, a number of books that will come to mind as seeming contradictions to this statement—books more or less in the nature of a *tour de force,* from which the feminine element is partly or wholly absent. But, upon examination, such books will be found to fall into one of two classes: they will either be stories of adventure, that are best defined as grown-up juveniles, that

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look upon the world as a sort of huge playground; or else they are books from which the element of sex is only apparently lacking—books that may not have a single woman in their cast of characters, and nevertheless are pervaded and overshadowed by a suggestion of subtle, far-reaching feminine power. An excellent example of this latter type is conveniently afforded by a volume reviewed quite recently in THE BOOKMAN: *The Gentleman,* by Alfred Ollivant. There is not from the opening to the closing page of that powerful story of war and bloodshed a single female character, woman or child, with what might fairly be called a speaking part. But throughout it all there is the suggestion, which the author never for a moment allows you to forget, of the far-reaching, irresistible influence of just one woman whose name is never even mentioned, yet whose caprice is making sport of the destinies of men and of nations.

It has often been pointed out that the novels of the elder Dumas, as contrasted with the cheap modern imitation, of the sword-and-buckler type, owe their easy supremacy to their greater virility, their comparative freedom from frills and furbelows, their frank recognition of women as merely agreeable episodes that relieve and enliven the more serious business of life. But, it would be an error to argue from this that the reason why *Les Trois Mousquetaires* is a better book than *The Helmet of Navarre,* for instance, is that fewer square inches of its pages are given over to the sayings and doings of women. As a matter of fact, whether they are on the scene or not, Dumas never lets us forget that a woman's caprice or a woman's desperate need lies behind every one of the valiant deeds narrated. At all ages, and in all countries; as truly in the France of Richelieu as in the United States of to-day, a picture of life must mirror back the women as well as the men. But, it must mirror them back truthfully with a clear understanding of the manner and the measure of each sex's influence upon the other. And the principal reason why Dumas told the truth about life while his modern imitators do not tell the truth is simply this: that although the heroes of his romances do not love less nor suffer less for the sake of women, they love and they suffer in a different way. It is their creed that fighting is the serious business of life and love more or less of an incident; and that while a gentleman may go cheerfully to his death for the sake of a lady's glove or handkerchief, he could not swerve one inch from an artificial code of honour, though the life of her who was nearest and dearest hung in the balance.

Short stories, of course, obey a different law. They do not claim to be complete, all-round pictures of life, but merely sidelights on some transient aspect of it, snapshots of a single phase or episode. There are scores of short stories admirable in technique that are exclusively masculine or exclusively feminine in characters, setting, and theme, yet without sacrificing anything in the way of truthfulness. And this is because, however large a part some woman plays in the life of every man, or some man in the life of every woman, it is easy to imagine a brief hour when events may happen and even events of the first magnitude without the intervention of the influence of the opposite sex. And yet, even in short stories of this type, we will find if we carefully analyse the impression they have made upon us that no small part of their hold upon us has come from something not actually expressed in the stories themselves—something that we, ourselves, have subconsciously read into the story, some feminine influence that we have taken for granted. And other things being equal, a story which leaves us at liberty to amplify it in some such manner as this, are stronger and bigger stories than those which by too great specificness carefully eliminate the possibility of a sex motive. Take, for instance, the type of story most familiarly represented by Poe's famous *Cask of Amontillado*—the type of story in which a man at last satisfies an ancient grudge against another by a horrible revenge. Now, in accordance with the accepted rules of short-story technique, there is no question that the point of beginning should be the moment when the plan for vengeance is ripe. Incidentally, however, the fact that there is a motive for the grudge must be made clear; and here

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there is a choice of three possibilities. The author can either show that the vengeance is taken on account of a wrong done to a woman, or he can show that it is only for an insult offered to a man, or he can leave the specific cause in doubt. And of these three ways, the first is stronger than the second, and the third the strongest of all—because vengeance on behalf of a woman more readily enlists the reader's sympathy than if it is only a man's quarrel; and where the motive is not revealed we instinctively assume that there was a woman in the case, and our interest gains in intensity through the very vagueness of the tragedy we get there.

It may seem to a good many readers that all that has been said herein about love and sex as an almost universal theme in fiction is simply another way of expressing the hackeneyed and distinctly irritating idea that a novel, in order to succeed, must have a "Love Interest." But that is precisely and emphatically what is not meant. The novel that has a love interest is the novel that presents as distorted and disproportioned a view of life as the novel that omits love altogether. What we should ask of fiction is not that it should offer a love interest or a hate interest, a joy interest or a sorrow interest, but a complete, symmetrical, multifold interest of real life. We should demand of characters in fiction no more and no less than we demand of the living men and women whom we meet, and learn to know. We should be able to give a better reason for our friendships either in the real world or in the printed page than that they are based on no firmer foundation than a "Love Interest."

"One Immortality"

The volume already referred to, *One Immortality,* by H. Fielding Hall, serves admirably to emphasise this point. Love is its central theme, admittedly so. The best definition of its subject, form and style would be to call it a prose poem of love. And yet this alone would be quite an inadequate reason for recommending this book as something uncommonly subtle and suggestive and, in a symbolic sense, profoundly true. It possesses such a multitude of interests aside from that of love: the interest of beautiful places and charming people, the interest of deep problems and wise philosophies, the interest of many things in Heaven and Earth that even these philosophies do not quite include—and all of this expressed in an easy flow of harmonious rhythm which is not quite verse and yet not wholly prose. To the superficial reader of fiction it is primarily the chronicle of an ocean voyage on one of the large, Oriental Mail Steamers from Venice to Bombay; and the progress from day to day between a man and a girl whose ideals of love by a curious and rather effective symbolism undergo an interesting transformation and development as they pass from the atmosphere of the West to that of the Orient. But really there is much more in the book than the history of an episode in the lives of two people who think they have found the key to happiness. There are, on every page, phrases, thoughts, suggestions that set you thinking in turn—thinking and dreaming of beautiful cities, beautiful women, noble ideals. It is eminently a wholesome book, full of an unquenchable faith in the happiness and the sanctity of love and marriage.

"Open House"

Open House, by Juliet Wilbur Tompkins, is not only a fairly readable book, but a well-constructed book also, because it, also, assigns to love and courtship the degree of relative importance that they ought to possess in the average sane, well-regulated life. Briefly, the theme of *Open House* is the gradual and very salutary change that comes over a spoiled, self-willed young woman who, after years of luxury, suddenly finds herself under the disagreeable necessity of earning her own living. The first opportunity offered her is that of assistant to a physician in a small private sanitarium; and although she is accepting pay for work that she can at best do only bunglingly, she finds it very hard to bring herself to accept orders, or to do with any system the simple duties assigned her. It happens, however, that the physician she serves is a wise, far-seeing, tender-hearted man, who realises that hers is a

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case for careful and sympathetic treatment. And in the course of the months that follow, while she is slowly acquiring a sounder mental and moral health, and a better standard of values, the doctor is also learning an important lesson, and discovering that there is something else in the world that counts beside just medicines and cases. And when the doctor and his assistant finally compare notes, regarding their newly acquired knowledge, the result is an eminently satisfactory ending to a volume that shows a substantial advance upon the same author's earlier novel, *Dr. Ellen.*

"The Straw"

A book which just misses deserving a place in the class of stories that we mentally catalogue as "worth while" is *The Straw,* by Rina Ramsey. As a brisk, graphic, panoramic picture of English country life of to-day among the gay and reckless hunting set, with the tingling excitement of breathless, break-neck dashes after the hounds, disastrous tumbles and broken limbs, the book certainly achieves what the author meant it to. Its weakness lies in the plot construction. We are asked to believe that a refined, intelligent and altogether charming young woman, with a fortune in her own right, and the world before her, is persuaded into marrying a coarse, dissipated, surly brute of a man from some sentimental idea that it is her duty to reform him—a man, moreover, who not only is quite indifferent to her, but notoriously the lover of another woman. Furthermore, we are asked to believe that this girl, who has thus sacrificed herself, is all the time in love with another man, who is eminently the right sort to make her happy; that as day by day her married life becomes more and more of a tragedy, this other man, in spite of his better judgment, intervenes, to try and help her, but instead, only makes her position more difficult; and that finally, one night, the wife is found unconscious from a blow the husband has dealt, and the latter lies dead beside her, from a bullet wound. Now, it does not necessarily follow that the man upon whom suspicion naturally falls was the one who did the murder. The brute, who eminently deserved to be shot, had no lack of enemies, ready to perform the task. But, the principles of good construction demand that such a situation shall be carefully worked up to—that the real murderer shall be brought into some structural prominence from the opening chapter on, and this is precisely what the author of *The Straw* has failed to do. In the closing paragraph she springs upon us her carefully preserved surprise. The husband, we learn, was shot by one of the minor characters—but whether on account of an old grudge, or because he too treasured a secret attachment for the wife, is left uncertain. It is just a trifle disconcerting to discover at the very close of a drama that you have been mistaking the wrong man for the hero all the way through.

"Rosnah"

There is no dearth of the universal theme in *Rosnah,* the new volume by Myra Kelly, yet there are plenty of other interests beside—as, of course, there ought to be. It is primarily a story of modern Ireland, with a commendable richness of local colouring, an abundance of diverting brogue, and incidentally some aspects of the economic problems confronting Irish landlords. But the situation which gives the book its whimsical interest is briefly as follows. A certain martinet of a general, for many years in the Anglo-Indian service, with a long list of titles and initials trailing after his name, has at last retired and returned with his wife, to pass his declining years on his family estates. Naturally, he is anxious to gather around him the four sons and the one daughter, who as small children had been one by one sent from India, and entrusted to various friends and relatives, and from that time to this had not seen either their parents or each other. The four sons obey the summons joyfully. But the daughter, Sheila, who has just given her heart to a man in every way suited to her, has no desire to leave her new-found happiness, to make the acquaintance of a family that has for the greater part of her life ignored her existence. So she persuades the Lady Rosnah Creighton, who will soon be her sister-in-law anyway, to go in her place and masquerade temporarily as the

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daughter. Now, the Lady Rosnah is a good deal of a personage, with infinite tact and much real charm. Otherwise, she could never have carried out her self-imposed task. For the Fitzgeralds, father and sons, prove to be, one and all, as different in disposition, in education, and interests as five men well can be, with the single exception that they all have a very decided will of their own. In fact, the Lady Rosnah spends most of her time and energy in keeping peace in this ill-assorted household, and the only real aid she has in her efforts is due to a warm interest on the part of one of the four sons, which he, very naturally, assumes to be brotherly affection, but which the Lady Rosnah recognises as the beginning of something quite different. And the consequence is that when the inevitable explanations are made, Lady Rosnah does become the real Sheila's sister-in-law sooner and in another manner than was originally expected.

"Lorimer of the Northwest"

The trouble with *Lorimer of the Northwest,* by Harold Bindloss, is that it makes us conscious of a deliberate effort on the author's part to achieve that so-called love interest which is supposed to be necessary to a widespread popularity. Mr. Bindloss can do either of two things with a fair degree of ability. He can tell a frankly melodramatic story of war and intrigue, and the rise and fall of nations; and he can also picture, with a rather convincing fulness of detail, the hard, rough, hand-to-mouth struggles of the pioneer in a new and stubborn country. This new volume, *Lorimer of the Northwest,* is an account of the trials and disappointments of an indomitable young Englishman, who has left home because he is ambitious, because he hates the drudgery of a Lancashire cotton mill, and because he has lost his heart to a young woman who seems hopelessly beyond his reach; and has emigrated to the great, free, unbroken region of the Canadian Northwest. There is a breath of strong, clean fresh air blowing through the early chapters of this book, a suggestion of wholesome, honest toil, and undaunted determination to wrest a victory from Nature, in spite of drought, and frost, and treacherous elements. But, intermingled with this straightforward chronicle of pioneer struggles, there is a misplaced and rather exasperating vein of melodrama—the sort of melodrama that properly belongs in Mr. Bindloss's other type of story and which is as much out of place in the present volume as a scarlet patch in a suit of grey clothes. Women, of course, we expect to find in the story; but the way in which two women in particular who had figured in his life in England continue unexpectedly to cross his trail in the mountainous wild of Canada, always turning up at the psychological moment to add new complications to his difficulties, forms a tax upon our credulity which tends to discredit even that part of the story that is soberly and sincerely told.

"54-40 or Fight"

54-40 or Fight, by Emerson Hough, may have full justice done it in a brief paragraph. To any one familiar with its author's methods, it ought to be sufficient to say that it is exactly the sort of book that we have a right to expect from the man who wrote *The Mississippi Bubble.* There is probably no one writing to-day who has so well caught the trick of this particular sort of pseudo-history, in which real personages and real events are so dexterously interwoven with a tissue of purely imaginary happenings, and the causes of great international crises attributed to the audacious intrigues of some charming adventurers invented expressly for the occasion, as Mr. Hough has succeeded in doing. And all the while, he does it with a swing and verve, a frank good will, and such a naïve assurance that the reader's enjoyment fully equals his own, that he quite disarms criticism. The title of his new volume is self-explanatory. It seems superfluous to add that the date of the story coincides with the presidency of Mr. Tyler, when the country seemed to be on the eve of war not only with Mexico, but with England as well; and when James K. Polk and John Calhoun were also playing their parts in working out the nation's destiny. It matters little whether these historic personages ever really said or did the precise things attributed to

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them by Mr. Hough or not. The main point is that what he makes them say is thoroughly in keeping with the whole spirit of the sort of romantic fiction he aspires to write.

Lastly, there is an unpretentious volume of short stories called *Sardonics,* by a new writer named Harris Merton Lyon, which deserves a cordial word of commendation. There is much strength, much grimness, and a good deal of irony packed away in these sixteen brief sketches, which in spite of a certain youthful crudeness, are more promising than the maturer work of many a successful writer. Take, for instance, such a story as the one bearing the laconic title "In the Black-and-Tan." It pictures with such pitiless frankness the promiscuous, unclean, befuddled crowd who constituted a lively evening at Yellow Mamie's, that you fairly smell the reek of whiskey and rank tobacco. And just as clearly, you see the Bishop, the fat, prosperous-looking cab driver, patiently waiting outside like an overfed spider, in wait for its prey. Presently, a drunken form slides down the steps with a soft "plump," picks itself up, lurches into the cab, and tearfully demands to be taken to an hotel, any good hotel. The Bishop has caught sight of a gold-headed cane and the gleam of a diamond ring. His skilled observation tells him the man is a stranger in New York, probably a Westerner. There follows a long drive, an endless drive through lonely dim-lit streets in the teeth of a driving storm; there comes a time when the Bishop's passenger seems to slumber, and the Bishop descends from his perch, and enters the cab, to warm himself, while the stolid horse plods patiently onward, unmindful of strange happenings behind him. The bell-boys are all dozing when the shabby hack finally drives up in front of a big hotel, and the ponderous driver climbs down and briskly opens the door. "'Ere's your hotel, Sir," he says impatiently, thrusting his head inside. But, a moment later, he is whispering hoarsely, in the porter's ear, "Lor Gawd, 'e's dead." But Mr. Lyon cannot stop without adding his usual little sardonic touch. The next night, it is even merrier and more bustling than usual in the Black-and-Tan, and Yellow Mamie has on her finger a newcomer among her diamonds, for the Bishop has "made himself solid," he is proceeding to make himself solid with everybody in general by setting up drinks for the crowd.

"Sardonics"

Then, while the rabble drank their booze and shouted their hoarse praise of the giver, the Bishop leaned forward and chuckled into his whiskey:

"I hope 'e's in a good hotel now!"

Certainly, not a cheerful type of story, nor one that is suited to the taste of any considerable portion of the reading public, but inexperienced though he is, Mr. Lyon has something of the Maupassant attitude toward life, the determination to tell the truth at all costs, in little things and big—and that is the spirit from which a great deal may be hoped.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

NINE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

Ellen Terry's "The Story of My Life"*

For theatrical annals, Miss Terry's story of her life could not perhaps be otherwise than an important work, with its authentic and first-hand information from a woman who has assisted in shaping theatrical life for so many illustrious years. But it is more than a mine of facts—indeed Miss Terry has seldom concerned herself as a historian—or even of valuable and discriminating opinions; it is a record of how life for sixty years has struck her. And because Ellen Terry has a uniquely balanced and tempered personality, the book is for this

*The Story of My Life. By Ellen Terry. New York: McClure, Phillips and Company.

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reason notable also and—among modern books by stage people—probably by far the best. In it she has, for one thing, succeeded in explaining herself to a generation which will, alas! not know her on the stage. But for this, such a deprived generation might be bewildered when it finds in laborious critics that her Portia was dignified, tactful, commanding, well-poised, resourceful, coquettish, incomparably feminine, and a rogue of a romp at the same time—the embodiment of spontaneous and energetic joy. Here one may get all these things without having to puzzle over an enumeration of dry and conflicting adjectives. This book is Ellen Terry. And it is Ellen Terry simply talking—simply, though not perhaps in ingenuous unconsciousness of her audience. But, dear me, who is and what is this talk worth? She must be permitted to recollect that her audience is the English-speaking world of admirers and that they want the best of her. Almost as much as this she hints in her introduction, where she promises merely to begin at the beginning and go on with as much as she can remember. And even Mr. Rockefeller is permitted to have a memory.

"Damn you and your mustard-pot!" cried her father to the stage-manager when she set up a howl at being stuffed into it for a Christmas pantomime at the age of five. "I won't have my child frightened for you or anybody else." Thus she records her first dramatic failure. The story, as she has so few to record, may be coloured somewhat. Certain it is that her sister Kate laid claim to it, but stories of first appearances may easily have got mixed up in a family where six children out of nine went upon the stage. 1856 is the accurate date of her first appearance, as the precocious Mamilius in *The Winter's Tale* with the Charles Keans. With them also at the time was Kate, "a much better actress than myself." In their theatre with Shakespeare her entire life was spent for three years, and even with Irving's later record in mind she speaks of the extraordinary completeness of their productions. Things were always happening to the young Miss Terry—the mustard-pot was prophetic. As Florence she fell asleep on a flight of stairs and rolled with a fearful crash to the bottom. Once she forgot to support the formidable Mrs. Kean, who came to the floor with a bump. Even so early, then, must Ellen have been both accomplished and charming, for the Keans made much of little mishaps. Her most fortunate accident was when as Puck she got caught by the foot in the trap; it broke her toe, but they doubled her salary for finishing the play—after the first lusty scream—with only *sotto voce* sobs. While she was playing Puck she grew gawky and with her docked hair was a sight. But in her dancing lessons, even with a flannel blanket pinned on in front and trailing six inches she never had any difficulty in moving gracefully. The old-fashioned art of deportment is, she thinks, sadly neglected nowadays. When she was a girl the language of actors was more Rabelaisian than polite, but they were good fellows and devoted to their profession—they behave better now, but they lead less simple and single lives. She knew every female part in every play. Later, Kate and she, with their father and mother and a man for orchestra, toured the country for two years, a new town each night, in a Drawing Room Entertainment. Then she learned to play everything in grown-up parts with a provincial stock-company. (Oh, that provincial stock! We know too well what modern actors have done without it, but how will their future stage-reminiscences get along?) The visiting stars sometimes rehearsed with them and sometimes, like Edmund Kean, simply ordered them to keep at arm's length and do their worst. Even in these days she was more at home in Shakespeare than in anything else. Here, too, she met that versatile and substantial playwright, Tom Taylor, and the painter Watts. The house of the latter initiated her into the world of which she dreamed—full of pictures and music and gentle artistic people with quiet voices and elegant manners. At the age of sixteen, "too young even for those days when every one married early," she left the stage and went to live at Mr. Watts's home as its mistress, the home that seemed to her a paradise. Here she met distinguished men at every turn, but

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the girl-wife's impressions of them are scanty. Very old they all seemed to her, heedless of the greatness of great men and perhaps very impudent. It was a brief and in many ways a very happy marriage. In admirable taste and with tender reticence she approaches the subject of their separation. In two years came her return to the stage, but she was very wretched, although she grew to understand that her friends had done well in bringing it about. There was an honest misunderstanding, legally termed incompatibility of temper, though it might better have been called incompatibility of occupation. For some time in after life she and Watts corresponded regularly. Of her subsequent six years' retirement in the country and the bringing-up of her two children, she paints with a charming and vague touch an idyllic picture. This retirement, like the first, was to have been permanent but—with the bailiffs in the house—Charles Reade lured her back to the stage by the offer of a stupendous salary. He adored her, praised her, scolded her, watched over her career carefully, and always called her "the artful toad." When she was playing Olivia in *The Vicar of Wakefield* with John Hare, she married again. For the first ten years at the Lyceum she was hardly ever out of the theatre. Once in the early *Hamlet* days, when Irving's melancholy was appalling, he found her sliding down the banisters from her dressing-room to the stage. "It has always been my fate," she writes, "to be very happy or very miserable;" but even when very miserable she was still, one may guess, a lightning-change artist. Booth seemed to her broken and apathetic when, a failure at his London house, he accepted Irving's invitation to play at the Lyceum. His Iago was commonplace after Henry's, and Henry's Othello was universally condemned. Much later, Bernard Shaw and she developed a perfect fury for writing each other, and he drew the character of Lady Cecily in *Brassbound* entirely from her letters. When he finally came to visit her she ordered a splendid dinner, quite forgetting he dined off a biscuit and a bean. She looks upon him as a kind, gentle creature whose brain-storms are due to his Irish love of a fight, but he is not a man of convictions and is not to be taken seriously. (What a delightful world it is where, if only enough books are written, everybody can find out what everybody thinks of everybody else!) There certainly can be no doubt as to what she thinks of her children, who grow up with you as you read. You hear very often that both of them are geniuses in several different ways. She lost much money in running a theatre for her son to revolutionise with his new theories of stage-setting and lighting. After her stage-jubilee in 1906 she suddenly began to feel exuberantly young again, though one knows perfectly well that she never felt otherwise. Perhaps, however, the statement was simply to work up an entrance for the announcement of her third marriage. This was on her last tour in America, where she has many friends. To them and to others she feels compelled to remark that few people seem willing to admit that marriages are one's own affairs.

Five years of her life have been spent in America and she often feels herself half-American, so at home is she with us. She sings a pæan on New York's wonderful harbour; the Americans are sensitive to criticism yet suspicious of adulation. She began to put on flesh for the first time in her life after a week and by her fifth tour she became really fat. American slang changes quickly and only "Gee whiz" seems to be permanent. After the first night she felt they had merely transported the Lyceum three thousand miles, and the audience took many points unnoticed in London. Since her first tour, when she found the women dowdy, they have become Parisians. London on her return always seems like an ill-lighted village, and many faces have a hopeless look unknown in America. Theatrical criticism, favourable and unfavourable, all over the States surprised her by the scholarly knowledge it displayed; nor did the critics, with one or two exceptions, seek to exploit their own brilliance. On the Sunday paper interview she appends a delightful burlesque, in which she serenely owns her irresistibleness, and by way of illustrating her joyous irresponsibility playfully tosses her grandchild out

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of the window. The ladies read more and have developed a more fastidious taste than Englishwomen; they have, in appearance at least, more reality; but neither they nor the men have much natural sense of beauty. As for daily living, privacy to Americans means concealment, and the cuspidor is always with them. The quality of the American voice is generally unbearable, but the truly terrible variety exists only in one State—and "the artful toad" does not say which one. She found her Chicago audiences the most sympathetic, although she had heard that their favourite pastime was sand-bagging. Certainly it was to them that she made her most brilliant speech in christening the new Columbia Theatre in these chosen words: "Hail Columbia!" and they gave her the nicest notice she ever received, which was for her little boy tending the roses in the stage garden of Eugene Aram. (Oh Ellen!) Niagara Falls proved too terrific for her to realise in spite of its wonderful "pits of colour," and before it she seemed to become weak and doddering. In some Boston houses culture seems no fad to make a joke about, but a rare and delicate reality. Her first night at Daly's was a night of enchantment and at Ada Rehan she can only exclaim and marvel. In San Francisco she went to the Chinese Theatre, and their impenetrable faces seemed to say to her: "We have been before you, and we shall be after you."

Thus it is plain that Miss Terry has the habit of looking around her with an active and intelligent eye, quickest—as might be expected—to perceive colour. She has the graphic word. In a phrase she paints a picture of her contemporaries. She recalls Macready's oddly coloured eyes full of fire and his beautiful wavy mouth; Gladstone seemed to her a volcano at rest; Tennyson was wonderfully simple and taught her to call the wild-flowers by their names; that Browning with his smart coat and society manners was a poet was to her more incomprehensible than some of his poetry; the most remarkable men she ever knew were Whistler and Oscar Wilde—both were instantaneously individual and audacious; William Winter could never take an unemotional point of view, and in England he loved to visit graveyards. Her picture of stage-fright is vivid—a succession of shivers go up and down at the same time while a centipede with iced legs runs about in the roots of your hair, a cold sweat breaks out and some one cuts the muscles at the back of your knees, your mouth opens slowly without a sound and your eyes jump over the footlights. The divine Sarah in her transparent days she describes as smoke from a burning paper and she gets about the stage without moving; her extraordinary decorative and symbolic quality makes her give pictures of emotions rather than the emotions themselves. Duse, on the other hand, triumphs as the real, the particular woman. Wonderfully striking is her picture of Irving on his death-bed—he looked frail and majestic like some beautiful grey tree she saw in Savannah.

Naturally what she thinks of Irving—together with what she thinks of herself—was sure to be interesting and illuminating, but it might easily have failed to be of great importance. Thanks, however, to her clear eye and the singularly equable and yet intimate tone she adopts—which might be called personally impersonal—her estimate is of the greatest value. When she first met him he had in appearance a dash of Werther with the flourishes of Jingle. He could express very little of what was in him; stiff with self-consciousness, with dull face and heavy eyes, his amazing power was imprisoned. Afterward she found that he was always crafty in handling people and in getting his own way. His actions were always courteous and his courtesies beautifully timed. His manner was quiet and gentle, but he had precisely those qualities she can never find likable—he was an egotist of the great type and would not give himself up to appreciation, nor was it ever any pleasure to him to see the acting of others. It seemed to her that he never wholly trusted his friends or admitted them to his intimacy. In his art he never pretended; he never got at anything easily, but he felt instinctively how things ought to be done and what was right for the scene. Warmth and fury of utterance he could never acquire; he was always hampered

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in the vehemence of passion and the more he felt the more deliberate he became. In defending Henry's tortuous speech, she asserts that his interpolated ejaculations and grunts often helped to reveal Shakespeare's meaning. His make-up was not a thing of wig and paste, but he took on the outward expression of the part because he subtly felt it within. Melancholy and the horrors had a peculiar fascination for him. He was always attracted by fashion, but why he wanted to play that prince of fashion, Claude Melnotte, is a mystery. His Romeo had even more bricks thrown at it than her Juliet. In *Sans Gêne* it seemed to her that she was watching Napolean imitate H. I. Hamlet was his greatest part and she communicates her enthusiasm about it. *Macbeth* was their finest production, and in it he was like a great famished wolf and suggested, as only he could suggest, the power of fate. She has no patience with critics who doubt his genius. Those who praise merely because of his tricks of stage-business are like Henry's valet, who pronounced Macbeth his best part. As Irving thought so himself, he eagerly tried to draw the man out. "Ah, sir," explained the valet, "you sweat twice as much as you do in Hamlet." There have been only two *faces* on the stage in her time, his and Duse's. The last ten years of his life were a ceaseless struggle with breaking health and bitter disappointments. Their long partnership dissolved naturally—there was nothing for her to do in his plays, it was all very sad, but it could not be helped. They had been able to be of just the right use to each other: he could never have worked with a strong woman and she had the taste and the artistic knowledge which his upbringing had not developed in him. For her part, she might have deteriorated in partnership with a man whose ends were less fine, whose motives were less noble. At the funeral in the Abbey she kept on expecting to see his face, for the impressive ceremony was so much as he would have wished that it seemed to her he was directing it, as he had directed so many solemn pageants on the Lyceum stage.

Miss Terry's utterances about Irving one feels that the future historian will regard as authoritative. Not less discerning are those about herself and the art in general. The three "I's"—imagination, industry, and intelligence—are indispensable to the actress, and the greatest of these is imagination. Her own experience convinces her that the actor must imagine first and observe afterward; it is no good observing life and bringing the result to the stage without selection. The tragedian who has not learned how to laugh and the comedian who has not learned to weep will never touch the highest levels. One night she discovered that a thing may be right in sense and yet wrong for the stage. All great acting has a strain of extravagance in it which the imitator can catch hold of and give us the eccentric body without the soul. In acting one must possess great strength before he can be delicate in just the right way. She sympathises with Forrest, who said, "If you don't applaud me, I can't act." One of her besetting sins still remains lack of repose (indeed she suspects that she was never entirely cured of "fooling" on the stage, and Henry called her hoydenish). She would impress on the young actress never to move a finger unless the movement tells something. It has unfortunately never been in her power to sustain; she can pass swiftly from one effect to the other, but she cannot dwell on one without losing it. The few people who liked her Lady Macbeth liked it very much, and that Shakespeare's parts admit of widely differing interpretations is the reason for his immortality as an acting force. Naturally, since Portia was her greatest triumph, she does not believe that the *Merchant of Venice* ends with Shylock, even if Henry was for a time foolish enough to give up the last act. Even in *The Good Hope,* where she stumbled about in sabots, she was told by the critics she was far too graceful and fairy-like. She fears that the universal praise of her femininity means that she is pretty, soft, appealing, and underdone. Her Juliet, she confesses charmingly, was lacking in original impulse and ever so many other things her vanity will not let her set down. She understands the part better now, but one may not play Juliet at sixty. (Alas,

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what a sad world of meaning is in that little sentence!)

And is she vain? Well, when she was little she was a perfect heap of vanity—but it suddenly all fell away from her when there dawned upon her what care, intelligence and labour go to make a great production. Even when a long-legged girl of thirteen in sister Kate's new pink silk bonnet trimmed with lace, gross flattery was good enough for her; and she suspects that even yet vanity might succeed where remonstrance would fail. And is she artful in this book and does she set the stage? Well, you know what Charles Reade called her. He sent her a letter once which she quotes merely to show that he always gave her a tiny bit of jam with the bitter powder of his criticism. "Womanly grace, subtlety, delicacy, the variety yet unvariable truthfulness of facial expression—compared with which the faces beside you are wooden dolls—no great quality absent from your performance . . . but often where vigour is required you turn limp." She modestly deprecates the sheer eulogies she deliciously or brazenly contrives to exhibit. Well, what would you have? You cannot expect the born actress to come before a perpetual public without her best clothes on, especially when she admits that she always sees her clothes first and then the part afterward. Since the unique and delightful Colley Cibber actors have always acted in their reminiscences, and she—though not unique—is not less delightful. One is willing for Ellen Terry to remember—since it has here showed no sign of turning her very level head—that she is the darling of the English world.

Algernon Tassin.

II

Clara Loughlin's "The Death of Lincoln"*

This is a fitting, last ebbing wave to the centennial flood of Lincolniana, this presentation of the

last scene of all
That ends this strange, eventful history.

*The Death of Lincoln. The story of Booth's plot, his deed, and the penalty. By Clara E. Loughlin. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

It was a happy thought to exhume and collect out of the contemporary and authentic records of forty-four years ago the accounts of the "plot," the "deed" and the "penalty." It was an equally happy thought to collect the contemporaneous illustrations, made mostly by the camera, at a time when photography was by no means the extempore and every-day supplement to journalism that it is to-day. Not otherwise could the tragedy be brought so near to those of a younger generation. Not otherwise could they be made so nearly to enter into the feelings of the men and women of 1865, be brought so nearly to that comprehension of everything which, according to the French saying, is the forgiveness of everything. By such a mode of presentation the memory of the elders, to whom the crime and the punishment have become almost as incredible as to the juniors who have no memories to be refreshed, is brought back to the passions of a time so long superseded. A dry authentic recital is the likeliest mode of reviving recollections in one generation, and kindling imaginations in another, until young and old learn to put themselves in the places of the actors or the spectators of April, 1865. Without some such reconstruction of the circumstances, the crime and the punishment are alike unrealisable. The killing of Lincoln on the one hand, the killing of Mrs. Surratt on the other, seems wanton and aimless. On both sides it is a question of psychology.

Miss Loughlin has done her work very well, much better than if she had taken a more ambitious view of her task. To collect the stories that were told and believed at the time, the explanations that were made at the time, the "views," in two senses, that were taken at the time: this seems a modest however indispensable preparation for ambitious history, or for an ambitious "historical novel." Yet, in fact, that once faithfully done, all is done. It is the imagination of the reader that must then be appealed to. If he happen to be without any, the younger reader, all the worse for him. He will never come to understand. The whole Union, the whole Confederacy were off their balance in April, 1865. After the

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collapse of Lee's army, and of the cause for which it stood, and the vague yearning for vengeance that possessed so large a part of the South, it required some such frantic endeavour as Booth's to put that emotion into practice to show those who underwent the emotion how idle it was. The psychological explanation of Booth himself is not so difficult. His ambition was essentially histrionic—of the stage, stagey. An actor is not less an actor because he is a bad actor. Wilkes Booth was not a very good one. Miss Loughlin sets forth that the Winter Garden Theatre, in the November before the assassination, when the three Booth brothers played the three chief parts in *Julius Cæsar* together, was under the management of their sister Asia and John S. Clarke. It may have been technically so. But William Stuart, "Winter Garden Stuart," was already the lessee of the theatre, as he was afterward, when Edwin made within its walls that unprecedented "run" in *Hamlet*. And Stuart, years after Wilkes Booth's tragedy had turned from mock to real, used to tell of that triple performance, to illustrate the illiteracy and incomprehension of actors, how the brothers were assembled to hear the play read and take their assignments, and how Wilkes, upon hearing some of Mark Antony's declamation, exclaimed, "All right! I'll play that fellow." Tyrannicide, one may say, was a congenial rôle for the sons of a parent who had named one of them Junius Brutus and another John Wilkes. And, in studying the testimony our authoress has assembled, one must at every point be struck with the staginess of the "conspiracy." The abduction of the Yankee President was a most alluring *coup de theatre*. Having had his imagination fired by it, and cast himself for chief abductor, the next care of Wilkes Booth was to "make up for the part." There is a most curious account here of the swart sombreros and muffling cloaks, the revolvers, daggers and other properties, which he had collected at his lodgings in anticipation of the deed that was to free the South and immortalise himself. It was like a "conspiracy" of boys with lath swords. It was only after the Confederacy collapsed at Appomattox, and it became clear, even to him, that nothing was to be gained by abduction for the cause that was already lost, that his thought turned from abduction to assassination. And it does not appear that in the darker plot there were any conspirators except the actual actors. Booth clearly saw himself

> Refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate,

and declaiming

> For lo! the tyrant prostrate in the dust
> And Rome again is free.

"Sic semper tyrannis," the motto of Virginia, was, it was accepted at the time, the exclamation with which he bounded backward from the stage after the shooting, a cry which the irrepressible American irreverence burlesqued, within a week, into "I'm sick. Send for Mcmanus." Miss Loughlin finds no evidence that he said it. But he himself testifies in his last written words that he tried to say it. And, what is most characteristic of the stage fever into which he had wrought himself, is the expression, in this same writing, of his astonishment and despair at finding himself, even among "Confederate sympathisers," shunned as a pariah after his crime, when he had expected to be hailed as a deliverer. One cannot regret that shot of the other fanatic, Boston Corbett, which took the assassin out of the realm of what in those frenzied days passed for "justice" in Washington.

Nor can it be said with much confidence that Booth's own crime was a national calamity. If Moses, instead of stopping at Pisgah, had crossed over into Canaan and "conducted the administration," who can say that he would have been successful? And could the man who had for four years been the Commander-in-Chief of the armies of the Union have conciliated the people whom those armies had overpowered? Nobody can answer these questions, of course. But this narrative makes it clear that the murder of Lincoln, by the horror and grief it inspired in the South, prepared the way for "a more perfect Union." However all this may be, the readers of this volume, be they young or old, will have a far more "realising sense" than it

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is likely they have already of the conditions which made possible the assassination and the consequence.

Montgomery Schuyler.

III

H. E. Krehbiel's "Chapters of Opera"

Mr. Henry Edward Krehbiel has written what is virtually a history of operatic activity in New York, though he has unpretentiously titled his volume *Chapters of Opera**—constituting, as he explains in a sub-title, "historical and critical observations and records concerning the lyric drama in New York from its earliest days down to the present time." It may be said at once that Mr. Krehbiel is equipped for the accomplishment of such a task as he has undertaken here beyond any other writer upon music in this country. For twenty-five years, as he remarks in his preface, he has occupied the same orchestra chair in the Metropolitan Opera House as music critic of *The Tribune;* he has a genius for fact and a passion for accuracy of statement; his knowledge of events within his own experience is minute and comprehensive; and he has a delightful gift of narrative. It is impossible to think of any writer within the contemporary field who could have produced a volume with the substance and the flavour of this book of Mr. Krehbiel's—for the substance is rich and rewarding and the flavour is personal, winning, unique.

The first illustration in Mr. Krehbiel's book is a picture of the Old Park Theatre, New York; almost the last is a view of Mr. Hammerstein's Manhattan Opera House; and these may be regarded as the visible symbols of the beginning and the end of the history of opera in New York, as that history is unfolded in Mr. Krehbiel's veracious and exhaustive chapters. The Park Theatre saw what was probably the emergence of Italian Opera in the United States when Garcia's troupe came there, in 1825, with Rossini's *Barber of Seville;* though Mr. Krehbiel observes that "there can exist no doubt at all" that Italian operas, and French, were given in some form—"perhaps, as a rule, in the adapted form which prevailed in the London theatres until far into the nineteenth century"—before 1800, in the towns of the Eastern seaboard. He refers to his own statement in *Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians* that among these works were Grétry's *Zémire et Azor,* Monsigny's *Déserteur,* and Dalayrac's *Nina* (known to Charleston, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York). And he believes that an "opera in three acts," the text adapted by Colman, entitled *The Spanish Barber; or, The Futile Precaution,* which was played in Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York in 1794, was Paisiello's *Barbiere di Siviglia.* Yet Mr. Krehbiel makes the interesting statement that the entire history of Italian Opera in New York City comes within the memory of persons still living; and he remarks that "within the last year" Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, "entertaining some of her relatives and friends with an account of social doings in New York in her childhood, recalled the fact that she had been taken as a tiny miss to hear some of the performances of the Garcia Troupe."

Mr. Krehbiel writes entertainingly and informingly in his first chapters concerning the introduction of opera in New York; and through these pages move the hallowed ghosts of Manuel Garcia, Malibran, Lorenzo Da Ponte—librettist to Mozart; and Mr. Krehbiel considers the immemorial question, "Why do Men Become Opera Managers?" Thereafter he discourses, in succeeding chapters, of the advent of the Patti family; of Max Maretzek and his picturesque career; of the founding of the Academy of Music; of Grisi and the sainted Mario; of Adelina Patti's debut; of the advent of the indomitable Colonel Mapleson; of Campanini and Brignoli, and the latter's singular appetite and amusing superstitions. Coming then to the period which he most intimately knows, Mr. Krehbiel describes the establishment of the Metropolitan Opera House, and he relates in detail the eventful and engrossing tale of its quarter century of existence. Here Mr. Krehbiel is at his best—

*Chapters of Opera. By Henry Edward Krehbiel. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 1908.

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charming and lucid in narration, illuminating in comment, both caustic and urbane in characterisation, authoritative in exposition: a complete and easy master of his subject.

He does not disdain the anecdote—indeed, his history is a most adroit amalgam of narrative, criticism, anecdote, and reminiscence. In his *personalia* he is vivid and entertaining. A single anecdote will serve as an example. He tells it of Albert Niemann, one of the greatest of Wagnerian impersonators, who first made known to American audiences the rôles of Tristan and Siegfried (in *Götterdämmerung*):

"Adolph Robinson, the barytone of the first few German seasons," recalls Mr. Krehbiel, "was an excellent singer and also actor; but he belonged to the old operatic school, and was prone to extravagant action and exaggerated pathos. He was, moreover, fond of the footlights. At one of the last rehearsals for *Tristan und Isolde,* Robinson, the Kurwenal of the occasion, was perpetually running from the dying hero's couch to the front of the stage to sing his pathetic phrases with tremendous feeling into the faces of the audience. Niemann, reclining on the couch, immovable as a recumbent statue, as was his wont, without a gesture, all evidence of the seething impatience which is consuming him mirrored in the expression of his face, and particularly his eyes, watched the conventional stage antics of his colleague till he could endure them no longer. He gave a sign to Seidl, who stopped the orchestra to hear the dying knight addressing his squire in winged but un-Wagnerian words to this effect: 'My dear Robinson, this scene is not all yours—Tristan has also something to say here; and how am I to make my share of the dramatic effect if you are always going to run down to the audience and sing at it? After a while there will be nothing left for me to do but to get up and hurl my boots into the audience room. And I'm a very sick man. Now, there's a good fellow, come over here to the couch; stay by me and nurse me, and you'll see there's something in my part, too.'"

Mr. Krehbiel, as has been said, embodies in his record numerous critical estimates, not alone of singers but of works—estimates which were formed at the time of the first performances of the operas under review. Some of these estimates are memorable and stimulating pieces of criticism, as those which were provoked by Verdi's *Falstaff,* De Lara's *Messaline,* Strauss's *Salome*—the last, especially, is a masterpiece of exposition and analysis. But Mr. Krehbiel has seen fit to retain also his unjust and inadequate comments upon what is, in the opinion of not a few observers, the most important music-drama produced since the death of Wagner—Debussy's *Pelléas et Mélisande*—a work which for many not wholly contemptible lovers of music is of extraordinary, even epoch-making, qualities. Yet for Mr. Krehbiel this beautiful and singularly individual production is merely "amorphous"; admiration for it is a result of "pose" on the part of an "æsthetic cult"; "nine-tenths of the music" is "a dreary monotony." Of course, Mr. Krehbiel has an inalienable right to hold and to utter these opinions—as inalienable a right as had that Teutonic critic who, forty years ago, could find nothing better to say of Wagner's then novel *Tristan und Isolde* than that it was "cat-music." I am not questioning his right—I am marvelling at his temerity in thus lifting these opinions out of the sheltering oblivion of newspaper print and placing them unescapably on record between the pages of a book. Mr. Krehbiel might retort that he is willing to depend upon posterity for an ultimate justification; and he is beyond doubt sincere in regarding as deluded fanatics those who find value and significance in the work of such as Debussy. But for some it will always seem more prudent in such cases to be, in the excellent phrase of Mr. Henry James, "infinitely curious and incorrigibly patient;" since "just in proportion as he is sentient and restless, just in proportion as he reacts and reciprocates and penetrates, is the critic a valuable instrument."

Yet it is only the irrepressible "modernist" who will take issue on this point with Mr. Krehbiel. For others—indeed, for the "modernist" himself—*Chapters of Opera* will furnish a generous measure of entertainment, enlighten-

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ment, and edification; and for many it will be indispensable.

The book has over seventy illustrations, with especially admirable portraits; and there is an exhaustive index.

Lawrence Gilman.

IV

Andrew Lang's "Jeanne Darc"*

The career of Jeanne Darc—the name usually is written Jeanne d'Arc or Joan of Arc, an absurd equivalent—was so extraordinary, her personality was so marvellous, that she has been from the very beginning a constant source of interest to biographers and historians. She figures largely in contemporary records, not always trustworthy, but it may be worthier of credence than some critics have been willing to admit. Lives of her appeared in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and the writers of the nineteenth century have been particularly busy with her fame; nor is this latest volume by Mr. Lang likely to be the last. Quicherat's publication in 1850 of the *Procès* robbed all preceding works of the greater part of their value; every biographer since has owed an enormous debt to him. It would be invidious to choose among the recent biographies written by Frenchmen; Mr. Lang cordially acknowledges his own obligations to them. The best previous life in English is Mr. F. C. Lowell's; but this is to be credited to American scholarship; Mr. Lang is the first British historian to undertake a careful and scientific study of all the documents. Perhaps Mr. Lang's chief purpose, after all, has been to confute the conclusions of M. Anatole France; it was, in any case, a task worth attempting. To represent Jeanne as a mere victim of hallucinations and unscrupulous priests is to misread her character strangely. Mr. Lang's estimate has more the stamp of credibility.

I incline to think that in a sense not easily defined, Jeanne was "inspired," and I am convinced that she was a person of the highest genius, of the noblest character. Without her genius and her character, her glimpses of hidden things (supposing them to have occurred) would have been of no avail in the great task of redeeming France. Another might have heard Voices offering the monitions; but no other could have displayed her dauntless courage and gift of encouragement; her sweetness of soul; and her marvellous and victorious tenacity of will.

No theory can be more remarkable than the facts. Here was a little peasant girl of Domremy, on the very edge of Loraine, unversed in books, a cheerful, active child, but inclined more to religion than her mates. There is nothing to justify the assertion that she was as one apart from the beginning; she performed her domestic duties, enjoyed the village diversions, and kept her thoughts to herself. Nor, for that matter, was her attitude ever that of a mystic. She believed in her Voices, she was guided by their counsel; but she was not less swayed by her own clear wit and common sense. "Jeanne was a child of the free air, not of the cloister. She made no vow of perpetual maidenhood." Perhaps, as Mr. Lang says, had there been no wars she would have lived and died obscurely. Yet it is futile to endeavour to explain her career with regard only to her outward circumstances. Indeed, to deny the miraculous in it raises more difficulties than it solves. To say that ardent patriotism was her chief motive, to argue that she had so long dwelt upon the evils which encompassed France that her own thoughts took audible form in the commands of the saints, leaves the mystery darker than ever. There have been other simple, untaught men and women who were ready to make any sacrifice for their native land; there has been but one Jeanne Darc. We may not pluck out the heart of her mystery by any cold analysis.

For what are the facts—the undisputed facts? Voices or no Voices, there came to this obscure little maid of thirteen a great desire to save France. Doubtless her aspirations were vague enough at first; but they presently took definite shape. By the time she was sixteen the cause for which she hoped and prayed was apparently hopeless; the Dauphin

*The Maid of France: Being the Story of the Life and Death of Jeanne d'Arc. By Andrew Lang. With Portraits. New York: Longmans, Green and Company.

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and his followers had practically abandoned the struggle. Jeanne's self-imposed task was to relieve Orleans and lead the Dauphin to Reims to be crowned. Its military aspect was incidental. She put on male apparel, she led the soldiers into battle, merely because she sought the easiest and most effective way to achieve her mission. In all she did there was a simple directness which contradicts the assumption that she was a mere enthusiast, a visionary, a miracle-worker, devoid of practical ideas. As her understanding of the difficulties in her way increased her power to deal with them increased also. In the face of the inevitable opposition at home, in the face of the ridicule so mad a scheme aroused in a man like the Governor of Vaucouleurs, she won an interview with the Dauphin at Chinon and gave him the "sign" which made him take her pretensions in earnest. She underwent a rigid examination by the learned doctors at Poitiers and came forth triumphant. She made no mystery about herself. "In God's name," she cried, "I did not come to Poitiers to work miracles! Take me to Orleans and I will show you the signs of my sending; give me few men or many, and I go." These are not the words of a béguine. She knew precisely what she wanted to do and how to do it. Finally she was permitted to set forth. She relieved Orleans; she saw the King crowned at Reims. She would have marched on Paris had she been permitted. "In a crisis of the national fortunes of France," says Mr. Lang, "the hour had come, and the girl. In other crises the hour has come, and the man—Cromwell or Napoleon. We recognise their genius and their opportunity. But in the case of Jeanne Darc, as she was an ignorant girl of seventeen, human wisdom is apt to decline to recognise the happy welding of opportunity and genius and to look about for any explanation that may minimise the marvel." Jeanne had no supernatural power to compel the unwilling acceptance of her advice. She knew, in fact, that she must lose her life to save France. That she so bravely accepted her fate is her greatest glory.

It is difficult to understand how any one who reads carefully the account of her trial can endorse the conclusions of M. France. She had full faith in her Voices; and if we believe that the Holy Angels "may succour and defend us on earth," why should we say her nay? Who shall erect an impenetrable wall between the seen and the unseen? The historian, perhaps, may not meddle in such matters; he may construct, so to say, a working hypothesis on the solid basis of fact. But no hypothesis which assumes Jeanne to be a half-insane mystic, a psychic *lusus naturæ*, or a mere tool in the hands of intriguing priests, can stand the test of examination. As she had faced the doctors at Chinon, so she faced the inquisitors at Rouen. M. France thinks that Jeanne was unable to distinguish between the true and the false because of her perpetual hallucinations. On the contrary, although she would not deny her Voices, she was singularly chary of making any claims to miraculous powers. "From beginning to end," says Mr. Lang, "her mind was perfectly clear, undimmed by dreams." She would not reveal the secret of the King; she was far more loyal to him than he was to her. Her judges repeatedly tried to entangle her, asking her questions which she properly refused to answer. She saw the traps that were set for her. Threatened with torture, she declared, "I will say no other thing than I have said." Did she at the last moment abjure her faith and perjure herself? Had she done so, this poor girl among her persecutors, it would have been no wonder. "As a matter of fact," concludes Mr. Lang, "it is as nearly as possible certain that, though she repeated some form of words, and signed something, she neither repeated nor signed the long and drastic document given in the official record." Let it be remembered that she could not read, and that her enemies were eager to find any sanction for their cruelty. She realised that she had said or signed something which gave the lie to her professions. "My Voices have told me since that I greatly sinned in that deed, in confessing that I had done ill. What I said, I said in fear of fire." She was at least as brave as that learned man Cranmer in a similar case.

If Mr. Lang's careful citations from the documents and his minute scrutiny of

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the evidence have now and then interfered somewhat with the easy flow of the narrative, his book is none the less profoundly interesting and a welcome addition to the literature of the subject. It is impossible to do justice either to the book or the subject in a brief notice. But enough has been said, perhaps, to indicate to the reader the fascination of both. The question of the Voices is of minor consequence, after all. The essential fact remains that Jeanne Darc, this simple peasant maid from Domremy, was born to be the saviour of her country, to accomplish a heroic work that no man of her time had been able to accomplish, to hold steadfastly to the vision of her duty, to accept a martyr's fate as the end of her God-given mission. Few figures in all history shine to-day with the clear radiance of hers.

Edward Fuller.

V

Maxim Gorky's "The Spy"*

It is one of the commonplaces of Russian criticism of to-day that Maxim Gorky has survived the zenith of his career, that he lives on his past record. His new books still enjoy an overwhelming circulation, but this is due to the deep-rooted vogue of their author's name and to the halo of martyrdom which surrounds it rather than to extraordinary intrinsic merit.

Gorky made his entry with a new message. If his "overmen" of the underworld, of the realm of tramps and criminals, lacked the convincing reality to which Russian art had been accustomed, they certainly have the stamp of originality and talent, and the fresh note which he then sounded was deservedly welcome. Add to this the fact that the new writer was one of the common people in a literature of noblemen whose best traditions were based (owing to the anti-serfdom exaltations of a former period) upon an idealisation of the peasant, and his meteoric success becomes obvious. But this artificial field of his was not inexhaustible. He repeated himself. His Nietzschianic "hoboes" palled, and when he took to more ordinary mortals the enthusiasm he evoked was perfunctory and gradually flagged.

With the advent of the titanic figure of Leonid Andreev Gorky found himself eclipsed. At the same time the failure of the revolution gave rise to a thousand abnormalities in literature as well as in life. The stifled political passions of the nation fell to seeking an outlet, among other things, in all sorts of artistic idiosyncrasies. The decadent school found a host of followers; whereupon Gorky proved neither able to keep abreast of the time nor strong enough as a sane realistic artist to retain rank with men like Turgeneff, Tolstoy, Dostoyevsky or Chekhoff. But then he is more than ever admired as a citizen, as an exile who has suffered for the cause and given several fortunes to it; and as, in addition, his themes usually have the virtue of timeliness, he is still one of the most widely read authors in his country.

The present book tells the story of the Revolution from a novel view-point, from the one of a political spy. Yevsey Klimkoff, a peasant boy, obtains employment in a book-shop, the owner of which turns out to be a detective. The shop is a mere pretext, a means for testing the loyalty of its customers to the czar. With this end in view seditious literature is offered them, with a pretense of secrecy, those who fall into the trap becoming the quarry of the Department of Safety.

Klimkoff is a weak-kneed, backboneless individual of good impulses, but a veritable football of surrounding men and conditions. Of honest and humane proclivities at heart, he does loathsome things whenever he is made to do them. He is an orphan, a waif, and being feeble of mind and body, he is forever beaten and victimised by his playmates. The result was an unresisting cat's paw in the hands of his fellow-men, with nobler sensibilities than actions—one of those human beings who travel through life doing exactly the things which they do not want to do.

The bookseller is killed by his mistress

*The Spy. The Story of a Superfluous Man. By Maxim Gorky. Authorised translation by Thomas Seltzer, New York: B. W. Huebsch.

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and Klimkoff becomes a clerk in the Police Department and then a spy in the Department of Safety. Here we are introduced to the life of Russian political sleuths, to their attitude toward the revolutionists, to their experiences with one another and with the people they shadow. This is a rather inaccessible subject for a Russian writer to take up, but Gorky seems to have had exceptional opportunities for studying it, and he offers us a series of extremely interesting pictures of this proscribed nook of Russian life.

One of the men whom Klimkoff is set to spy upon is Mironoff, a celebrated writer. Subsequently, after the constitution has been granted, another spy, an educated man named Maklakoff, wearies of his occupation and goes to Argentine to turn a new leaf. Before doing so he sends Mironoff an autobiographical sketch together with an introspective analysis of his penitent self. The manuscript is sent through Klimkoff, who, warming to Mironoff, unbosoms himself to him of his own spiritual burdens, telling him his life-story.

As Gorky lived in Riga under conditions very similar to those of Mironoff, it seems within bounds to suppose that the episode here referred to has likewise some basis of fact. If so, it offers a solution to the question as to how the celebrated revolutionist author obtained his material for the present novel. One of the things of which Klimkoff unburdens himself to Mironoff is his compunction at having betrayed to the police his own cousin and playmate as well as a girl who has won his (Klimkoff's) heart.

He had gradually come to realise the justice of the revolutionists' cause and their moral and spiritual superiority over all the other people he met, but he lacked the will to abandon his degrading vocation. Nor would it be easy for him to do so if he tried. The slightest hint at his business, even when accompanied by a declaration of the best intentions on his part, made him the butt of abomination among decent people and put his life in danger.

Olga, the revolutionist working girl, to whom his cousin had introduced him, and the entire world which surrounded them charmed him so that, in an outburst of ecstasy over their higher life, he dropped to his knees in an attempt to confess what he now considers his moral crimes to her. Olga mistakes it for a love passage, which she rejects gently but firmly. The male in him is offended. He drifts back into his usual self, and without wishing to do so, as always, he plays the part of an *agent provocateur* and decoys Olga, his cousin and several of their friends into a secret printing establishment for which he furnishes the type, and brings about their arrest.

The most important part of the book is perhaps to be found in those chapters which tell us how the Black Hundreds were organised. When the constitution had been proclaimed the spies of the Department of Safety were in despair. Free speech and a free press was a death blow to their business. The spies were made up of "Hybrids, degenerates, the physically sick, stupid animals"—one of their chiefs argues. "We must tell them that the new order would destroy them. The quiet among them would die of starvation; the more forward would rot in prison."

Accordingly, they are organised into a League of Russian People. They are given pistols and told to shoot every revolutionist they come across. As the interests of the grand dukes are identical with those of the spies and all sorts of other social misfits, impunity was promised to the League from above. Thus the True Sons of Russia, the "Patriots" of the country came into being, with a membership made up of the lowest social outcasts as well as of members of the Imperial family. Extremes met. The newly organised hordes went about clamouring for the revocation of the constitution, in the name of "good Old Russia," and shooting down revolutionists who came out to celebrate the birth of Freedom, and maiming Jewish women and children.

The book contains many effective scenes and the narrative is as engrossing as it is important as a human and a historical document. The personality of Klimkoff is interesting though it has scarcely been realised, which is perhaps the case with the novel as a whole. Somehow, the story has an effect of having been written with neither inspiration

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nor enthusiasm, as though the author had not the patience or was not in the mood to bestow upon his striking material the artistic attention which it called for.

The English of the translation is clear and readable, and, barring some few exceptional instances, the Russian idiom has been rendered correctly and with felicity.

Abraham Cahan.

VI

Mr. Wells's "Tono-Bungay"*

Opposite the title-page of Mr. Wells's new book appears a list of his works, by no means complete, but properly classified, thus: Short stories (three volumes), Romances (eleven), Novels (two), Sociological and Socialist essays (five). In future lists *Tono-Bungay* should appear under each heading. It is not, to be sure, with its four hundred and fifty pages, a short story; but it contains chapters that might serve as short stories. It is plainly a romance, with much else besides. Mr. Wells himself calls it a novel; there are critics who will tell you it is a sociological essay. It is in truth a very omnibus of fiction. "My ideas of a novel all through are comprehensive rather than austere," remarks the narrator of this amorphous tale. As a socialist, Mr. Wells knows the centralising tendency of modern industry; is he trying to crush the small dealer by establishing a mammoth department store novel, in which every one can find everything he needs? Victorian romance, near the entrance; tragedy—take the elevator, top floor; comedy, in the basement; science and sociology, on the bargain counter; a tempting display of realism in the drug department. "I suppose what I'm really trying to render is nothing more nor less than life—as one man has found it," further explains our author. Large as this contract sounds, other novelists have undertaken it; not one, however, with more generous intentions than Mr. Wells.

This opulent garrulity is a supposed characteristic of the great English novelists of the Tradition—of the Dickenses and Thackerays and Trollopes who lived in the days of the three-decker novel. But though Mr. Wells's romance may occasionally savour of the good old times, he is, as usual, eminently up-to-date as regards his main subject. Tono-Bungay is—need it be explained?—a patent medicine. Its inventor, the great Edward Ponderevo, and his nephew and aide, the narrator of the veracious chronicle, struggle with varying fortunes for the position of hero. To match them there are two heroines—perhaps more. But heroines and their affairs are, in the language of commerce, mere bye-products. To modern industry and finance the big volume is dedicated. In the symphonic development of this great theme lies whatsoever appearance of unity the book can boast.

And Edward Ponderevo, cockney, druggist's clerk, gambler, inventor, advertiser, promoter, financier, capitalist, colossal defaulter, is a fine embodiment of the Romance of Commerce in which he himself ardently believes. Mr. Wells has given him substance and life. His impossible career can be matched in dozens around us. Every stage of his progress fits into the present scheme of things. Silly, inefficient creature that he is, he has perceived with a kind of vulgar genius the potency of advertising. He invents a name for a patent medicine, and then concocts a mixture to fit the name—a villainous cocktail, feebly disguised. By fraud and bluff he launches his enterprise, and it succeeds. Of course he believes in himself, in his genius, in his star—even in his honesty. Once established, with other people's money for his plaything, his most fantastic projects become realities. He piles one stupendous folly on another—until at last the crash comes.

This is hero number one. In hero number two we have a man of different type. George Ponderevo, the great Edward's nephew, possesses the scientific imagination, so dear to Mr. Wells. He has, too, the gift of confession of his creator, who has elsewhere proclaimed his belief that there is a kind of dishonesty in refraining from telling everything you know about yourself. Since the

*Tono-Bungay. By H. G. Wells. New York: Duffield and Company.

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story is in his mouth, this belief is the reader's gain. Through force of circumstances he plays his part in the development of his preposterous uncle's fortunes, but his heart is in science. He is the spokesman for Mr. Wells's curious lore concerning the imaginable possibilities of scientific research. He builds dirigible balloons and gliders, and makes journey to the African coast for a cargo of "quap"—a substance of such radio-activity that it destroys the boat in which he is bringing it back to England. Furthermore, he is touched with Mr. Wells's own sociological mania. He reflects much on the curious social anomalies with which his uncle's business brings him into contact. He sees the decay of the old order, and speculates as to what shall follow it. He is a complete contrast to his uncle, and every whit as modern.

Remain the bye-products. It would be interesting to dwell on these, for they furnish not the least of the varied interests of the book. George Ponderevo relates the story of his brief married life in a section that might almost be detached and set by itself as a rival to George Moore's best pages. In his account of his relations with the sex George has the frankness of a thoughtful man, an observant, sincere man who is tired of the shams with which the subject is plastered over, a man who has nevertheless an attenuated strain of vulgar cockneyism in him. That he manages to utter some truths barely implicit if not actually ignored in most fiction is to be accounted to him for good. There are further truths uttered in his account of the great love of his life, which comes later, but here they are so mixed and overlaid with untruths that a chemical reaction would be required to precipitate the pure metal.

But leaving this episode out of the account—and no one expects Mr. Wells to be at his best in dealing with a *grande passion*—the book, taken in detail, is marvellously good. If the mass of material were well organised it might be a great book. It is not organised; the whole is considerably less than the sum of its parts. But concede this, regard it as a book to be taken piecemeal, not read as a whole, and there should be entertainment somewhere in its pages for every conceivable taste. To use the only appropriate analogy, its virtues are as pervasive as those of the patent medicine which it celebrates.

Ward Clark.

VII

E. F. Benson's "The Climber"*

Formerly the social climber was the *parvenu,* the vulgar person, recently enriched, who sought by means of her wealth to associate with people of position. That is the class of person held up to ridicule in such books as *The Yellow-plush Papers, Ten Thousand a Year,* and *The Potiphar Papers.* Nowadays the social struggler must enter the fray with a far more complete outfit than that of mere money, or she stands no chance of success. Intelligence, a certain amount of culture, real or imitation, never-ending perseverance and a goodly proportion of that cleverness that is quick to perceive and profit by the weaknesses of others—these are the weapons with which the climber of to-day seeks to capture the desired position.

In describing the career of Lucia Grimson Mr. Benson has given us one of his best stories and drawn some of his best characters. First of these is Lucia herself, beautiful, clever and condemned to that hopelessly dull existence which is the lot of the British alone among the nations of the earth, and from which matrimony seems to offer the only escape. Lord Brayton appears upon the scene, and to secure this eligible husband Lucia exerts every effort and ruse. Brayton is something of a prig, but a good fellow withal, desirous of doing his duty as a citizen, and sincere in his wish to have his influence, his house, and his name stand for something higher than mere fashion. His appreciation of culture is real, though perhaps a little conscious and laboured, and it is by playing skilfully upon this trait of character that Lucia wins him, and deliberately, al-

*The Climber. By E. F. Benson. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

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though she knows that her best friend, Maud, is in love with him.

After a few years of married life she begins to find her husband rather tiresome and realises the difficulty of keeping up her *pose* of caring only for the higher things of life, but she has gained so much by her marriage that these are but trifles. Up to this time her heart, such as it is, has been entirely untouched when, suddenly, comes her emotional experience. Maud has married a cousin of Lord Brayton's and is very happy. Charlie is attracted by Lucia, as all men are; she begins by liking to exert her power over him, and before she knows it, the mischief is done and each is aware of the other's sentiments. No feeling of loyalty to the man who had given her so much, no touch of pity for the woman whom she is again robbing, assails Lucia. She encourages Charlie and draws him on, with the usual result of detection, exposure, and the Divorce Court. Maud sends her husband away for six months, at the end of which time he is to choose between his wife and Lucia. Should his choice be the latter, Maud will do what she can to make their marriage possible; should he decide in favour of his wife, she will take him back. Lucia goes back to the dull home in Brixton to await her sentence, which comes, six months later, in the form of a paragraph in the paper announcing that Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lindsay are in town for the remainder of the season. Her doom is sealed, and from thenceforward her life stretches on before her like a dusty road, dull and hopeless.

Lucia is plainly the descendant of *Dodo,* the author's earlier creation, though a little more modern, a little better educated, and far more of a manœuverer. Her selfishness is a little more decently covered, but she is just as hard and worthless. The characters of the two old aunts are wonderfully well drawn: Aunt Cathie, with the severe appearance and demeanour and the tender heart, and Aunt Elizabeth, soft in manner, but really as hard as nails. Mr. Benson is a very prolific writer, but it is long since he has given us as good a story as *The Climber.*

Mary K. Ford.

VIII

Phillpotts's "The Three Brothers"*

After concentrating all his force upon the development of a single character, as in his last year's novel, *The Mother of the Man,* Mr. Phillpotts has returned to the method of his earlier books. His newest story, *The Three Brothers,* is a natural successor to the first among his best works. On a wide canvas of moor, rock-bound hills and open spaces of land and sky, a large group of people act out their lives, fulfil their destinies. The three men who give the title to the book, the three brothers Baskerville, loom large in the story, and its chiefer characters are their families and those nearest them in friendship. But we learn to know a number of village types of the same delicious humour, the same sharpness of outline we have come to look for in Mr. Phillpotts. And we welcome them with the same glee with which we greet each new impersonation by a favourite comedian. Some of them are familiar friends for the readers of Mr. Phillpotts's books, but they are none the less welcome for all that. The three brothers, who are the heroes of the story (perhaps the having three heroes makes the canvas seem so full of figures), are all creations worthy of great praise. While in the case of two, the story is but portraiture, not a depicting of development, yet for one of them, sour-tempered Humphrey Baskerville, development comes through suffering, and teaches him to better understand himself, while teaching others to better understand him. One marvels at the rich imagination of the writer, who in these days of thinly spread plots can condense within a single book situations enough for a dozen novels. More than one long story has been written around the right of one human being to end the sufferings of another by a kindly anticipated painless death. Mr. Phillpotts makes of it but one short episode in a chain of many other episodes. Also the story of Nathan Baskerville's secret romance, his unfortunate speculations and defraudations, this of itself would have sufficed for a central theme of

*The Three Brothers. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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a book nearly as long. But Mr. Phillpotts has an odd knack of power in the subordinating of such stirring incidents to the quiet orderly passing of days and nights, to the sequence of trivialities which fill in the hours that must be lived between the tragedies and the joys, an odd knack at making his story, at the last, be more than a depicting of any one incident or character, be something like a little slice out of life itself.

When one comes about half way through in this book, there is a slight faltering of the attention, and a tendency to believe the author has put in too many figures on his canvas, too much detail, to hold the reader. But persevere, and a little further on it will be found that the story has a grip like that of life itself, the same fascination that comes of a lonely evening in reviewing the canvas of one's own life and the many figures it has held. Eden Phillpotts is an uneven writer. But at his best there is a bigness about his work which renders criticism difficult, which is hard to express in terms of judicious calmness. This book has something of it too, a great deal, in fact. And there is noticeable a smoothing of the style, a greater attention to clearness in detail, less mannerism, in other words Mr. Phillpotts is perfecting his workmanship without losing any of his power. There is tremendous strength in this book, and great art besides. Art in the way in which the many virile figures of the story fall gradually into the background, and lonely Humphrey Baskerville, at first only a grim, disagreeable shadow on the brightness of the others, comes slowly to take the centre of the stage, and to hold it until the striking closing scene. Mr. Phillpotts has held his tendency to sentimentality strongly in leash in this book, and has also used with praiseworthy moderation his equally strong tendency to break forth into nature descriptions at every possible opportunity. Where he has allowed himself to indulge his fondness for landscape painting, he has done it with his usual masterly touch, with his now accustomed riot of colour. While no greater than its immediate predecessor, *The Three Brothers,* is a worthy companion to Mr. Phillpotts's best work, and will continue to hold for him the admiration of a large and constantly growing circle of readers. It is a book one likes to linger over and think of afterward.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

IX

David Graham Phillips's "Joshua Craig"*

If Mr. Phillips's aim in writing *The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig* was to present a new and particularly objectionable type of all-round cad, the book must be regarded as an unqualified success. If he intended offering a half apology for his cad; if he wished to reconcile the reader to the marriage of Craig and Margaret Severence, or had himself the slightest belief in a possible happy result of that marriage, he has just as certainly failed. There are not the smallest grounds upon which to suspect Craig of even common honesty. It has been hinted that Mr. Phillips took as a model a very prominent Western statesman. If the portrait is to any degree a true one the book is a dreadful indictment of the society which tolerates the original.

By insisting on certain qualities of energy, eloquence and perseverance, Mr. Phillips brings his creature to Washington as assistant to the Attorney-General. There the animal is let loose, to snort and bellow and glorify his own vulgarity and trample people's feelings to his own infinite satisfaction. What Mr. Phillips, in the grim humour of creating the character, seems at times to forget, is that Craig is always and forever a snivelling snob and tuft-hunter, at heart regarding any approach to breeding and good manners with venomous, envious hatred. The heroine has her faults—plenty of them. She has inherited a good many of the characteristics of her pompous, intolerant, boorish old virago of a grandmother, Madame Bowker, *née* Lard. But even the most unfavourable exaggeration of Margaret Severence's unamiable qualities is a poor

*The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig. By David Graham Phillips. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

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extenuation for the author's downright brutality in marrying her to his precious Joshua. It might almost, but not quite, be said that Mr. Phillips has tried to present an American Numa Roumestan and failed because he lacked the courage to carry his narrative to its logical end. There are suggestions of Daudet's Shallow Southerner in the character, and also of Guy de Maupassant's Georges Duroy, of *Bel Ami*. But on the whole, the best that can be said of Joshua Craig is that he is a distinct contribution to the Rogues' Gallery of Fiction. Even there it would be an injustice to class him with the dignified scamp, the man with courage to rise to murder or arson or first-class forgery. His countenance belongs with those of the snatchers of women's purses, the habitual wife beaters and the levyers of petty blackmail.

Firmin Dredd.

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BELLES-LETTRES

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

Some New Literary Valuations. By William Cleaver Wilkinson.

Being a volume of essays the titles of which are as follows: "William Dean Howells as Man of Letters"; "Matthew Arnold as Critic"; "Matthew Arnold as Poet"; "Tennyson as Artist in Lyric Verse"; "Edmund Clarence Stedman as Man of Letters"; "John Morley as Critic of Voltaire and Diderot"; and "Tolstoy."

Fleming H. Revell Company:

Shakespeare. Five Lectures. By George Nye Boardman.

The titles of these five lectures are "Early Life and Work"; "Later Life and Work"; "Shakespeare as a Servant of His Generation"; "Shakespeare as Tragedian"; and "Shakespeare—Ripe Manhood."

VERSE

The Arcadia Press:

The Tragedy of Man. By Imre Madách. Translated from the Original Hungarian. By William N. Loew.

A dramatic poem the hero of which is Adam. In a series of visions beheld by Adam the history of man is shown—his past, present and future.

Richard G. Badger:

The Angel of Thought and Other Poems. By Ethel Allen Murphy.

The nine poems in this little volume are described as "Impressions from Old Masters." The pictures, by Fra Angelico, Botticelli and Dürer, which inspired the verses, are here reproduced.

The Ball Publishing Company:

Songs of Cloud and Star. By Edward Francis Burns.

Besides the verses grouped under the title "Songs of Cloud and Star" there are a number of miscellaneous poems under such heads as "Ballads and Legends"; "Peace and War"; "Books and Men"; "Ballads of Boyhood"; "Fellowship Songs"; "A Man to a Woman"; and "College Verses."

Brentano's:

The Book of Georgian Verse. Chosen and Edited with Notes by William Stanley Braithwaite.

A collection of the best work of one hundred and sixty English, Scottish and Irish poets, including such representative names as Goldsmith, Gray, Collins, Chatterton, Burns, Blake, Cowper, Crabbe, Keats, Byron, Shelley, Scott, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Landor, Hood, Beddoes, Mangan, Praed, and Peacock. The volume contains explanatory and biographical notes, a glossary, and indexes of authors, titles, and first lines.

Broadway Publishing Company:

The Way to Win. (And Other Poems.) By David Wilkie Graham.

Consisting of about eighty miscellaneous poems.

Heart Poems. By A. Elizabeth Sigsbee.

Containing twenty-one short poems on various themes.

Henry Frowde:

Toward the Uplands. By Lloyd Mifflin.

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Some of the author's later poems, which, with the exception of three, are published here for the first time.

The Macmillan Company:

Ode on the Centenary of Abraham Lincoln. By Percy MacKaye.

To be read by Mr. MacKaye at the Centenary celebration of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences.

Newport Publishing Company:

Reincarnated. By Charles Gould Beede.

A book of verse described as "A Romance of the Soul."

Plymouth Publishing Company:

The Magic of the Woods and Other Poems. By Ingram Crockett.

A collection of about one hundred miscellaneous poems, many of which have already appeared in various magazines.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Breath of the World. By Starr Hoyt Nichols.

A group of sonnets in which the author expresses his opinions upon men and affairs, and his own convictions and feelings regarding life and the world in general. They are divided into such sectional headings as "Breath of the World;" "The Republic;" "Evolution;" "Demos;" "Vulcan;" "Crafts;" "Craftsmen;" "Property;" "Sport;" "Virtues' Vices;" "Vices' Virtues;" "Philosophy;" "Sleep and Death;" "Schoolman;" "Fairy Land;" "Supernatural;" "Love;" "Friendship;" "Life;" "Animals;" "Birds;" "Flowers;" "Nature;" and "Of Various Feather."

Abraham Lincoln. A Poem. By Lyman Whitney Allen.

A revised and enlarged edition of the poem to which was awarded the prize of $1,000 offered by the New York *Herald* in 1895 for the best poem on American history.

Souvenir Publishing Company:

On the Sunset Shore. By Joseph W. Dorr.

A book of about one hundred poems and rhymes. Some of the poems are illustrated and there are also groups of views of California, Oregon, Washington, British Columbia and Alaska.

The Sun Press (Spring Valley, Wis.):

Songs from the Wayside. By Ninette M. Lowater.

A collection of more than a hundred miscellaneous poems, including a group of patriotic poems. Most of these have been reprinted from various magazines.

ART, DRAMA

Broadway Publishing Company:

A Tale Confided by the Woods. Divulged by M. Y. T. H. Myth.

A play in five acts.

Duffield and Company:

All's Well That Ends Well. Edited by W. G. Boswell-Stone. Introduction by F. W. Clark, M.A.

In the series of Old-Spelling Shakespeare, one of the sections of the Shakespeare Library. This series consists of the works of Shakespeare in the spelling of the best quarto and folio texts.

Ginn and Company:

The Art of Painting in the Nineteenth Century. By Edmund von Mach, Ph.D.

Here the author discusses French painting, German painting, British painting, American painting, painting in Italy, Spain and in the Netherlands, and painting in Russia, Denmark and Scandinavia. Reproductions of the work of some thirty artists are given.

Harper and Brothers:

The Winterfeast. By Charles Rann Kennedy.

The scene of this play is laid in Iceland in the eleventh century, on the evening of the Feast of Winter's Night. It shows the overpowering influence of a lie which, after twenty years, comes to light again and ruins the happiness of a whole family.

Mitchell Kennerley:

The World and His Wife. By Charles Frederic Nirdlinger.

A play in three acts from the verse of José Echegaray's *El Gran Galeoto.* Presented by Mr. William Faversham and company at Daly's Theatre. The book is illustrated with scenes from the play.

John W. Luce and Company:

A Florentine Tragedy. By Oscar Wilde. Opening Scene by Sturge Moore.

In the new edition of Oscar Wilde's plays published through the influence of his friend Robert Ross, who tells in an introductory note the history of the manuscript of this play and how the first scene came to be written by the dramatist and poet, Sturge Moore.

The McClure Company:

The Higher Life in Art. A Series of Lectures on the Barbizon School of France Inaugurating the Scammon Course at the Art Institute of Chicago. By John La Farge.

These six lectures were delivered by

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Mr. La Farge in May, 1903, as the first series of lectures upon the history, theory and practice of fine arts to be known as "The Scammon Lectures" and provided for by a fund left to the Art Institute of Chicago by Mrs. John Young Scammon. In Mr. La Farge's series he considers the life and work of such artists as Delacroix, Millet, Decamps, Diaz, Rousseau, Dupré, Daubigny, and Corot. Reproductions of many of the paintings of these artists are given.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

How to Appreciate Prints. By Frank Weitenkampf.

In this work Mr. Weitenkampf, who is Curator of the Print Department of the New York Public Library, tells enough of the history and technique of engravings, etchings, and other prints to illustrate the development and nature of the various processes. He points out that the object "is not to furnish cut-and-dried invariable rules, but to aid in the development of a critical spirit paired with liberal-mindedness." There are chapters on The Taste for Prints; Etching; Line Engraving; Mezzotints; Aquatint and Other Tint Methods; Stipple and Other Dot Methods; Wood Engraving; Lithography; Photomechanical Processes; Color Prints; Collecting; The Making of Prints; Care of Prints; The Subject-Interest; and Some Specialities.

MEMOIRS, BIOGRAPHY

Harper and Brothers:

Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln. By Distinguished Men of His Time. Collected and Edited by Allen Thorndike Rice.

New and revised edition. Impressions of the wonderful political career of Abraham Lincoln, with pictures of him as the Executive, in the Cabinet, in the midst of the war, at Gettysburg, as the liberator of the slaves, as the friend of the soldiers, as a man among men. There are contributions by such men as Ulysses S. Grant, Frederick Douglass, Benjamin F. Butler, Elihu B. Washburne, Henry Ward Beecher, George Sewall Boutwell, Walt Whitman, Charles Carleton Coffin, Charles A. Dana, Donn Piatt, Robert G. Ingersoll, and various others.

John Lane Company:

Edward MacDowell. A Study. By Lawrence Gilman.

This work on the late Edward MacDowell, which has been treated from two viewpoints, "The Man" and "The Music-Maker," is based upon the monograph on MacDowell which Mr. Gilman contributed to the Living Masters of Music series, and which at the death of the musician was taken from the series. In using it as a foundation for this volume the author has greatly enlarged the biographical portion and revised and extended those chapters which deal with MacDowell's music.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Bartholomew De Las Casas. His Life, his Apostolate, and his Writings. By Francis Augustus MacNutt.

Being the life and work of Bartholomew de Las Casas, the sixteenth century historian of early Spanish-America, the devoted missionary, and the defender of the Indians who fared so ill at the hands of their Christian conquerors. The author's object in this volume has been "to assign to the noblest Spaniard who ever landed in the Western world his true place among those great spirits who have defended and advanced the cause of just liberty, and at the same time to depict the conditions under which the curse of slavery was first introduced into North America."

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Some Eminent Victorians. Personal Recollections in the World of Art and Letters. By J. Comyns Carr.

Devoted to recollections and stories of the famous men of the later half of the nineteenth century with whom Mr. Carr came into personal relations. There are many anecdotes concerning such men as Rossiter, Burne-Jones, Millais and Leighton, Frederick Walker, Whistler, Browning, Tennyson, Henry Irving.

Sigma Publishing Company (St. Louis, Mo.):

Abraham Lincoln. By Denton J. Snider.

Being an "Interpretation in Biography." The introduction is devoted to the meaning of Lincoln's life, and the book proper is divided into such chapters as: "Lincoln's Apprenticeship," "Lincoln's Youth," "Drifting," "Getting Anchored," "Lincoln's National Call," "From State to Nation," "Lincoln's Subsidence," "The National Choice," and "Lincoln, the Nation's Executive."

RELIGION, SCIENCE, POLITICS, PHILOSOPHY

American Unitarian Association:

The Transient and Permanent in Christianity. By Theodore Parker. Edited with Notes by George Willis Cooke.

Sermons of Religion. By Theodore Parker Edited with a Preface by Samuel A. Eliot.

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Historic Americans. By Theodore Parker. Edited with Notes by Samuel A. Eliot.

These are three of the volumes in the Centenary Edition of Theodore Parker's works. Six volumes have been published in this series, which is to contain fifteen volumes in all and which is to be completed in 1910, the centennial year of Parker's birth.

Richard G. Badger:

Abraham Lincoln's Religion. By Madison Peters.

This volume, dealing with the spiritual side of Abraham Lincoln, is divided into three parts: "Lincoln the Man," "Was Abraham Lincoln a Christian?" and "Why Did Lincoln Never Join a Church?"

Thomas Y. Crowell and Company:

Peace, Power and Plenty. By Orison Swett Marden.

In the series of the Marden Inspiration Books. The object of the present volume is, the author states, to present in clear, simple language, shorn of all technicalities, the principles of the new philosophy which promises to lift life out of commonness and discord and make it worth while; it shows how these principles may be grasped and applied in a practical way in every-day living to each person's own individual case. Some of the chapters are: "The Law of Opulence," "Health Through Right Thinking," "Mental Chemistry," "Why Grow Old," "The Miracle of Self-Confidence," and "Good Cheer—God's Medicine."

Government Printing Office:

Physiological and Medical Observations. Among the Indians of Southwestern United States and Northern Mexico. By Ales Hrdlicka.

For the Smithsonian Institution, Bureau of American Ethnology, Bulletin 34.

Indo-American Book Company (Chicago, Ill.):

Constructive Psychology, or The Building of Character by Personal Effort. By J. D. Buck.

Volume III in the Supplemental Harmonic Series, which includes volumes on ethics, history, research and discovery. It is stated that these books are not offered as official expositions of the School of Natural Science, but as valuable literature which supplements the general position and purpose of the School.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

Phrenology, or the Doctrine of the Mental Phenomena. By J. G. Spurzheim, M.D. With an Introduction by Cyrus Elder.

This is a reprint of a book, originally published more than seventy-five years ago, that went through several editions, and has been out of print for many years. The author was one of the founders of the science of phrenology.

The Macmillan Company:

Mars as the Abode of Life. By Percival Lowell, A.B., LL.D.

Besides being an argument in favour of Professor Lowell's theory, this book is the first outline of a new science which the author calls the science of planetology—the history of the career of a planet considered as such. Professor Lowell has pointed out that this subject bridges the evolutional gap between the nebular hypothesis and the Darwinian theory, since it deals with the genesis and development of what we call a world. The volume is written for the general reader, the mathematical and other demonstrations of the various steps of the argument having been placed in an Appendix. There are numerous illustrations.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

The Living Word. By Elwood Worcester.

Treating of the old mysteries of God, evil, the soul, and immortality from the point of view of modern scientific and philosophic thought. Dr. Worcester writes that "although this simple volume makes absolutely no claim to be a compendium of theology, it does attempt to grapple with some of the greatest problems of that great science, the Nature of God, and God's relation to the soul." He states that in writing the book he has had two classes of persons in mind: "The scientifically educated, who feel that rational faith must rest on facts, and that great company of men and women who do not think profoundly or systematically, but who desire a religious interpretation of the universe and reassurance as to the supreme problems which eternally press on human life."

The Pilgrim Press:

A Man's Faith. By Wilfred T. Grenfell, M.D.

A little volume designed as a help to all in search of a larger faith, and also to assist churches and pastors in their evangelistic undertakings. The subject is treated under three heads: "How to Obtain Faith in Jesus Christ," "How to Retain Faith," and "How to Use Faith."

The Quest of Health and Happiness. By Chauncey J. Hawkins.

Outlining some of the principles which give a better understanding of the various physic movements, such as,

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Christian Science, Faith Healing, the Emmanuel Movement, and the work of Bishop Fallows of Chicago. Its object is also to create a better understanding between ministers and physicians.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

The Philosophy of Self-Help. An Application of Practical Psychology to Daily Life. By Stanton Davis Kirkham.

The volume is a systematic and scientific presentation, by a psychologist, of the application of auto-suggestion to the needs of daily life. After reviewing that body of spiritual truth, which is the normal field of the mind's activity, it then considers the nature and activity of the mind itself, and concludes with logical deductions and practical suggestions regarding mind-building, character-forming, and the overcoming of disease through an application of the principles discussed.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Modernism. By Paul Sabatier. Translated by C. A. Miles.

The author shows the growth of Modernism in all European countries, though especially in Italy and France, explains the attitude and mentality of the Pope and his advisers, and gives his reasons for believing that the Roman Church is destined to be transformed and regenerated by this, the most significant religious movement of our time.

Small, Maynard and Company:

The Coming Science. By Hereward Carrington. With an Introduction by James H. Hyslop, Ph.D., LL.D.

In the introduction to Mr. Carrington's new work on psychical research Professor Hyslop says that the author has covered in a very clear and intelligible way the main points of interest in the problems which concern the psychic researcher. He writes: "The book assumes that the facts are known or easily accessible to the reader in the publications of the Society for Psychical Research, and hence the main part of the author's task is discussion of their real or possible meaning and explanation."

Student Department, Y. M. C. A.:

The Future Leadership of the Church. By John R. Mott, M.A.

The author explains that this book is largely the result of investigations carried on during the past six years in all parts of the world, and is addressed to leaders of the Church, both ministers and laymen, and to all others who are deeply interested in the progress of Christianity.

Joseph F. Wagner (New York):

Henry Charles Lea's Historical Writings. A Critical Inquiry into Their Method and Merit. By Paul Maria Baumgarten.

The author here considers Henry Charles Lea's works on the history of Auricular Confession, the Inquisition, and other institutions of the church.

HISTORY, TRAVEL, DESCRIPTION

The Century Company:

Days Spent on a Doge's Farm. By Margaret Symonds. (Mrs. W. W. Vaughan.)

A new and enlarged edition. It is a history of the life of the owners of the estate of the house of Pisani in Northern Italy. During the latter part of the life of the widowed Countess Pisani, the author spent some time at the great farmhouse and writes here of the country life of that little known part of Italy and of her friendship with the Countess Pisani, who was a woman of exceptional brilliancy and charm.

The Macmillan Company:

The Ancient Greek Historians. By J. B. Bury, Litt.D., LL.D.

Being the Lane Lectures which Professor Bury delivered in the spring of 1908 at Harvard University. The characteristics, the peculiar merits and attractions of the famous Greek historians are discussed, with chapters on the rise of Greek historiography, Herodotus, Thucydides, the Development of History after Thucydides, Polybius, and the Ideals and Influence of the Greek Historians.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

Pictures of Old Chinatown. By Arnold Genthe. With Text by Will Irwin.

Mr. Arnold Genthe, the well-known photographer of the Pacific Coast, whose hobby for many years has been photographing Chinatown, has here reproduced nearly fifty of the photographs which he managed to save when he was driven from his home in San Francisco at the time of the earthquake. These illustrations are accompanied by Mr. Irwin's descriptive text.

The Pilgrim Press:

Daybreak in Turkey. By James L. Barton, D.D.

Dr. Barton writes that his book does not pretend to be an exhaustive study of the Turkish empire and its problems, but that the purpose from the beginning has been briefly and clearly to set forth the various historical, religious, racial, material and national questions having so vital a bearing upon all Turkish matters, and which now reveal the forces that have had so much to do in changing Turkey from an absolute monarchy into a constitutional and representative government.

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Charles Scribner's Sons:

The Abbeys of Great Britain. By H. Claiborne Dixon.

This volume gives an account of more than sixty abbeys in England, Scotland and Wales, illustrated in many cases by a full-page view of the abbey as it is today. The introduction gives a brief and concise history of monasticism in Great Britain, and then follows the list of abbeys, each one being described as it is now, with a short history of its founding and subsequent vicissitudes. A book that will appeal to travellers or any one interested in Monasticism or the general history of the Middle Ages.

EDUCATIONAL

American Book Company:

Essentials in Civil Government. A Text-Book for Use in Schools. By S. E. Forman, Ph.D.

The aim of this little book, intended for the last years of grammar school and the first years of the high school, is to establish high political ideals, to promote good citizenship. Incidentally, it teaches many important facts concerning the forms and workings of our government. Each lesson in civics is made a lesson in political ethics.

Standard Songs and Choruses. For High Schools. By M. F. MacConnell, Director of Music in New York High Schools.

In this book are ninety-eight selections, comprising part songs, excerpts from operas and oratorios, choruses, and folk-songs, in which special attention has been paid to the voice range for all parts. Some of the classical songs of Schumann, Schubert, Grieg, and others are given in the original version for one voice, thus enabling all the singers to learn the original melody.

Standards in Education. With Some Consideration of Their Relation to Industrial Training. By Arthur Henry Chamberlain, B.S., A.M.

The problems of modern education are taken up in such a manner as to make them understood by those without the school as well as those inside of it, and the treatment shows clearly the relation of the school atmosphere to the life of the outside world.

Nature Study. By Grades. Teachers' Book for Primary Grades. By Horace H. Cummings, B.S.

A helpful teacher's manual for the first three grades. The outlines given, to be developed by the teacher, are based upon familiar experiences and facts, and many field lessons are arranged for. Pupils are encouraged to make original observations and experiments, and to give natural principles their practical applications. In addition to animal and plant life, the lessons deal with physics, physiology and hygiene.

New Laboratory Manual of Physics. By S. E. Coleman, S.B., A.M.

This volume, containing twenty-six experiments, is distinctly a laboratory guide for the pupil. It aims to present a maximum of physics with a minimum of manipulation. Every experiment given is a physical experiment, and serves a definite purpose in the general plan of the course—it contributes something of positive value in the unfolding of that plan.

Nineteenth Century English Prose. Critical Essays. Edited with Introduction and Notes by Thomas H. Dickinson, Ph.D., and Frederick W. Roe, A.M.

This book for college classes presents a series of ten selected essays, which are intended to trace the development of English criticism in the nineteenth century. The essays chosen are by Hazlitt, Carlyle, Macaulay, Thackeray, Newman, Bagehot, Pater, Stephen, Morley, and Arnold. In each case they are those most typical of the author's critical principles, and at the same time representative of the critical tendencies of his age.

Jungfrau von Orleans. Edited with Introduction, Notes, and Vocabulary by Warren Washburn Florer, Ph.D.

This edition has been prepared in the light of the recent Schiller investigation, for the purpose of introducing students to the elements of literary interpretation and of stimulating in them a desire to read the drama as a masterpiece. The introduction gives a picture of France at the coming of the Maid of Orleans, a short sketch of her life, suggestive hints as to Schiller's use of history and of the principal literary sources, and an account of the composition and production of the drama.

Ginn and Company:

Merrie England. Travels, Descriptions, Tales and Historical Sketches. By Grace Greenwood.

A new edition of the stories which the author wrote for children more than half a century ago. These stories have for their subjects such interesting figures in English history as Robin Hood, Alice Vane, Guy of Warwick, Queen Philippa, Sir Walter Raleigh, and others.

Tales of Old England in Prose and Verse. Compiled and Edited by Marion Florence Lansing, M.A.

In the Open Road Library of Juvenile Literature, which also includes "Rhymes and Stories" and "Fairy Tales." The

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present volume contains fourteen familiar tales, among which are "Tom Thumb," "Jack and the Beanstalk," "Jack the Giant Killer," and "The Minstrel's Farewell."

Henry Holt and Company:

French Word-Lists. By B. Frank Carter.

Containing about two thousand words in ordinary use. The idea in the preparation of these lists is to enable the student to more easily acquire a vocabulary for both reading and speaking French.

Yvan Gall. Le Pupille De La Marine. Par Gabriel Compayré. Edited with Notes and Vocabulary by O. B. Super.

The story was originally intended for use of lower grades in the French schools. This edition has been somewhat abridged, and gives only that part of the text which is supposed to be of general interest. The style is simple, and the book is intended to be instructive as well as interesting.

Modern German Prose. Compiled and Annotated by A. B. Nichols.

A reader for advanced classes. It contains forty miscellaneous selections arranged in order of difficulty. They are divided into two parts, those being made up of comparatively easy selections, in order to encourage sight-reading, and the second part containing the more difficult matter.

A Laboratory Course in Plant Physiology. Second Edition. Extended to Form a Handbook of Experimentation for Educational Use. By William F. Ganong, Ph.D.

The author announces that the three-fold purpose of this book is as follows: "First, it aims to lead students through a good laboratory course in Plant Physiology; second, it seeks to provide a handbook of information upon all phases of Plant Physiology having any educational interest; third, I venture to hope that it may find service as a guide to self-education by ambitious teachers or students, who, unable to obtain regular instruction, yet wish to advance themselves in this attractive and important subject."

William R. Jenkins Company:

Pensées et Réflexions de La Buyère et autres Auteurs Français. Compilées et Arrangées par Cornelia Sisson Crowther.

Some of the authors quoted other than La Bruyère are: Pascal, La Rochefoucauld, Molière, La Fontaine, Fénelon, Piron, Diderot, Sedaine, Alexis de Tocqueville, Ernest Legouvé, Alfred de Musset, Camille Flammarion, Anatole France, Alphonse Daudet, Léon Denis, Eugène Nus, Carmen Sylva.

Lectures et Conversations. Illustrées De 70 Gravures. Par DuBois et De Geer.

Stories and anecdotes alternate in these lessons, permitting the introduction of many idioms and expressions which will be found materially helpful in aiding conversation.

The Macmillan Company:

Cæsar's Commentaries on the Gallic War. Translated into English by T. Rice Holmes.

A translation into English of Cæsar's classic, equipped with a map, a full index, and explanatory matter wherever necessary.

The Rhetoric of Oratory. By Edwin DuBois Shurter.

A treatise on oratorical composition. It is intended as a text-book for school and college students, but is also adapted to the needs of the public speaker. The various chapters are: "What is Oratory," "Kinds of Oratory," "The Divisions of the Oration," "Style in Oral Discourse," "The Making of an Orator: General Preparation," and "The Writing of an Oration."

FICTION

Richard G. Badger:

Every Man His Chance. By Matilda Woods Stone.

A Western story in which is depicted the rapid rise of a town which aspired to be a large city. It tells of the sudden boom and of the equally sudden failure.

Broadway Publishing Company:

Professor Slagg of London. By Dwight Edwards Marvin.

Professor Le Grand Slagg, D. G. B. S., of London, or "Bumptious," as Miss Betsie Matilda Creepy, the little stocking darner, knicknames him, is the chief character and the cause of all the trouble which eventually leads to a horrible death to him, in his effort to escape the police, but which works out to the happiness of all others concerned. Professor Slagg and his daughter come to live in a small town near New York, where he tries to impress his importance upon the people by assuming a very pompous manner. When he finds that he has been discovered in his scheme of securing money through the mails, by means of begging letters written in the name of a poor widow, he leaves the town. His daughter, whom he ill-treats and endeavours to use as a tool for his evil purposes, is rescued from his clutches by a young man whom she afterward marries. Walter Brace is an interesting character, whom we meet first as a bootblack, later as the little

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hero in the fire at the Orphan Asylum, and in the end as the son Professor Slagg had cast off as a little child.

Aurora of Poverty Hill. By Esmée Walton.

When the opportunity comes Aurora rejoices to leave Poverty Hill and gladly goes with Sam Dorr and his sister to a mining town in the West. Aurora was to have been married to Sam after he became settled in the new place, but she becomes greatly attracted to the more polished Keaton. When she discovers the sort of man he is and realises too late that she has lost the better man, she turns bitterly against Keaton and endeavours to bring about his political ruin. In this she fails, for he meets his death just when his popularity is at its height. Broken hearted, she returns to Poverty Hill, where, after five years, she is joined by Sam Dorr, and together they start life anew.

The Mystic Spring, and Other Tales of Western Life. By Hon. D. W. Higgins.

A new and revised illustrated edition consisting of twenty-six tales treating of Western life. The book takes its title from the first story.

Tales of Enchantment. By M. Y. T. H. Myth.

The brief sketches in this volume, nearly forty in all, have been divided in five sections under such heads as "Wild Roses and a Happy Family," "Embodiment of Fragrancy," "Allotted for Each Other, or, A Modern Paradise," "The Way to Wings," and "Nature to the Rescue."

Cochrane Publishing Company:

Checkerberry. By Lucretia S. McDonald.

The heroine of the story is Rachel Berry, or "Checkerberry," who, in her infancy, was kidnapped by the designing husband of her nurse to be trained for the circus. Through a kind fate she falls into the hands of Miss Debby, a winsome spinster lady. She knows nothing of the child's parentage, and her mission in life becomes the welfare of this little girl, who has won her heart. She transforms her large house into a home for both her and eleven other young orphaned girls in whom she is interested.

The Revelation in the Mountain. By Gertrude Keene Major. With an Introduction by Judge C. C. Goodwin.

Thirteen short stories dealing with Mormonism and showing something of the life in Salt Lake City fifty or sixty years ago.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Comrades. A Story of Social Adventure in California. By Thomas Dixon, Jr.

As the outcome of a socialistic agitation in San Francisco, in which Norman Worth, a young man of considerable wealth, becomes involved, a colony is founded on a deserted island off the coast of California. For a time the new order of things seems to prosper, but the members of the colony are not yet ready to embrace true socialism with its principles of equality of labour and property. The men and women refuse to do the work required of them. Finally Norman Worth, who had gone into the work in all good faith, and whose father had secretly furnished funds to carry it on, is removed from his place at the head of the colony and eventually completely deposed by a band of schemers who had gone into the thing simply for their own profit. They even go to the extent of placing him in prison, and he is not released until, through the aid of Barbara Bozenta, who was made the means of interesting the young man in this socialistic movement in the beginning, government troops arrive and take possession of the island.

Grosset and Dunlap:

Budge and Toddie, or Helen's Babies at Play. By John Habberton.

A sequel to *Helen's Babies.* Being the account of the further doings of these marvellously precocious children. Aunt Alice and Uncle Harry take upon themselves the temporary care of the boys, Budge and Toddie.

Indo-American Book Company:

The Gay Gnani of Gingalee, or Discords of Devolution. By Florence Huntley.

Volume II in the Harmonic Fiction Series. It is described as "a tragical entanglement of modern mysticism and modern science."

U. P. James (Cincinnati, Ohio):

The Memoirs of a Failure. With an Account of the Man and his Manuscript. By Daniel Wright Kittredge.

Prefacing what purports to be the memoirs of a man who had made a failure of life, or, as he described them to the author to whom they were sent with instructions to be placed in a safe-deposit vault for a period of six years, "scribblings descriptive of personal sensations and remembrances during a long period of time, that is all," is given an account of the man's life at the University of Virginia and at Harvard. His strange habits and his wrecked life the reader is led to believe are the results of his constant drinking of a strange sangaree prepared by an old negro servant.

Mitchell Kennerley:

The Silver Cleek. By John Campbell Haywood. Illustrations by Gordon Grant.

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Paul Evens, president of the Golden Hill Golf Club, suddenly leaves the country on an extended tour. For two years his friends have no news of him except an occasional postal, and one day are surprised to receive a strange letter in which he announces the coming of an Indian Prince, whom he has met on his travels and whom he has taught to play golf. The Prince and his sister arrive at the club and become objects of special interest. The Prince, who always uses a silver cleek, after playing with several of the members, wins a game from Tom Brown, the champion, by just one stroke. Some had suspicions about the Prince and his game of golf, but none were able to define them. The day after the great game Paul Evens returns, and at a dinner given by the Prince and Princess many things are explained, principally the Prince's secret in playing the perfect game of golf, which he describes as "the necessary nerve force, eyesight, trained to a perfect judge of distance, muscles and mind acting in perfect harmony, and a will-power exerted to its fullest extent on an unconscious adversary." This power, however, he assured them had only been used as a test for some scientific consideration in a book which Paul Evens was writing.

Little, Brown and Company:

The Missioner. By E. Phillips Oppenheim.

Victor Macheson, upon leaving college, decides to devote his life and fortune to helping the poor. He finds some difficulty in starting his work in Thorpe, a small village some distance from London, owing to the fact that the owner of the village, Miss Wilhelmina Thorpe-Hatton, a very wealthy and capricious young woman, refuses to allow him a place in which to preach. In spite of her efforts to hinder it he carries on his work for a time. She feels his power, however, and at once falls desperately in love with him. Later they meet in London, and when she refuses to marry him Victor rushes away to lead a mad life in Paris. Suddenly, while in the "Rat Mort," his eyes are opened to the folly of it all, and he returns to London, where he again takes up his work. The mystery which had surrounded Wilhelmina and had prevented her marrying Victor Macheson, is cleared when she learns that her early marriage with a man whom she found to be a villain, and whom she had had placed in prison is void, as she discovers that he had a wife at the time he married her simply for her money. Thus freed, she marries Victor, and together they carry on their work among the poor.

Metropolitan Syndicate, Inc. (New York):

Sardonics. By Harris Merton Lyon.

Sixteen short stories depicting various phases of every-day life. The first two stories, "The Father" and "The Singer's Heart," have appeared in *McClure's Magazine.*

The Outing Publishing Company:

The Stroke Oar. By Ralph D. Paine.

The story opens with preparations for a Yale-Harvard boat race. Jim Stearns, the stroke oar of the Yale crew, follows Boliver Martinez, who has suddenly left college for his home in South America, where he learns that a revolution is in progress, with the idea of persuading him to return and help out in the coming race. By mistake Stearns is taken a prisoner on a filibuster steamer. After some wild adventures at sea he lands at Hamburg. His uncle refuses to aid him in returning to New Haven, so the young man works his way back and arrives just in time to take his place with the crew and win a victory for Yale. The girl, Suzette Aikens, who has been a cause of friction between Jim Stearns and the captain of the crew, decides to disappoint both and marries a friend of Jim's.

Publishing House of the M. E. Church, South:

Vagabond Victor, or the Downfall of a Dog. By Elizabeth Fry Page.

Upon their removal to the city the family in which Victor had become a great pet found it impossible to longer keep the dog, and with sad hearts turned him over to a doctor's family until such time as they themselves could secure a house in the suburbs. Victor took kindly to his new home. His brightness and almost human sense were the topics of much conversation and he was known everywhere. But his downfall came all too soon when he formed the habit of wandering into a saloon and drinking the remains of liquor he found around. He ceased to care for his home and avoided those who were fond of him. Finally he ran away and wandered about as a vagabond. When he was found dying, after having been run over by a wagon, his former owners grieved for him deeply, and especially little Jane, whose pet he was.

Reid Publishing Company:

Out of the Depths. By George A. Parker.

The theme of the story is based on Christian Science. Chester Bond, who has suffered greatly with a tumor in his hand, which has been pronounced fatal by many physicians, is persuaded to try Christian Science. Elizabeth Edwards, the girl to whom he is engaged, has learned something of the science

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through her nephew, a bright, manly little fellow who has come from the West to visit at her home. When the boy's father learns the state of affairs, he secures the services of a Christian Science healer, and in a short time the young man is restored to health.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

Dreaming River. By Barr Moses.

The author has selected for the scene of this story an out-of-the-way spot on the prairies of Minnesota. Here, many miles from any civilisation, lives Jasper Knowles, a poet and philosopher. Upon this quiet and lonely scene appears his young cousin Dorothy Whitfield, who, being left alone in the world after her father's death, starts West to join her uncle. Arriving at Dreaming River only to find that this relative is dead, she makes her home with his son Jasper. The poet falls in love with his charming cousin, which for a long time she bitterly resents and in consequence threatens to leave his home. Finally he consents to her going away, but when she is accidentally the cause of his being wounded with a revolver and nurses him back to health, she discovers that she loves the poetic dreamer and prefers to remain at Dreaming River.

JUVENILE

B. W. Dodge and Company:

A Noble Company of Adventurers. By Rufus Rockwell Wilson.

Eight short stories for boys. The book takes its title from the first story, which deals with the fur trade established by the Hudson Bay Company. The other stories all treat of out-door life in Canada and in the West.

Houghton, Mifflin Company:

The Life of Abraham Lincoln. For Boys and Girls. By Charles W. Moores.

The author's purpose has been to set forth the story of the life of Abraham Lincoln in such a way as to interest children and to create in them a desire to know the man and his work and to become familiar with his writings.

L. C. Page and Company:

O-Heart-San. By Helen Eggleston Haskell.

O-Heart-San is a little Japanese girl, the daughter of a wood-carver in Tokyo. She has a wonderful dream, which is interpreted as meaning good luck. According to an old Japanese custom, many come to buy the dream, but she refuses to dispose of her rights in it until the young Prince Imperial comes along and claims it. The Prince and Princess are greatly attracted by the girl's wonderful beauty, and from this time interest themselves in her welfare. She is invited to many court festivities, where she makes friends with a little American girl, Maid Margery. At the age of thirteen she becomes betrothed to the son of a rich merchant, but from this early marriage she is saved by the Prince, who sends her to a girl's school, which she attends for some years and later becomes a nurse in the Japanese hospital.

The Sandman: His Sea Stories. By William J. Hopkins.

The fourth volume in the Sandman Series. It consists of twenty-one short stories to be read to small children. The stories are all illustrated.

In West Point Gray. By Florence Kimball Russel.

The second volume in the Boys' Story of the Army series. In this book we find Jack Sterling, who spent his childhood days at a frontier army post, starting life at West Point. Here he becomes a central figure, and his many experiences as a cadet make a lively story.

The Saalfield Publishing Company:

A Little Maid in Toyland. By Adah Louise Sutton. Pictured by A. Russell.

Sally, after fitting up a complete dollhouse, goes into the kitchen to view her work there. Eating a piece of the doll's cake Sally herself becomes changed, and takes on the form of a doll. She is guided by the Talking Sign Post into the City of Toyland, where she meets with many adventures with the Wizard, the Weather Prophet, the King and Queen, the funny Handkerchief Man and the Doughnut Man.

Toodles of Treasure Town and Her Snow Man. By Frederic Chapin. Drawings by Merle Johnson.

Toodles is a little Florida girl who has received as a Christmas gift a crystal globe in which can be seen a snow scene. Toodles is busy making soap bubbles, and in chasing one falls over the globe. The bubble breaks, and out of it steps a fairy, who offers to take Toodles to Treasure Town in the Land of the Rainbow. The globe suddenly becomes greatly enlarged, and out of it comes Pedro, the snowman, who conducts the party to Treasure Town.

MISCELLANEOUS

T. S. Denison (Chicago, Ill.):

The Primitive Aryans of America. Origin of the Aztecs and Kindred Tribes. By T. S. Denison.

Showing their relationship to the Indo-Iranians and the place of the

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Nauatl or Mexican in the Aryan Group of Languages.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Lincoln's Love Story. By Eleanor Atkinson.

Miss Atkinson tells the story of the great man's love for Ann Rutledge.

Duffield and Company:

The Book of Divine Consolation of the Blessed Angela of Foligno. Translated from the Italian by Mary G. Steegmann. Introduction by Algar Thorold.

In the Mediæval Library, which comprises a selection of the choicest mediæval romances and other works of permanent interest, especially such as have hitherto been little, if at all, known to American readers.

R. F. Fenno and Company:

Sun Time and Cloud Time. By Andrew Harvey Scoble.

A book of verses, sketches and tales.

Henry Frowde:

(For the Oxford University Press)
Percy Bysshe Shelly. Lyrical Poems.
William Blake. Poems.
Horace Walpole. Earlier Letters.
Wordsworth's Lyrical Poems.
Hood's Poems.
Izaak Walton. Selections.
Daniel Defoe. Selections.
John Bunyan. Selections.
Lord Tennyson. Poems.
Shakespeare's Songs and Sonnets.
Matthew Arnold. Poems.
Boswell's Johnson. Selections.
Robin Hood. Old Ballads.
Scenes from Marlowe's Plays.
Charles Lamb. Essays.
Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Lyrical Poems.
John Milton. Minor Poems.
George Crabbe. Selections from Poems.
Early English Lyrics.
John Keats. Odes and Lyrics.
Goldsmith's Traveller and Deserted Village.
Andrew Marvell. Poems.
Everyman. A Morality Play.
Cowper's Poems.
Napier's Peninsular War.
William Hazlitt. Selections.
Robert Browning. Lyrical Poems.

This pocket edition of Select English Classics, 27 volumes, is edited by Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch. Each booklet contains a brief sketch of the author whose work is considered therein.

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

How to Develop Power and Personality in Speaking. By Grenville Kleiser.

Giving practical suggestions and exercises on developing power and personality in speaking, physical power, power of voice, how to build a vocabulary, power in English style, how to develop the imagination, dramatic power in speaking, how to train the memory, power of illustration, power in conversation, power in extemporaneous speaking, power in holding an audience, power in silence and repose, power in prayer, etc.

Profit and Loss in Man. By Alphonse A. Hopkins, Ph.D.

A plea for prohibition based on economic grounds. It is defined as the New Gospel of Patriotic, Economic, and Political Common Sense on the Temperance Question. The author pronounces it a book for the preacher and the politician, the doctor and the lawyer, the father and the son. Some of the chapters are: "Manhood and Gold," "Labour, Liquor and Law," "Christian Loyalty," "Moral and Political Forces," "A Curse, a Crime, and the Cure," and "Publicans and Republicans."

Government Printing House:

Annual Report of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution. Showing the Operations, Expenditures and Condition of the Institution for the Year Ending June 30, 1907.

Harper and Brothers:

Lincoln and the Sleeping Sentinel. The True Story. Told by L. E. Chittenden.

A little volume containing the story of how President Lincoln saved the life of a young man belonging to the Third Vermont Regiment, who was sentenced to be shot for being unable to keep awake on his second night of picket duty.

Henry Holt and Company:

The Freshwater Aquarium and Its Inhabitants. A Guide for the Amateur Aquarist. By Otto Eggeling and Frederick Ehrenberg.

The latest addition to the American Nature Series. It describes the many different plants, fishes, turtles, frogs, and insects which can be successfully kept in an aquarium. It gives information as to the food and concerning the treatment of the inmates both in sickness and in health. There are chapters on The Aquarium, Aquarium Plants, The Inhabitants of the Aquarium, The Feeding of the Inmates of the Aquarium, Fish-hatching in the Aquarium, Fish Maladies, and Implements for the Care and Keeping of the Aquarium. Throughout the volume are many illustrations from nature.

B. W. Huebsch:

Self-Measurement. A Scale of Human Values with Directions for Personal Application. By William DeWitt Hyde.

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The scale which the author offers for man's measurement of himself is divided as follows: Physique, our body with its constitution, appetites and capacities; work; property, the produce of labour; pleasure, and the question how much enjoyment, and of what quality, one gets or fails to get out of life; science; art, and the question whether a man adds to or detracts from the harmony and beauty of the world; family; society, and our relations to our fellowmen; the state, with its political duties and obligations; religion, the reverent recognition of the Spirit present in all the other relations, which sums up one's comprehensive attitude in life.

Indo-American Book Company:

Who Answers Prayer? A Brochure from *The Beloved Master*. By Florence Huntley.

The Lost Word Found in the Great Work. By J. D. Buck.

Volumes I and II in the Harmonic Booklet Series.

George W. Jacobs and Company:

The Principles of Practical Publicity. Being a Treatise on *The Art of Advertising*. By Truman A. DeWeese.

A new edition, revised and enlarged. The author of this treatise, who is director of publicity for the Shredded Wheat Company, at Niagara Falls, defines his work as one "intended to be helpful to every man who has anything to sell and who is ambitious to enlarge the market for his product." Among the many interesting chapters are those on "Modern Commercial Publicity," "What is Advertising," "Mediums Employed by General and Direct Publicity," "What is Good Advertising 'Copy,'" "The Value of Pictorial Advertising," "The Magazine and the Newspaper," "Mail-Order Advertising," "Keying Mail-Order Advertisements," "Railway and Steamship Advertising," and "Planning an Advertising Campaign."

The Library Shelf (Chicago, Ill.):

The Book of My Heart. By Melanie Alice Weil.

About one hundred epigrams, one for each page of the little volume. These revelations of a human heart vary in character, being tender, sad, joyous, and optimistic.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

The Works of James Buchanan. Volume VI. Collected and Edited by John Bassett Moore.

Comprising his speeches, state papers and private correspondence. Volume VI covers the period from 1844 to 1846. The set will be complete in twelve volumes.

Longmans, Green and Company:

A History of English Journalism. To the Foundation of the Gazette. By J. B. Williams.

An account of the origin and early history of English newspapers. It tells the story from their commencement to their culmination in the still existing official *Gazette*, and describes all the principal writers and their careers. In the appendix is given what is believed to be an exhaustive catalogue of all periodicals up to the year 1667, which will enable the reader to see the duration of each periodical, where it is to be seen, and the state of the press at any given time. The volume should have interest as covering the period of the Civil Wars, during which more than three hundred different periodicals appeared.

The Macmillan Company:

The Acropolis of Athens. By Martin L. D'ooge.

Professor D'ooge, who holds the chair of Greek in the University of Michigan, is one of the veteran Hellinists of America, and his book is the fruit of many years' study. In 1886-87 he was director of the American School at Athens, and he has long been active in the direction of the studies and the investigations prosecuted there. This volume is, he states, an attempt to give a summary of the most important contributions to the history of the Acropolis and its monuments, and to state the results of his study of the site and of the ruins upon it.

The Assassination of Abraham Lincoln and Its Expiation. By David Miller DeWitt.

In which is set forth the events leading up to the assassination of President Lincoln, the deed itself, and the results that followed it. The text is founded on the evidence contained in the legal trials following the murder. The author has discarded all unsupported hearsay evidence and established his conclusions on sworn testimony before the court of law.

Artificial Waterways and Commercial Development. By A. Barton Hepburn, LL.D., D.C.L.

The author here sets forth the important facts in regard to artificial waterways and their relation to commercial development. The history of the Erie Canal is given as typical, and the lessons deduced therefrom are applied to the problems involved in the development of all artificial waterways. The commercial importance of the Panama Canal is also considered.

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Who's Who, 1909.

An annual biographical dictionary of living celebrities, chiefly English and American.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

The Smoker's Year Book. The Verses Written on Paper by Oliver Herford, and the Pictures Drawn on Stone by Sewell Collins.

A year book consisting of a verse and illustration suited to the meditations of the smoker as each month comes around.

The Neale Publishing Company:

The University of Virginia. Memories of Her Student Life and Professors. By David M. R. Culbreth, M.D.

The author relates how he entered the University of Virginia in the fall of 1872, and how he met the venerable librarian, Mr. Wertenbaker, who knew Thomas Jefferson. He gives many pictures of the home-life of the founder of the University, and how he walked and worked and drove about his beautiful Virginia home, Monticello, and the friends he entertained there. The book is full of anecdotes of the every-day student life of the old college, of the men who founded it, and of the trustees and faculty.

Oratory of the South. From the Civil War to the Present time. By Edwin DuBois Shurter.

The author's aim is to give selections from the orations of noted speakers in the South since the Civil War. Among those represented are: Henry W. Grady, Stephen D. Lee, John Sharp Williams, David A. DeArmond, Richard P. Hobson, Henry Watterson, W. C. P. Breckinridge, Edward C. Carmack, John W. Daniel, Champ Clark, Fitzhugh Lee, William Gordon McCabe, Isador Rayner, Emory Speer, Albert H. Whitfield, General Joseph Wheeler, Charles B. Calloway, and Cardinal Gibbons. Each selection is preceded by a few lines of introduction relative to the speaker and the occasion and circumstances under which the oration was delivered.

The Neuner Company (Los Angeles, Cal.):

Pertinent Penetrating Pen Points and Peculiar Parodies, or Dear Richard's Almanac, Volume I, by "Morris Junior."

Being a collection of droll sayings, wise saws, pointed stories and sermonettes.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Writings of George Washington. Edited with Introduction and Notes by Lawrence B. Evans, Ph.D.

The first volume in a new series known as *Writings of American Statesmen.* This is a series which will eventually contain selections from the pens of Jefferson, Franklin, Hamilton and perhaps others. The material in this volume ranges from Washington's report of the defeat of General Braddock to letters written in the last year of his life on our troubled relations with France. It is grouped under the following heads: "In the British Army and Colonial Councils," "In the War for Independence," "The Formation and Adoption of the Constitution," "Starting the New Government," "Policies and Opinions," and "The Farewell Address."

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the six most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of January and the 1st of February.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

1. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
2. The Red Mouse. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50
3. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Explorer. Maugham. (Baker & Taylor.) $1.50.
5. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN

1. Tono Bungay. Wells. (Duffield.) $1.50.
2. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
2. The Missioner. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
3. Comrades. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
4. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Red City. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Missioner. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
3. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.

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4. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
5. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. Comrades. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
5. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
6. The Red Mouse. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. The Testing of Diana Mallory. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Little Brown Jug at Kildare. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Bishop's Emeralds. Townley. (Watt.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
4. The Missioner. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
5. A Spirit in Prison. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.75.
6. The Red City. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. A Little Brother of the Rich. Patterson. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.50.
2. The Man from Brodney's. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Shepherd of the Hills. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
6. The Missioner. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Man from Brodney's. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
5. The Firing Line. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. The Jesuit. Clark. (Eaton-Maine.) $1.25.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. The Right Man. Hooker. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
6. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

1. The Missioner. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
2. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
4. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
5. The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

DALLAS, TEXAS

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Shepherd of the Hills. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
3. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Man from Brodney's. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. The Little Brown Jug at Kildare. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
4. The Red City. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.
5. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
6. The Testing of Diana Mallory. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
2. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Witching Hour. Thomas. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Circular Staircase. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Lewis Rand. Johnston. Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.

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4. The Missioner. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
5. The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. The Red Mouse. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. The Red Mouse. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
2. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig. Phillips. Appleton. $1.50.
4. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Red Mouse. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Missioner. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
6. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

1. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
4. The Red City. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.
5. The Post Girl. Booth. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
2. The Missioner. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
3. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Perfect Tribute. Andrews. (Scribner.) 50 cents.
5. Abraham Lincoln, the Boy and the Man. Morgan. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Living Word. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. The Testing of Diana Mallory. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. A Spirit in Prison. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.75.
3. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
6. The Man from Brodney's. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. Comrades. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
3. The Missioner. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
4. Julie's Diary. Anonymous. (Luce.) $1.50.
5. The Long Arm of Mannister. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
6. The Red Mouse. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

OMAHA, NEB.

1. The Red Mouse. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
2. The Little Brown Jug at Kildare. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
5. The Man from Brodney's. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. A Little Brother of the Rich. Patterson. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. The Red City. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.
2. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
5. Flower of the Dusk. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
6. The Big Fellow. Palmer. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Circular Staircase. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
6. The Missioner. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Firing Line. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The Lure of the Mask. McGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Little Brown Jug at Kildare. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Fly on the Wheel. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.

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4. The Missioner. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
5. The Man from Brodney's. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. The Riverman. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50
6. Kincaid's Battery. Cable (Scribner.) $1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
2. The Missioner. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
3. Princess Zara. Beeckman. (Watt.) $1.50.
4. Catherine's Child. De la Pasture. (Dutton.) $1.20.
5. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Tono Bungay. Wells. (Duffield.) $1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Binding of the Strong. Mason. (Revell.) $1.50.
4. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
5. The Missioner. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
6. The Riverman. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. The Leaven of Love. Burnham. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
4. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. A Little Brother of the Rich. Patterson. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.50.
6. The Testing of Diana Mallory. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
3. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
5. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Testing of Diana Mallory. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
2. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Religion and Medicine. Worcester, McComb, Coriat. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
4. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. Luther Burbank. Starr. (Robertson.) $1.75.

SPOKANE, WASH.

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
3. The Red City. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.
4. The Man from Brodney's. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. The Post Girl. Booth. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. Together. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

TORONTO, CANADA

1. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Briggs.) $1.25.
2. Catherine's Child. De la Pasture. (Briggs.) $1.25.
3. Araminta. Snaith. (Briggs.) $1.25.
4. The Bronze Bell. Vance. (Briggs.) $1.25.
5. Waters of Jordan. Vachell. (Briggs.) $1.25.
6. The Red Mouse. Osborne. (Briggs.) $1.25.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
3. The Missioner. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
4. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
5. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.

From the above list the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

					POINTS
A book standing		1st	on any list	receives	10
"	"	2d	"	"	8
"	"	3d	"	"	7
"	"	4th	"	"	6
"	"	5th	"	"	5
"	"	6th	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists the six books which have sold the best in the order of demand during the month are:

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50..... 271
2. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50..... 195
3. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50..... 155
4. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50..... 102
5. The Missioner. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50..... 92
6. The Red Mouse. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50..... 52

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A CHART INDICATING SECTIONAL POPULARITY

NORTH

BUFFALO, DETROIT, MILWAUKEE, MINNEAPOLIS, PORTLAND, ME., PORTLAND, ORE., ST. PAUL, SEATTLE, SPOKANE, AND TORONTO

	NO. LISTS
Peter	6
The Trail of the Lonesome Pine	6
Septimus	5
Mr. Crewe's Career	3
The Missioner	3
The Red Mouse	2
The Man from Brodney's	2
The Red City	2
The Post Girl	2
Lewis Rand	2
54-40 or Fight	1
The Perfect Tribute	1
Abraham Lincoln, Boy and Man	1
The Living Word	1
The Riverman	1
The Barrier	1
Kincaid's Battery	1
The Testing of Diana Mallory	1
Together	1
Mr. Opp	1
Catherine's Child	1
Araminta	1
The Bronze Bell	1
Waters of Jordan	1

EAST

NEW YORK CITY, ALBANY, BALTIMORE, BOSTON, NEW HAVEN, PHILADELPHIA, PROVIDENCE, PITTSBURG, ROCHESTER, WASHINGTON, AND WORCESTER

	NO. LISTS
Peter	11
The Trail of the Lonesome Pine	11
Septimus	9
The Missioner	7
Lewis Rand	4
The Red Mouse	3
The Red City	3
54-40 or Fight	3
Anne of Green Gables	2
The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig	2
Tono Bungay	2
Comrades	2
A Spirit in Prison	1
The Flower of the Dusk	1
The Big Fellow	1
The Circular Staircase	1
The Firing Line	1
The Lure of the Mask	1
The Little Brown Jug at Kildare	1
The Fly on the Wheel	1
Princess Zara	1
Catherine's Child	1
The Binding of the Strong	1
The Riverman	1
The Explorer	1

SOUTH

ATLANTA, BIRMINGHAM, DALLAS, LOUISVILLE, MEMPHIS, NASHVILLE, NEW ORLEANS, NORFOLK, AND RICHMOND

	NO. LISTS
The Trail of the Lonesome Pine	6
Peter	5
Lewis Rand	4
The Red Mouse	3
Septimus	3
The Missioner	3
The Little Brown Jug at Kildare	2
The Man from Brodney's	2
The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig	2
The Testing of Diana Mallory	2
The Bishop's Emeralds	2
The Shepherd of the Hills	2
The Lady of the Decoration	2
Anne of Green Gables	1
54-40 or Fight	1
Mr. Crewe's Career	1
A Spirit in Prison	1
Comrades	1
Julie's Diary	1
The Long Arm of Mannister	1

WEST AND MIDDLE WEST

CHICAGO, CINCINNATI, CLEVELAND, DENVER, INDIANAPOLIS, KANSAS CITY, LOS ANGELES, OMAHA, ST. LOUIS, SALT LAKE CITY, AND SAN FRANCISCO

	NO. LISTS
The Trail of the Lonesome Pine	9
Peter	7
Lewis Rand	7
Septimus	5
The Man from Brodney's	3
A Little Brother of the Rich	3
The Missioner	2
The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig	2
The Testing of Diana Mallory	2
Mr. Crewe's Career	1
The Shepherd of the Hills	1
The Firing Line	1
The Jesuit	1
The Right Man	1
Anne of Green Gables	1
The Red City	1
The Witching Hour	1
The Circular Staircase	1
The Red Mouse	1
The Little Brown Jug at Kildare	1
The Leaven of Love	1
Religion and Medicine	1
Luther Burbank	1

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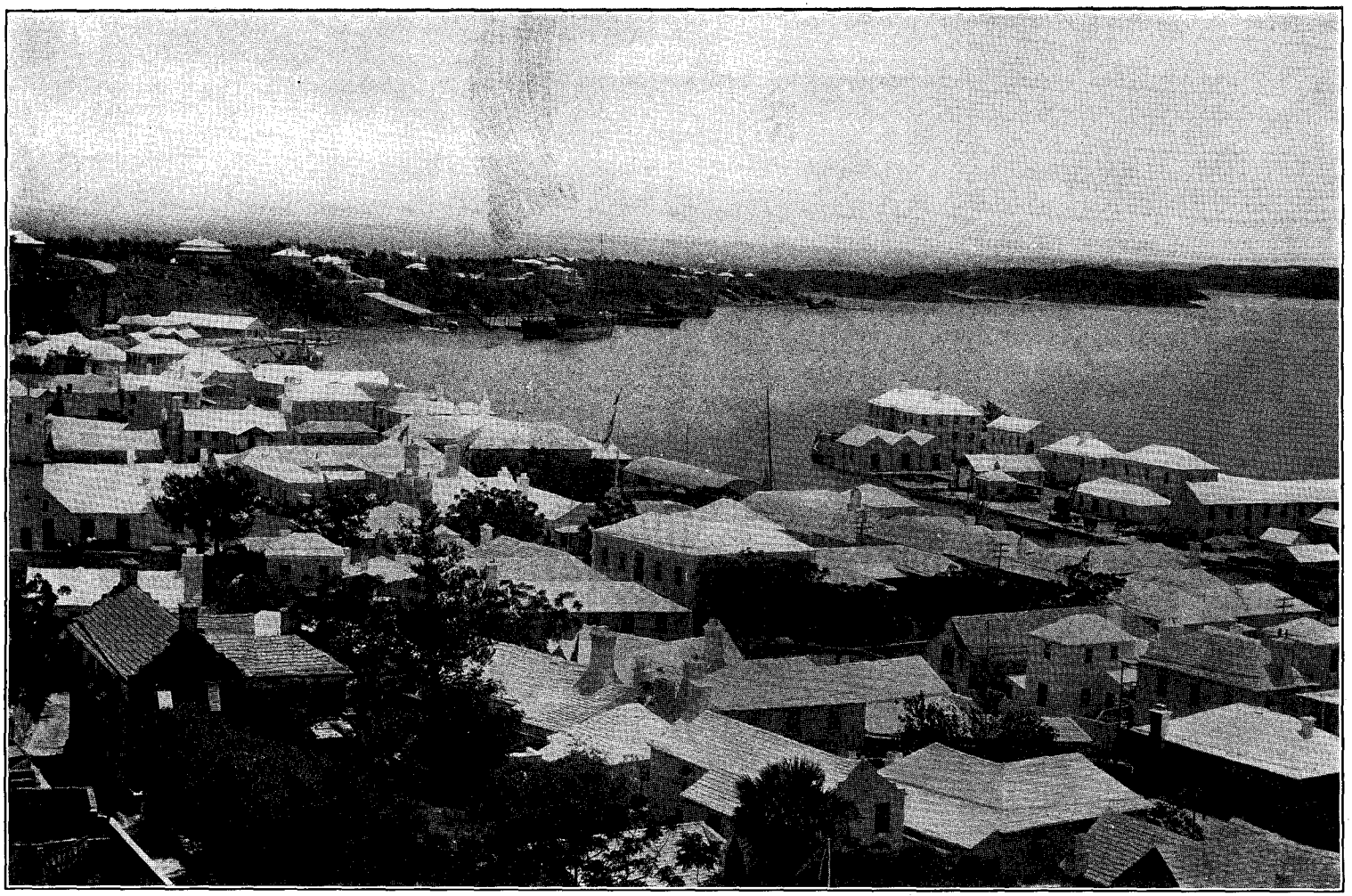

ST. GEORGE, BERMUDA, FROM "TOM" MOORE'S HOUSE

(See article on "Tom" Moore's "Nea")

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